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LETTERS

OF

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE

TO

PANIZZI.

EDITED BY

LOUIS FAGAN,

Author of "The Life of Sir Anthony Panizzi, K.C.B., &c., &c., &c."

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

THE epistolary correspondence—even though it be but fragmentary—of persons who have achieved pre-eminence, in whatever profession or art they may have chosen as their main pursuit is always replete with interest to the thinker and to the student of character. It brings him, as it were, face to face with the individuals, admitting him to the intimacy of their private lives and to familiar intercourse with those select friends and genial spirits who formed the charmed circle within which they lived and laboured. There we see them in their true light—natural and unrestrained—without disguise or affectation. Their peculiar idiosyncrasies become revealed, and we are enabled to form our own judgment of their merits as well as of their foibles, uninfluenced by the too often biased opinions of ignorant or prejudiced commentators.

These are the advantages offered us by the perusal of letters of such distinguished writers as Pliny, with his serious and business-like style; Cicero, whose every phrase—from his declaration of love for his wife, and his manifestation of sincere affection for his daughter, down to his common-place directions for the laying-out of his villa—is full of interest, and Lord Chesterfield, who seeks with such genuine earnestness to inculcate his worldly precepts. The letters all tend to paint their authors as they were, affording us an unvarnished picture of the individuality of each particular writer—a picture unattainable by any other means.

From these considerations I feel myself justified in refraining from any apology for presenting the following letters of Prosper Mérimée to the public; for, whether viewed from a political, literary, or domestic point of view, his intrinsic worth is in them made manifest, while the elegance of style, the simplicity, and the undercurrent of seemingly unconscious irony that pervade some of them, reminding one forcibly, at times, of Paul Louis Courier, are qualities more than sufficient to

enable them to stand upon their merits and plead their own cause.

It is regrettable that a translation, however perfect, commonly fails to do full justice to the original. The turn of phrase, the delicate *finesse* of an expression, the elegance, pathos or humour of a sentence, are points difficult to render, and yet there are a great number of zealous students—unfamiliar with any but their native tongue—to whom translations are indispensable, as being the only means whereby they can acquire the information of which they are in quest.

By way of introduction to this interesting Collection of Letters, a brief sketch of their author and his life may possibly be acceptable to the reader, and not altogether inappropriate.

Prosper Mérimée was born at Paris on the 28th of September, 1803. His father was a painter of no mean reputation. Although, as is well known, Prosper distinguished himself more by the pen than by the brush, yet he inherited a fair share of the paternal genius. Endowed by nature with a glowing imagination, with great flow of humour and with rare common sense, he gave ample proof

of these qualities at a very early period of his life. He was but twenty-two years of age when his first work, and that by no means the least celebrated, appeared. This purported to be a translation by one *Joseph l'Estrange*, a purely fictitious personage, of a collection of plays in the Spanish language, under the mythical title of *Théâtre de Clara Gazul*, the latter being equally a phantom of his imagination. To render more complete and deceptive this literary *espiéglerie*, he actually added to it—by way of a frontispiece—his own portrait by *Etienne* (otherwise Delécluze)—in which he figured, in female attire, as the supposed authoress of the work in question.

No signs of youthful inexperience were traceable in this production, which bore the impress of a matured style and judgment, and the keenest critics failed at the time to detect the fraud. Certain of these comedies had a practical design. Irritated by the constant and fulsome praise bestowed on the First Empire by some who abhorred the Restoration, Mérimée, in rather strong terms, set forth his own opinions of that Empire. In another comedy he treats of the superiority

of what has been termed the *Romantic Drama*, over the dull and unbending rigidity of the classical French Theatre of the seventeenth century. In this, however, his zeal was not very excessive, nor did his efforts make any lasting impression on the French stage. Most of his plays are, nevertheless, well adapted for representation, and will amply repay the trouble of a perusal.

Mérimée was educated at the Collége Charlemagne, and afterwards passed the *Ecole de Droit*, having chosen the law as his profession. This proved, however, distasteful, and was, after a short time, abandoned by him. At the time that the Revolution of July, 1830, broke out in Paris, he was in Spain, from which country he had written letters which attracted considerable attention. Returning to France he was appointed Chef de Cabinet to Count d'Argout, and became successively Minister of Marine, of Commerce, and of the Interior, and finally Inspector of Historical Monuments, in which capacity he visited the South and West of France, Auvergne and Corsica—the results of his travels being published in the years 1835, 1836, 1838 and 1840.

His Corsican stories are of the most charming description, and must have furnished a rare treat to readers of French modern literature, especially his *Colomba*, a production which added not a little to his reputation at the time. This excellentlittle novel made its first appearance in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, to which publication Mérimée was a constant contributor.

It would be beyond the scope of this brief sketch—as well as exceeding its limits—to attempt anything more than a bare reference to Mérimée's principal writings ; amongst these may be classed his *Retraite des dix milles*, and his *Histoire de la Guerre Sociale*. But the spirit of mystification and *raillerie plaisante* that was born and bred with him, he was unable to curb, even in the midst of his most serious pursuits, as will be seen by the following passage from a letter to a friend in reference to the last-named work :—

"Je me demande," said he, "si en faisant quelques additions et quelques entranchements, je ne pourrais pas publier à part une mémoire sur la Guerre Sociale, guerre assez obscure, et où j'ai porté le flambeau de la critique et de

la sagacité—sans compter la blague. Quid dicis?"

A gentleman who had taken the trouble to make a careful and elaborate *résumé* of the work, was highly disgusted on reading this. But it is this very characteristic, perchance, that lends so peculiar a charm to the productions of his pen—as was the case with Courier—and everything that he wrote about Spain and Spanish manners is full of absorbing interest, and deemed by many, superior even to his Corsican narratives.

From his letters it may be gleaned that he was the intimate friend of the late Imperial family, and a great favourite at Court. His historical studies introduced him to undertake a life of Julius Cæsar, but it is probable that this intention was abandoned upon the appearance of the Biography by Napoleon III. Mérimée wrote a history of Don Pedro I. of Castile, and dedicated it to the Countess of Montijo, mother of the Empress Eugénie. To the study of Russia and her history he also applied himself, and the result of his labours is to be found in *Faux Démétrius*. In the preface to this work, there is a mysterious expression, not

at first sight capable of an easy interpretation. It is this: whilst writing it he says—"he was not inconvenienced by the Sun." The explanation of which words is to be discovered in the fact that he was writing in prison, to which he had been consigned for fifteen days for his chivalrous defence of Signor Libri.

As Mérimée wrote more as a *dilettante*—or, as his own countrymen styled him, *le gentleman auteur*—he was screened from the jealousies, sarcasms, and caricatures by which most authors are more or less assailed in France. In 1853 he became a member of the Senate, and in 1858 was appointed President of the Committee for reorganizing the Bibliothèque Impériale.

This is but the slightest possible sketch of the life of Prosper Mérimée, whose name will long dwell in the memories of all who knew him as one of the most refined and elegant of scholars, of the most judicious and skilful of patriots and statesmen, and lastly, though not least, a most charming friend and companion.

The latter years of his life were not, unfortunately, free from the "ills that flesh is heir to."

After a long and painful illness, Mérimée expired at Cannes on the 23rd of September, 1870.

My onerous and multifarious duties have precluded my undertaking the task of translating these letters. I am therefore indebted to Mr. H. M. Dunstan for the performance of this work, and I trust it may be considered that he has done full justice to the originals.

LOUIS FAGAN.

Piccadilly Club Chambers, W.
March, 1881.

LETTERS OF PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

I.

Paris, December 31, 1850.

My Dear Sir,

Some time ago I sent you, through a friend of M. Libri, a message which I fear has not yet reached you. Will you allow me to repeat my humble request through the post. This is the substance of it: A friend of mine, M. Beyle, known in contemporaneous literature under the pseudonym of Stendhal, has had a copy made of fourteen manuscript folio volumes from among the archives of the Vatican, which contain a summary of a number of famous trials and scandalous proceedings in the Papal Court and Italy. At the time the copy was made it was not easy to gain access to the records in the Vatican. M. Beyle, who was the Consul for France at Civita

Vecchia, after considerable trouble, obtained the necessary permission to copy the manuscripts in question. They make fourteen folio volumes, written in a good Italian hand, and are either in Italian or Latin.

M. Beyle is dead, and his sister, who is in reduced circumstances, is endeavouring to sell the manuscripts. Could, and would the British Museum take them? What price would be given, and is there anyone in Paris whom you could employ to examine them?

I have now, my dear Sir, repeated the message which, in the first instance, I sent through so treacherous a channel. I should be extremely obliged if you would send me a line in reply, if possible.

Believe me, &c.

II.

Paris, July 4, 1855.

My Dear Sir,

Allow me to present to you my friend, M. de Lagrené, who is taking his daughter to see

London. Will you kindly show him the antique jewels and the famous manuscript of the *Grande Chartreuse*. M. de Lagrené has been one of my best consolers amid the unpleasantness which that manuscript caused me, and I recommend him particularly to your kindness.

Half England is here. Our Exhibition, after beginning badly, has become most interesting and amply repays those who come to see it. I trust it will tempt you.

Believe me, &c.

III.

Paris, October 11, 1857.

Dear Mr. Panizzi,

I am delighted to hear that you had fine weather for crossing that uncomfortable Channel. But if the wind had been foul, you were too abstemious when you were here to be a source of much profit to the fish.

I spent the evening before last at Lady Holland's. We talked a great deal of mischief

about God, Kings, and men, but especially against yourself.

M. Cousin, whom you doubtless know, has asked me a question which I am unable to answer. In the Manchester Exhibition there was a portrait of Julie d'Angennes, the property of Lord Spencer, and attributed to Mignard. Now, at the time when the portrait *appears* to have been painted, Mignard was not in France. You, who know all the world, are sure to know Lord Spencer. Will you, the next time you meet him, kindly find out what he knows about the origin of the portrait.

You may rest assured that the Empress has not gone to Stuttgard for the purpose of showing any particular attention to Queen Victoria. Do not believe a word of what you hear about the bonds of the alliance being loosened.

Good-bye, dear Mr. Panizzi. I may as well tell you that I have laid in a small stock of dry champagne. You ought to come and tell me what you think of it at Easter.

IV.

Cannes, December 5, 1857.

My Dear Panizzi,

I came away from Paris a few days ago to see if I could find the sun here, close to Italy, and, as is my wont, I have left undone a hundred things I ought to have done before my departure. The most important of these was to thank you, on Cousin's behalf, for the letter from Lord Spencer, and, further, to bother you once more about the mistresses adored by that mighty philosopher. He dreams now of nothing but Julie d'Angennes, and he has commissioned me to obtain from you, or, rather, from Lord Spencer, replies to the following questions :—

Does the picture in Lord Spencer's possession show the bust only of Julie d'Angennes, Duchesse de Montausier, or is she taken down to the waist? Is she thin or plump? Is her hair dark or fair, and are her eyes black or blue? Does the portrait give any idea of her figure and height?

If you can give me this information with the

scrupulous exactness of an Austrian *gendarme* (you have his *robe de chambre)* you will oblige me immensely by sending it here, as I expect M. Cousin shortly. He is complaining of his chest; his passions for the lovely dead, at all events, do not tax his constitution.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. My breathing is rather bad, but I have already derived some benefit from this delightful climate. I wish you would come and try it.

V.

Paris, January 25, 1858.

My Dear Panizzi,

I have been wanting to write to you for some time past, but I have been so much worried that I had not the courage. You are the cause of all my torments, you and your infernal library. M. Fould cannot sleep for thinking about it; he wishes to have one, too, and, like Mercutio, I exclaim, "A plague on both your houses!"

For the last few days I have been presiding over the Committee appointed to introduce light

into that dark hole. We are anxious to do the work thoroughly, but to accomplish that we need men and money. I do not know where to find them. You had better come over and organise the affair, and at the same time cure yourself of your cold by a diet of meat soup and macaroni.

A thousand thanks and apologies for all the trouble you have had in finding out, for Cousin, the colour of his beloved's eyes and hair. He will wait until the present Lord Spencer can listen to his vow, and a love such as his is not so violent but that it can exist for five or six months longer without fresh nourishment.

Good-bye, my dear sir. Yesterday they were kind enough to appoint me Reporter to the Library Committee. If you do not come to Paris this winter I shall have to rout you out in London and pester you with a string of queries as long as Jacob's ladder. Between ourselves, my task is as disagreeable a one as you can well imagine. I am obliged to torment my colleagues and my masters, and, what is far worse, to tell them every now and then that their prosings send me to sleep. What is to be the result of all this?

As far as the Library is concerned, I really cannot say; but as far as I personally am concerned, the certain result will be intense annoyance.

VI.

Paris, May 12, 1858.

My Dear Panizzi,

I arrived at my own fireside yesterday, after a passage smooth enough to allow me to digest my dinner in peace, and at ten o'clock I was breakfasting alone and thinking of our pleasant *tête-à-tête* at the British Museum. I slept wonderfully well that night and did not even feel the jolting of the train, though, as it appeared to me, the line is in urgent need of repairs.

Although, as yet, I have not seen many people, I am struck with the total ignorance which prevails here as to the state of public opinion in England. I have actually been asked in all seriousness if I was not insulted in the streets of London. *Tutto il mondo è paese.* In London I was asked how many electors there are in France.

My report, it seems, is not published yet, and I shall not be at all surprised if it is quietly shelved. However, I have not seen the Minister, and I only know what one of my colleagues on the Committee has told me. Whatever happens I wash my hands of the affair, and His Excellency's fancy for order will, at all events, result in my spending a very pleasant month with you. The rest is his affair, and I am not troubling my head about it.

Everything here is very quiet, except that there is a residuum of excitement against perfidious Albion; small minds will never forgive her for the battle of Waterloo and the acquittal of the *habitué* of your reading room.* The *Corps Legislatif* has witnessed a few feeble attempts at opposition, and even the sober *Sénat* has not been free from them. Whenever the people here have nothing to do they are bound to get into mischief. The French are like the monkeys, who, in idleness, eat their own tails.

Lord Cowley has said here, in a high place,

* Bernard, implicated in the Orsini affair. His extradition was refused by England.

that Lord Derby, rather than resign office, will dissolve Parliament. *Ci vedremo.*

In spite of the holy horror I have of eloquence, I rather regret my inability to be present at the approaching great battle. It seems to me that the inevitable result will be a number of very severe wounds to personal vanity, an amusing spectacle for the gallery. But whose reputation will be increased by this debate? Some profound mathematician might, possibly, foretell, from the present progress of events, in what year England will become democratic, and when, from motives of economy, she will sell the Elgin Marbles and the books collected by Mr. Panizzi. It will be a tolerably long time, I think, before that happens; but our grand-children, especially if we are not in a hurry to make such beings possible, may very likely see both.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. A thousand, thousand thanks for your kind and enjoyable hospitality.

VII.

Paris, May 16, 1858.

My Dear Panizzi,

I have seen Marshal Vaillant, President of the *Correspondance de Napoléon* Committee, and I showed him Mrs. Tennant's note. He told me that the Emperor considered the letters apocryphal; but, as I had previously mentioned the price, I have a strong suspicion that the eight thousand francs make the grapes so sour.

Next week I am going to Fontainebleau for eight days. I shall no doubt have an opportunity of talking to the Emperor himself, and giving him my opinion about the authenticity. Unfortunately, the exorbitant price makes the business a difficult one to conclude. I am told here that the autographs of Napoleon I. only realised from a hundred to a hundred and fifty francs; it is true that none of them are so intensely passionate or so brisk in style as those of Mrs. Tennant. If you see her, and she is fair to see, you can tell her that there is a prejudice against her letters, but that this prejudice shall be

got rid of by me. The price will still remain, and it—if she persists in keeping it at her present figure—will preclude any business being done.

Picard's nomination has not made much stir. We are accustomed to see deputies of the exaggerated school nominated in Paris; but it is a bad sign. The new Minister of the Interior is by no means clever, and appears to have only a slight acquaintance either with men or things.

Good-bye, my dear friend; I find my solitary breakfasts and dinners duller than ever.

VIII.

Paris, June 7, 1858.

My Dear Panizzi,

Your ears ought to have been tingling the last few days. Her Majesty the Queen of the Netherlands and your humble servant spent our whole time, during a stag hunt in the forest of Fontainebleau, in abusing you. She is a curious woman, who knows everything, speaks well of everything, and would be perfection if she would

give up trying to appear French after having had the misfortune to be born in Wurtemburg. She is sprightly after the manner of the Germans, who, to show that they are quite at their ease, would jump out of the window.

The Queen is very amiable, too. We have done everything we could to amuse her—balls, *fêtes champêtres*, charades, &c. If you will promise not to betray me, I will confess to you that I have progressed as a courtier so far as to dedicate a complimentary ode or two to her, and that, out of sheer respect for truth, I have confined myself to comparing her to Venus, Minerva, &c. But princes are invariably ungrateful, and I have not gained even a flask of curaçao or a Dutch cheese by my move—nothing, in fact, but a wretched cold due to my having had the distinguished honour of being wet through in company with Her Majesty.

A day or two ago there was a fair at Fontainebleau, whither the Empress betook herself to buy some gingerbread. The Prince of Nassau, who went with her, managed to buy a blouse and cap without her seeing him, and in this novel get-up

he accosted her. She did not recognise him in the least, and screamed out; her people rushed to her assistance, and the joke has been transmogrified in Paris into an attempt at assassination. You may rely upon my version being the correct one.

You will find in the *Constitutionnel* of to-day, June 7th, a rather curious article about some exchanges of books made by the Augsbourg Library, from which it appears that they sell the good ones and keep the bad. This is what *they* call getting rid of duplicates.

Good-bye, my dear friend. I am thinking of a tour in Switzerland. There is no living here with the thermometer at 33 degrees Réaumur. If I should come back by way of Venice I will ask you for a word or two to some good Christian in the land, whom you are sure to know.

IX.

Berne, July 7, 1858.

My Dear Panizzi,

We shall meet without doubt, and we will once more discuss a dish of macaroni together

at Recoaro, if that part of the world is as near Venice as you and the geographies say it is. I think of being in Venice at the beginning of August, following the advice given me by Lady Holland, in whom, nevertheless, I have no great confidence. I should like to know how the marshes smell about that period, and how many mosquitoes there will be. Those pests have not spared me even in this chilly region. Neither the snow nor the mountains stop them, and my hands are like shoulders of mutton from their bites. How will it be when the Italian sun inspires them with fresh vigour?

As is always the case with Parisians, I am destitute of letters of any kind, and consequently without news. I am certain that M. Rouland has not published my report. Our labours will have the admirable result of completing the disorganization, already far advanced, of the Library.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi, with innumerable assurances of my sincere friendship.

X.

Venice, August 11, 1858.

My Dear Panizzi,

I have been here now for some days in tolerably comfortable quarters looking on to the Grand Canal—the food satisfactory and the rooms good. I tell you this because Mr. Brown says you are coming here with your friend who swears by the *immacolata*. I have with me two English ladies * (of a certain age), old friends of my mother and of mine, and we manage very well.

I see very clearly that all our labour has been in vain. The Minister has made fools of us. They will not catch me again. I believe Taschereau will be the new Director, but there is no accounting for anything with people who turn and twist about like so many weathercocks. The only good result will be that the absurdity of a printed catalogue will not be carried any farther, and the *employés* in the Library will have their salaries increased. At all events they will not be ready to eat me when I get back.

* Miss Lagden and Mrs. Ewers, who lavished on Mérimée, up to his last moments, the most delicate attentions and the most devoted care.

Last night we had a most picturesque serenade. We flitted about and passed under the Rialto in the midst of the hubbub. One becomes quite as excited as the natives at these functions, and I would have seen my gondola smashed to atoms before I would have recoiled a step.

It seems to me that the Emperor's speech is a capital one; I hope it will be well received in England. Here it has had a good effect on the authorities, who, by the way, are a little afraid of His Majesty.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. To our speedy meeting! Nothing could have exceeded Mr. Brown's kindness to me. He is a thorough Venetian.

XI.

Paris, October 17, 1858.

My Dear Panizzi,

There can be nothing finer than the cathedral of Siena if it be not the one at Lucca, or the river from Savona as far as Fréjus along the Gulf of Genoa. Excellent halting-places all along the route except at Oneglia. Have you

ever tasted quail and rice soup? They must live on it in Paradise.

Good-bye, my dear friend. Remember me kindly to your marbles and your books.

XII.

Cannes, January 7, 1859.

My Dear Panizzi,

I have been here for some days, only a step from your beloved Italy, face to face with a splendid sea and a brilliant sun. It requires, I imagine, a more than usually vivid imagination on the part of anybody in the British Museum to picture the sun on the 7th of January. It is, however, rather cold here, and at four o'clock one must put on one's overcoat. Lord Brougham and all his family are here. He is still fresh and active in spite of his eighty-two years, and makes his excursions in the neighbourhood on foot. Talking of celebrities, we have also M. de Tocqueville, who is seriously ill and, I fear, will only quit this country for a far distant land whence nobody has ever returned to bring us news.

What do you think of the New Year's compli-

ment paid by the Emperor to M. de Hübner? From what I hear, the official version is the only correct one, and no credence must be given to the *Nord* and other foreign papers. Whatever may have been the exact terms used, our friend Salvagnoli stands out a first-rate diplomatist! They should certainly do him honour at Florence. Although I put no faith in the greater part of the rumours in circulation, I fancy the situation must have been very critical to have led His Majesty to deem it necessary to give such a hint to the public, when it would have been so easy and simple for him to have said nothing at all.

I hear on very good authority that Italy is in a state of greater ferment even than when we were there together. But what will be the end of it all? The Russians in the Embassy at Paris, in speaking of Austria, mentioned her in the same spirit of tenderness that it displayed towards her at Milan and Venice. Unfortunately, I do not believe that in the case of absolute rupture they would be unreservedly on our side. What will the English do? *Hic jacet lepus.* They have in all probability too much on their hands in India

and at home to mix themselves up in our affairs *at first;* but it is scarcely credible that they will leave their good friend in the lurch! Remember, war, so far as Austria is concerned, means war to the knife. A battle lost would bring about the dislocation of the Empire and, as a natural sequence, a readjustment of the European equilibrium. The affair is too important to admit of England standing aloof, and if she joins Austria we shall not have anything to say to it; for in that case our position would be quite as bad as hers, if left to her own resources. There are some things too serious to be possible.

Good-bye, my dear friend. Mrs. Ewers and Miss Lagden, who are here, regret your absence extremely. They desire to be remembered to you.

XIII.

Paris, March 12, 1859.

My Dear Panizzi,

Here I am back again in Paris. I returned a few days ago, and already regret the sun at Cannes, which is no less beautiful than the one

in whose warmth we basked on the banks of the Arno.

What do you think of all that is going on? Has Lord Cowley repeated to you the conversations he had with His Imperial, Royal, and Apostolic Majesty? As for me, I know nothing. We have been peaceably disposed for twenty-four hours, which renders it extremely probable that we shall be warlike to-morrow. One thing is certain—the descendants of Brennus are not in the humour to take the Capitol, although it is only defended by their old enemies the geese. For eighteen years Louis-Philippe preached to this nation the worship of material interests, and our old Gallic blood is impoverished. We are cowardly to an incredible degree. You will observe that the danger—unhappily a real one—of a fresh revolution is comparatively unheeded. Attention is directed solely to the effect which a war would have on the funds and railway shares. No need to add that glory and humanity are universally forgotten.

The Emperor is keenly alive to the general supineness; he has told us our fate in no measured terms, and, on my honour, we thoroughly

deserve it. All the officers would like to be up in front so as to be the first to set eyes on the *donne* and eat macaroni. It is said that there is plenty of warlike ardour among the Austrians, and, what is regretable, that the angry spirit of 1813 pervades all Germany, with the exception of the Socialists, allies with whom we could very well dispense. My belief is that the Emperor wants war, but he is in no hurry to declare it.

He probably thinks that the armed peace which now prevails will ruin Austria, and that he may possibly find means to secure the neutrality of Prussia and England. That is his great point. Will he succeed? Our evil reputation as conquerors renders our position very difficult. We cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that we are playing for a very high stake. Our Generals are not as able as he who commanded the French Army in 1796. Nevertheless, I do not think that they are destined to meet with more than their match. Our soldiers are far better than the Austrians; but how about money? how about Europe? how about the Italians? What is to be done with Mazzini? Shoot him, I grant; but

what are we to say to those people who would like to hang, draw and quarter Cardinal Antonelli or King Bomba? Is there not every reason to fear that, after the first success, the allies we shall have will in the end be only a source of embarrassment? Between ourselves, it seems to me that two earthen pots are going to clash, and it may easily happen that in a short time only the broken pieces will remain on the field.

The attitude you English have taken up is bad. Lord Palmerston, who a few years ago wanted to set light to the powder-train, has completely changed his note, while on every side, even among the Radicals, I see nothing but ill-will.

Great preparations are being made here quietly. The old soldiers are being recalled from Africa; all the *matériel* of the artillery has been changed; there are three hundred new field-guns, which will, so they say, decapitate a fly at three hundred kilometres. If we had the same ardour that was rife at the time of the Eastern campaign I should have some hope; as it is, the despondency of our financial men, and the cowardice of the lower orders, are rather alarming.

A charming pamphlet by About, which will amuse you mightily, is on the eve of appearing in Belgium. Our Holy Father the Pope and his Cardinal are limned in it with a master hand. It is called *La Question Romaine*, and bears a strong resemblance to a pamphlet of the late M. de Voltaire, an author who had his good points.

When you have an idle moment tell me how democracy fares in England. Unfortunately, the ideas of a generous policy do not follow in the same track.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I am very much afraid that we shall not meet at Venice next autumn. I hear something about a wine of Schiraz; I fear it is trash.

XIV.

Paris, April 8, 1859.

My Dear Panizzi,

It seems to me that things are going from bad to worse. What is your opinion? Here the faces of the men on 'Change grow longer and longer, and to-day there is a regular panic.

The Emperor is on the eve of a visit to Lyons

to hold, so I hear, a grand review. The fourth battalions are being formed, but not a word is said as to any movement of troops. Nevertheless, it is a fact that the tough veterans from Algiers are being recalled. All this is ominous enough.

Do you know anything about the Congress? In Italy there appears to be a general outbreak of enthusiasm. All the young men in primrose gloves are turning soldiers; the old ones are large buyers of the Piedmontese loan. What is going to happen? This country is as averse as possible to war, and this it is which gives Austria her present preponderance. I do not mean to say that if we come to blows we shall behave like cowards. The army is a very fine one, in high spirits and very confident also, though our Generals are not looked upon as prodigies. But to the rest of the nation war only means interference with commerce, industry and the *dolce far niente*, to say nothing of the chance of another revolution.

The Emperor, whom I saw the other day, appeared to me to be in excellent spirits, but he did not make me the confidant of his projects.

All will go well provided England does not turn against us. My own opinion, and I do not stand alone in it, is that she will not interfere actively in the quarrel, but hopes that some *accident* will befall us in the event of a first success. If I were an English statesman I think I should be far more frank. Supposing, merely for the sake of argument—for I do not believe anything of the kind—that the Emperor has ambitious views as regards Italy, would not the best means of counteracting and rendering them impracticable be found in a real association with France and Piedmont? It is evident that, if England were to make common cause with us, Austria and all the *Französenfresser* beyond the Rhine would retire within their shells without firing a shot. It must always be borne in mind that France—who in the event of a war may possibly be brought face to face with a revolution—runs a very great risk for the mere chance of a more or less grateful acknowledgment which, some day or other, may find expression in a request for the surrender of Corsica to *united Italy*. England, on the contrary, has nothing to fear from contact with revolution. She

might even secure a share of the spoil—Sicily for instance—if anarchy were to rear its head in the Peninsula, or if the Italians, instead of coalescing, were, as they so often have done, to set to work to fight among themselves.

Assuming a struggle to be inevitable—which I do not consider probable, seeing that one side has both money and credit and the other has neither—all the evil will fall to the share of France. The armies would come into collision, and England would clothe, arm and feed the Italians at their expense entirely. On peace being declared, the gratitude of the Italians would be divided between the two allies in unequal parts, and England would assuredly get the lion's share. We should incur the odium of having outraged a certain number of women, and having drunk a considerable quantity of Asti and Pomino wine without paying for it. The English would make their own terms for their iron and cotton.

If I could write in English I should like to indite a pamphlet on this subject, for the theme is a fertile one. It seems to me that John Bull, in lieu of directing his attention to Italy, is getting

into a strange mess. To judge from appearances, Parliamentary government is doing all in its power to discredit itself. Away with Parliament, say I, at a time when the Government needs to be almost permanent; to have an Administration open to being overthrown whenever foreign affairs become most complicated is neither rhyme nor reason.

The general opinion here is that if Lord Palmerston takes office again he will declare war against us. I do not think so. On the contrary, I fear that Lord Derby is irresolute and that he will end by making matters worse. Try to persuade your English people that we have not the least wish to make conquests, and that we only want as little noise as possible made outside our front door. Every day you may read of a householder having an organ-grinder fined for that very same thing; our case is precisely similar.

Good-bye, my dear friend. I see that you dined with Mr. Gladstone the other night. Plenty of plate and lamb, I suppose? I prefer our *tête-à-tête* dinners at the Museum.

XV.

Paris, April 29, 1859.

My Dear Friend,

We are a funny nation! I wrote to you a fortnight ago that there was only one man in France who was anxious for war, and I think I told you the truth.

The contrary holds good to-day. The Gallic instinct is awakened. Now we have enthusiasm in its alarming as well as its magnificent aspect. The people accept the war gleefully, and are in the highest spirits and brimful of confidence. As for the soldiers, they might be going to a ball. The day before yesterday they wrote in chalk on the carriages: "Excursion trains for Italy and Vienna." As they march along the streets on their way to the stations they are covered with flowers, deluged with wine, embraced, and enjoined to kill as many Austrians as they can. The regiment of Zouaves of the Guard received its marching orders a week ago. With the shout of "War has come; no more guard-room!" the whole regiment disappeared for two days. It was engaged in saying good-bye to all the cooks

of its acquaintance. When the time for departure arrived not a man was missing, and each one had a sprig of lilac in the muzzle of his gun.

There is no mean element of success in this French light-heartedness. Our men believe that they are bound to win, and in war that counts for a great deal. The way they are welcomed in Italy redoubles their ardour. To a man they think themselves knights-errant sallying forth to fight for their lady-loves. I look upon the Austrians as very brave soldiers, but every one of our men imagines that he will come back a full Colonel at least, and a Croat has no such idea. General Allard assured me last night that we already have ten thousand men on the other side of the Alps. We shall have seven hundred thousand under arms by the 15th of next month. By the 1st of June the whole of the artillery will be supplied with the new rifled guns.

At all events, though we may be slow to begin, we have the knack of doing things quickly and well when we do begin, and every day sees us farther advanced. General MacMahon writes that he never witnessed such a reception as that

accorded to him at Genoa. The whole force, even to a battalion of Kabyles, was literally covered with flowers by the Genoese ladies. I fancy the honest Mussulmen would have preferred something else. They are rough specimens, to say the least of them.

Last night it was announced that Austria had accepted the mediation of England, and that the Emperor had undertaken to consider the matter. I believe war to be inevitable all the same. Leaving Italy now is out of the question, unless Austria makes great concessions. Lord Cowley, with whom I dined yesterday at Mr. Baring's, was impenetrable, but it was easily seen that he does not believe in the possibility of a peaceable *dénouement.*

The main point is to be united, straightforward and moderate, to manufacture cartridges and not Constitutions, to kill the bear *d'ogni modo* without any thought of selling its skin, and still less of dividing it. If you can persuade the Italians to be prudent all will go well, I feel sure.

Our poor Empress has her eyes swollen as large

as eggs, but she appears full of resolution and devotion. She bids a tearful adieu to each regiment as it leaves, and the men cheer her to the echo. Even the stockbrokers show signs of emotion, and I actually saw one with tears in his eyes as he watched the Guards go by. If England does not interfere too soon, I hope we shall not be long before we make it possible to conclude a peace advantageous to Italy.

The bankers and the fine gentlemen never cease bewailing the melancholy course of events, but the masses are for war. The Emperor is more popular than he has ever been. A workman was heard to say, "*Moustache* is the man for us; he is the ditto of his uncle."

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Preach to the English. Do not let them think that the Emperor is ambitious, and persuade them that the Italians are reasonable people, who can exist without the Croat to teach them how. Kind regards to the Museum.

XVI.

Paris, May 10, 1859.

My Dear Panizzi,

Alea jacta est! The Emperor left to-day. He was escorted to the railway station by an immense crowd which cheered him lustily. He is more popular than ever, among the masses I mean; there is no real French feeling in the *salons.*

What a strange fatality seems to pursue defeated parties! The Orleanists are making precisely the same mistakes for which they once blamed the Legitimists so severely. Take the case of the Duc de Chartres, who had the good sense to remain in Piedmont, where he held a commission in the army; he is being recalled by his family.* The Comte de Chambord, who is going to the Netherlands, is more reasonable.

Before the end of the month, if we may judge from appearances, there will be plenty of broken arms and heads. God grant that we may come honourably out of it all! Up to the present time

* The Duc de Chartres was not recalled by his family; he went through the whole of the Italian campaign.

the Austrians could not have played our game better if they had tried.

Now that all the confusion has been set right you are at liberty to tell the English, who reproach us with being aggressive, what our state of preparation really was. There were no projectiles for the guns of the old pattern, and the new pattern rifled ordnance were not ready. In order to secure the monopoly of these guns for as long as possible, they were made in separate parts, or, to be more accurate, each gun had to go through three or four different workshops, in which the workmen were only acquainted with their particular branch of the manufacture. At first a certain amount of confusion resulted from this *modus operandi*. The delay of a few days, however, sufficed to put everything in proper order.

We have at this moment ready for action forty-five batteries of rifled ordnance from which marvellous results are anticipated, and every day sees an addition made to that number. I have been shown a letter from General MacMahon to his mother, in which he says that he has never

seen an army better equipped or better arranged. There are actually 120,000 French in Italy. The Sardinian army consists of 75,000 men, of whom 50,000 are excellent troops. If the Austrians had laid their plans better and had precipitated matters, they might have crushed the Piedmontese before we could have come to their assistance. This blunder is a good augury for the success of the campaign. Our men are full of confidence, whilst the enemy appear ill at ease. They have a number of sick and a rather large proportion of deserters.

Have you read the proclamation of General Giulay? It seems to me to be precisely what we wanted. Everybody is to be hanged. If the Lombards have any good blood in their veins now is the time to show it. Here we have a prodigious number of voluntary enlistments, and the loan is a great success. I went yesterday to the Treasury with my mite, and found a formidable *queue*. As one of the privileged I was ushered into a separate office where I was told that, judging from the subscriptions already received, instead of five hundred millions they

would receive a thousand or fifteen hundred millions. I do not think that a similar success awaits the Austrian loan.

The attitude of Southern Germany continues to be threatening. The students are enrolling themselves, and talk of nothing but marching against Paris. You will have noticed that the Prince of Nassau has joined the Austrian army ; but, perhaps, you are not aware that the Emperor paid him marked attention, that for more than a year he was continually at Court,* that he received presents of all sorts, and was even supplied with money, of which he stood much in need.

As far as I can judge, England is beginning to look at the question with a less prejudiced eye. I think Persigny will be useful in contradicting the lies of the *Times*, and, if such a thing is possible, in cementing the alliance. If he does not succeed, I fear the war will be a long one and that, in the end, all the world will be drawn into it. If England separates herself from us, you

* Vide letter No. viii, describing an adventure at Fontainebleau, of which the Prince was the hero.

may rely upon seeing the Russians in Constantinople.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi; we are all in a state of anxiety. If you can find a spare moment, send me your news.

XVII.

Paris, May 27, 1859.

My Dear Panizzi,

Nothing new from the theatre of war except the progress of Garibaldi, who is beginning to overrun the environs of Varese. I envy the fine fellow his picturesque emotions.

All the reports of the battle of Montebello render homage to the bravery of our men, who fought against three times their number and took a fortified village by assault! But the Emperor is furious against one of his generals, who forgot the first principle of warfare, which is to advance with artillery. Four thousand French horse remained inactive nine kilometres from Montebello; no orders reached them. If they had appeared on the scene at the end of the affair they would very probably have captured the Comte de

Stadon's whole *corps*. General Forey's division was the least successful, but it had detached its grenadiers and *voltigeurs*. It will tell another tale when the Africans and the Guard come into action.

The public spirit here is excellent; even the *salons* are in a more fitting frame of mind. There are a number of wealthy youths in the army, and the Legitimists say that, come what may, the flag must be defended.

I know nothing of Prussia except that the *Französenfresser* are in a state of absolute fury. The Government appears to be more reasonable, but will it not be drawn on? A Russian, M. de Tourgueneff, whose acquaintance you made at that celebrated banquet last year, has just arrived from Moscow. He says that the Germans would like to make one mouthful of France and Russia together. They demand Alsace from us, and Courland and Livonia from Russia. Tourgueneff says that in Russia everybody sympathises with the Italian cause, and that the whole army is eager to fight the Austrians.

What is going on with you? Will Lord Pal-

merston come in again? I do not think that, if he does, we shall gain much; but we certainly shall not lose.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Miss Lagden and Mrs. Ewers, whom I saw yesterday, desire to be remembered to you.

XVIII.

Paris, June 9, 1859.

My Dear Panizzi,

Marshal Vaillant, Major-General of the army, is avenging himself on his successor, I fancy, by playing him a trick. The official report of the battle of Magenta has not yet come to hand although numbers of private letters have been received, as well as reports from all the *corps* commanders. The effect of this is bad. The Austrians attacked with the greater part of Giulay's force, strengthened by a *corps* detached from Verona under Clam-Gallas. The Minister of War asserts that we have not more than three thousand men *hors de combat*, of whom about two hundred and fifty are missing and supposed to be prisoners. Our men attacked with the bayonet

like so many madmen, and an order of the day has just been issued reminding them that their rifles are fire-arms. The great disproportion of losses between the two armies is attributed to our new artillery, which raked the second line, drawn up in column, whilst their guns could not carry beyond our first line. The Kabyles, *Tirailleurs d'Afrique*, are said to have behaved admirably. Their Colonel told them that the Austrians were all Jews, and he was not far wrong. The Emperor exposed himself very much. All's well that ends well, but he must not do it as a rule. On the eve of the battle he threatened to place the King in arrest if he persisted in making a hussar of himself.

Ellice writes me that the Liberal party will probably gain the day, that Lord Palmerston will be Minister of Foreign Affairs, but that England will be neither more nor less impartial and neutral. On the contrary, Lord Palmerston, being suspected by the nation of a leaning towards the independence of Italy, will, perhaps, be compelled to do less even than Lord Derby. I do not quite agree with him. I am convinced of the

importance of the English Government, whilst preserving its neutrality, evincing sympathy for the allies. This would prevent any display of excessive zeal on the part of those subalterns who affect to be Austrians in order to curry favour with the Ministry.

As an instance of what I mean, when our troops were disembarking at Genoa, an English man-of-war anchored in the port in a position which was not marked out for her, and where she interfered with the disembarkation. Apologies were made for this petty annoyance, but, under certain circumstances, such a piece of insolence might very easily bring about very lamentable complications.

An outbreak is expected in Holland shortly. I do not know whether it will be for good or evil. As it is very evident that we cannot redress the wrongs of the whole world, I am inclined to think that the Magyars would have done better to keep quiet. There is reason, too, to fear that a movement in that quarter may alarm Russia and diminish her goodwill, which would be very necessary to us in case of a general war.

I was very sorry to hear your news of ——.

What is the matter with him? I looked upon him as being merely more addicted to vice than is becoming in a man of his age and figure. I had a specimen of his viciousness at Florence, and I thought he stood in need of a deputy.

With regard to what you say of our Ambassador, you must take his vivacity and his private opinions into account. These opinions, moreover, are shared by many who are about the Emperor, though I do not think they are those of the Emperor himself. However, watch the course of events. As far as he has gone he has merely carried out his instructions. I am afraid that the Milanese, when they have recovered from the first intoxication of liberty, will be guilty of some folly or other. Is it true that such is the case at Florence, and that the "Reds" are at the bottom of it all? If they succeed they will spoil all.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi, and thank you. When you have nothing to do I commend myself to you and your inkstand.

XIX.

Paris, June 30, 1859.

My Dear Panizzi,

You ask me to write you a letter on politics—not an easy matter by any means. In all that concerns ourselves, public opinion is most satisfactory. The Government has never had an easier time of it. The Republicans—the majority of them, at all events—are converted; but the *salons*, the fine ladies and gentlemen, are still badly disposed. After each battle they kill a number of generals who are enjoying perfect health; they announce misfortunes to come which, thank God, never do happen, &c., &c. The devout, in their turn, are restless, and inveigh against an impious war. The people do not pay the slightest attention to them. The Bishop of Orleans, M. Dupanloup, is ill, and is taking the baths, or the milk, in Switzerland. The rustics of his diocese say and believe that he has taken refuge in Austria, and that he has carried off to the Emperor Francis Joseph 150,000 francs which the Emperor Napoleon gave him to rebuild the cathedral spire.

It seems to me that we are going the wrong way to work at the Court of Rome. We have a devout general, and an ambassador who believes in religion. Neither the one nor the other is a match for such a rascal as Cardinal Antonelli. We ought to send a Corsican there; you know that Seneca accused them *negandi deos*. No Italian will tell his fellow-countrymen those home-truths about religion to which a French Voltarian is always ready to give vent. My line of conduct towards the Holy See would consist of saying—"If your Holiness does not second us, I will leave you in the lurch to be assassinated by your subjects, and shall reserve to myself the right of avenging and canonizing you afterwards. Moreover, all I ask of you is to abstain from meddling with the Italian movement, and never to give the Austrian Minister a private audience."

The preparations being made by Prussia are the general topic of conversation in all the *salons*. Military men say that the Prussians have nothing to send against us but a species of National Guard very inferior to the Austrians. As for the Confederation, they pay less and less attention to

it. You will have seen M. de Beust's letter in reply to Gortschakoff's Circular. It is witty, but, in my opinion, the sort of letter one would expect from an impertinent woman of the world. For Saxony thus to lend herself to such an abuse of epigram she must know that Russia is not in a condition to act. On this point I have no information; I only know that the Russians are very much incensed. I believe their finances are in a bad way, and that the conflagration must become wholesale before they will meddle with it.

There are a great many deserters from the Austrian army, not only in Italy, but also on the banks of the Rhine, where there are garrisons in the Federal fortresses. They are principally Lombards and Hungarians. Many of these men say that the genuine Austrians are sick of the war and the Government. I should not attach much importance to the sayings of such men if it were not that some Republicans here, who are in a position to know what is going on in the secret societies in Germany, tell the same tale. One of them offered to bet that there would be a disturbance in Vienna within a month. There is no doubt

that there are a number of "Reds" in Prussia and throughout the Confederation. The idea of arming the *landwehr* at this juncture delights these gentlemen, who hope that it will behave as prettily as the National Guard did in Paris in 1848.

I do not understand strategy in the least, but the letters from the army speak in the highest terms of the way the Emperor manages matters. Generals and soldiers alike are brimful of confidence in him. The worst of it is that he exposes himself too freely. At Magenta and Solferino he was in the midst of his *Cent-gardes*, whose height and uniform are conspicuous a mile off. He has been spoken to on the subject in every possible way, but you might just as well talk to a statue. A speedy advance against Venice is expected; I doubt whether the passes could be forced, but the ironclads would make short work of the Lido and Malamocco forts. Whether that would make the Austrians give in I cannot say. The gossips, who occasionally have a happy thought, say that a personal arrangement will be come to between the two Emperors, and that he of Austria, to shake

off his ill-humour, will insult Prussia and recoup himself for his own losses at the expense of the petty German princes. That would be rather amusing.

I put no faith in the Belgian projects you mention. We stand in no need of aggrandisement, and we are powerful enough to be attracting too much jealousy as it is. If, as I hope, we succeed in freeing Italy and giving her national governments, we can come home with the satisfaction of having done well; but the organisation of the Italian Federation will be the very devil. Who is to have the Legation?—and Venetia? But do not let us sell the bear's skin. In the meanwhile, such an immense quantity of enormous shells is being forwarded to Italy that I very much fear the church of St. Zeno and the tombs of Scaliger will be sent into the canal. Let us hope that these beasts of Austrians will not stand their ground in Venice after the forts are destroyed. I think three cannon balls would be more than the Doge's Palace would stand. And how about the MS. of St. Mark?

Prince Albert, it appears, is Austrian to the

backbone. Do you think this will have any effect on English opinion? The *Times*, I see, is more than half converted.

XX.

Paris, July 12, 1859.

My Dear Panizzi,

Do you understand what is going on? The people here have not received the news of peace very favourably. They like war and want to make an end of the enemy. The *bourgeoisie*, on the contrary, are delighted. Nobody knows what the bases of the treaty mean. If Venetia is to remain under the *present* Austrian Government the war has not produced any very grand result, because, by admitting Austria into the Italian Confederation, the right of interfering in the affairs of the Peninsula would be given her; in other words, the pretentions she put forward before the war would be recognised. A man very much in the confidence of Prince Jerome assures me that Venetia will have a *separate* Government and a Constitution resembling that of Piedmont.

Another enigma—What is an honorary president? Generally speaking, an old fool who is fit for nothing and who has something given him to play with. Does that mean to say that the Pope's temporal wings will be clipped? I have before me reasons for thinking so. And what is to be done with all the princes who have been turned out of doors by their subjects, or are fleeing from them? It is clear that we shall not put them in possession again, nor shall we allow Austria to bring them back again. Again, what will become of the legitimate sovereign * of yourself and Salvagnoli? My informant tells me that is left for the Congress to settle; the two Emperors have not cared to bother themselves about a question which does not concern them personally.

Will you explain the article in the *Times* of Monday to me? As I do not believe in second sight, I presume some communication has been made by M. de Persigny to Lord John, and by Lord John to the *Times*. *Quid dicis?* I will give you in a couple of words the gist of the letters I have seen about Solferino: immense enthusiasm

* The Duc de Modena.

among our men; great discouragement among the Austrians; very little enthusiasm among the Lombards—still less in the Duchies; the Piedmontese unpopular enough in Milan; the French disgusted with the lukewarmness of the Italians, and still more so with having to pay for everything at its weight in gold; the artillery officers with their rifled ordnance undertake to reduce Peschiera in a week and Mantua in a fortnight.

The Emperor of Austria told Fleury that they lost 40,000 men at Solferino. The discontent at Vienna is so pronounced that the Emperor, who had started for his capital, had to retrace his steps. It is said that the sight of the field of battle at Solferino had a great effect on our Emperor, and he allowed his disinclination for any more fighting to be seen. The probability of a revolution in Austria—a Red, Hungarian, Bohemian, Croatian revolution—may have influenced him also.

Our bigots are riding the high horse, and are beginning to cause some anxiety. They are making as much fuss as the devil would in holy water, and are telling the peasants that war is

being made against the Church. I have always said that we ought to send to Rome a Corsican ambassador who would tell Antonelli, with the eloquence peculiar to these islanders, that he had to choose between three S's. Do you know what that means at Sartene? *Stiletto—schiopetto—strada.*

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. None of my friends have been killed, but a poor devil of a servant of mine, of whom the conscription deprived me, was shot in the leg at Solferino. Tell me what they say in England, and how you are going to spend your summer holidays.

XXI.

Paris, July 15, 1859.

My Dear Panizzi,

Everything in connection with this important affair is still in a state of obscurity, and, judging from appearances, will continue so for some time to come. There are plenty of unpleasant things in what one knows of the treaty, but that is no reason why we should throw the helve

after the hatchet and refrain from making use of what good there is.

It is very difficult to conceive of the motives the Emperor had in bringing matters to an end thus quickly. This is what I hear, but it is mere conjecture.

In the first place, the sight of the battle-fields, and especially that of Solferino, made so painful an impression on him that he came to look upon the idea of prolonging the war as a species of crime. Those who see most of him believe that this consideration is by no means the least weighty. Next comes the attitude of Germany. The proclamation of the Emperor to the army appeared to indicate that he regarded the prolongation of the war in Italy as a direct preliminary of a war on the Rhine. Would Russia, in that case, have helped us? It is very doubtful. We do not even know whether she is in a condition to do so, and, looking at the question merely from the point of view of material advantage, it must be confessed that she could not have won anything in proportion to her stake in the game.

As for the enthusiasm of the Italians, the fact

is that superhuman efforts were necessary to make the Tuscan *corps* move. At Milan, after the battle of Magenta, there were only two hundred enlistments. On the evening of the battle at Solferino there was a panic caused by a hundred Austrian horse who got separated from their main body, and rode by accident into the middle of a column of wounded and baggage. The affair only lasted a quarter of an hour, but even then the villages in our rear were decked out with Austrian flags. All this has made the Emperor, as well as the army, discontented, and has deprived him of all hope of energetic assistance such as the Spaniards gave in 1809.

The great stir among the devout here, and especially in the West, has given rise to real anxiety, and so has the preponderance of M. de Cavour, who showed himself rather too ready to swallow everything.

I do not believe one word about the alliance of the three Emperors against England, and still less in any hostile intentions on the part of the Emperor Napoleon. The only thing which appears probable to me is that, if the Eastern Question

crops up again within the next few months, France will not assist unless she is taken into complete confidence, and then probably on conditions advantageous to herself. You may take it for granted that she will do nothing against Prussia, and will not even pay her the compliment of asking her why she has called out the *landwehr*. The Emperor is expected here on Monday or Tuesday—a piece of news which has rendered some of the discontented ones rather uneasy.

And now I will tell you my plans. I shall remain in Paris or in the neighbourhood until the beginning of September, when I shall go to Spain. You should come with me. We could begin by seeing Bordeaux and tasting the native wine; you would lay in a stock of it. Then we might go together to Madrid, and you would perambulate all the libraries. We should then pass on to Toledo, where there are plenty of things worth seeing, and I would bring you back across the Pyrenees in October.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Until I see good reason to alter my opinion I shall not believe in war against you, nor in the temporal power of the

Pope, who, by the way, is by no means anxious for it.

XXII.

Paris, July 20, 1859.

My Dear Panizzi,

I have just returned from Saint Cloud. We were received by *corps*, that is to say, Senators, Deputies, and Councillors of State, in all nearly a hundred and fifty. Thirty-five degrees above zero, doubled, I imagine, by the candles.

You will see the speeches in the *Moniteur*. The Emperor's, delivered in a tone of candour, has created a good effect. The strategic arguments can only be understood by great captains like Thiers or Cousin. The political arguments are answerable, but very important notwithstanding. I do not believe in the Prussians crossing the Rhine and making trial of the bad temper of two hundred thousand men, or running the gauntlet of the four hundred rifled guns which await them.

The revolution touches me more nearly. Hungary and Bohemia were held merely by a

thread, and the Poles, who are in a position to spoil all, by way of avenging themselves on the indifference of Europe had taken up an attitude which was bound to deprive us of all assistance from Russia, even if it did not compel her to declare against us.

I think, all things considered, that the enterprise was beyond our strength. For us to undertake it we ought to have had the assistance of England, as in the Crimean expedition. Such a thing might, perhaps, have been possible with the Whigs; with the Tories it was impossible, and in every way difficult with a German Prince, and in a country which has little sympathy for foreigners and where patriotism savours more than slightly of egotism.

Our men are coming back furious against the Italians. They say the people are heart and soul Austrian. It is quite clear that we had the greatest difficulty in finding out anything about the movements of the enemy whilst they were kept fully informed by the peasants. It is true that the aristocracy showed themselves both devoted and patriotic, but they are a very small

body. I have a theory: for people to rise in insurrection they should not be accustomed to sleep in beds. Look at the Spaniards. If the war had taken place in Spain we should have had five hundred thousand recruits in a month. The Lombards are too civilised, and, besides, so many years of peace have made them apathetic.

Our having a ninny at Rome has been one great misfortune. We ought to have had a Corsican unbeliever, who would have frightened Antonelli, worried the Pope, and, *per fas et nefas*, have compelled him to declare himself. The second misfortune was having a prudent man in command of the fleet, an excellent officer who was not ready to bombard Venice until it was too late to do it. If Penaud or some other break-neck Admiral had been sent, the forts of the Lido and Malamocco would have been razed, and Venice would undoubtedly have been taken without even landing a man, which would have altered things materially.

It is evident now that Mazzini holds good cards. All the booksellers' shops in Milan, and in Turin as well, have the portrait of Orsini openly exposed

for sale. That, in my opinion, is both stupid and dangerous.

Order, in Heaven's name, order, or all is lost!

XXIII.

Paris, July 25, 1859.

My Dear Panizzi,

Our holy father is becoming accommodating, I am told, but I do not believe a word of it. A priest is always sure to have the last word, and the silent system and starvation are the only modes of dealing with him. That is my reason for continuing to regret the success of the St. Bartholomew affair and the abjuration of Henry IV. The machine is very old, but still powerful, and the prevailing incredulity of the present day is a guarantee for its prolonged existence, for what can you put in its place?

I could literally overwhelm you with anecdotes about the scant sympathy shown us in Italy by the people; but I spare you. How, indeed, could it be otherwise in a country governed as Italy has been? I can still remember how astonished I was, the first time I went to Spain, to see the

manner in which the Government and that great Prince, Ferdinand VII, treated the peasants and the nobility. The peasants adored him, and the remainder detested him. Both were right. The common herd was humoured and encouraged in its evil instincts, whilst every man who could boast a decent coat was an object of suspicion, and was worried in every conceivable way.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. There is not a cat left in Paris. Yesterday the place seemed on fire, but to-day a severe storm has freshened us up.

XXIV.

Paris, August 12, 1859.

My Dear Friend,

Your idea of dressing up your Austrians after the Modenese fashion is highly amusing, but it is by no means easy to carry out. The cowl, you know, makes the monk, and the soldiers of every nation have a great dislike to any change being made in their costume, knowing full well that disguise, be it what it may, robs them of half their *prestige*. In the first place, the formation of

a *corps* of Modenese, or so-called Modenese troops, would give rise to diplomatic interference; and secondly, nothing would stand in the way of the Zouaves being dressed up as National Guards; thirdly and lastly, it is never done. The Austrians are convinced and, I am bound to say, people here are afraid, too, that the Duchies and Legations, when left to themselves, will be guilty of some stupidity or other, and that reaction will be the inevitable result of anarchy. I am quite sure that, if the people are prudent and the Chambers do not make too much noise, nobody will interfere in your affairs. That, of course, is no reason why you should not buy rifles and learn the use of them. Do as Cromwell said: "Trust in God and keep your powder dry."

It appears to me to be very stupid policy for England to hold aloof from all these arrangements? What risk does she run by interfering? That of attracting the ill-will of Austria? She is in the full enjoyment of her unmitigated hatred already! The tightening of the bonds of the Anglo-French alliance does not appear to be a source of great pre-occupation just now, and,

besides, supposing that France objected to England interfering in the Italian question, she would not have any right to say so, because England ostensibly would be backing her up. The result, undoubtedly, would be that we poor devils in France should have pulled the chestnuts out of the fire, and that, if the north of Italy were annexed to Piedmont and became a Power of any importance, we should very speedily have a rival, instead of an ally.

In this I am speaking from England's point of view, and I repeat that, if she holds aloof, she will be looked upon by Europe as a second-rate Power and will lose all her influence in Italy. But, as I am convinced that Lord Palmerston has too much spirit to be content with the *rôle* of a mere spectator, I have no doubt that there will be a Congress, and that this Congress will not conduce, whatever else it may do, to the benefit of Italy. If you could send the Pope the cholera you would remove a troublesome thorn from our side. You can scarcely realise the row made by the devout, who are, unfortunately, only too powerful in this country.

What is one to think of the goings on in India? It appears to me that they are in a pretty mess over there, and are making a bad business of it. If order is not restored very quickly there will be another conflagration.

Have you any news of Salvagnoli? I am told that he has been appointed Minister of Religion. For the last week I have been intending to write to him to ask him for a bishopric or, at the very least, a fat canonry at Florence. Is the Ricasoli who is President of the Council the same one who accompanied us in our nocturnal excursions along the Arno?

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Let me know your plans. As for me, I have scarcely any, for it is reported that Madame de Montijo is coming here, which will knock my Spanish trip on the head.

XXV.

Cannes, December 16, 1859.

My Dear Panizzi,

It is an age since I heard from you. I have travelled over a good deal of ground since

we met. First of all I went to Madrid, where it was bitterly cold; thence in a straight line to Compiègne, where it was still colder, but where, at all events, there were fires and fire-places.

The *master of the house*, who does the honours very successfully, and with whom one talks *de rebus omnibus et quiibusdam aliis*, is, unfortunately, rather a difficult nut to crack. I mentioned you to him, and also spoke of your wish to tell him what you have seen with "the eyes in your head," to use one of his uncle's expressions. He replied that he should be delighted to converse with you.

It is out of my power to quote a word, or point to an action, in proof of a disposition on his part in favour of the restoration of the Princes; but my personal impression is that he in reality cares very little about the matter, and that his sole thought is to maintain his balance between the two reputations to each of which he puts forward an equal pretension—that of a stickler for old treaties, and a protector of the right of nations to the exercise of free choice as regards their own government. I conclude, therefore, that in the

Congress the views of France and England will be found to harmonise in no slight degree.

Lord Brougham, who is here, and who, by the way, appears to me to have aged considerably, tells me that the appointment of Lord Wodehouse as second Plenipotentiary augurs well for Italy. Count Walewski will be one of ours, but I do not know who the other is to be. Walewski is very favourably disposed towards the Grand Duke of Tuscany; he will, however, as you may well understand, only do and say just what the master wishes.

I left Spain in a paroxysm of fury against England and against her own Ministers, who have just indited the veriest platitudes in reply to the impertinences of Lord John Russell. O'Donnell, aping Napoleon III., wanted a war by hook or by crook. As soon as the English opened their mouths, he imagined that they would have both the power and the audacity to prevent his crossing the Straits, and he hastened to agree to every concession he was asked to make, and to a few that nobody ever hinted at. Everybody is highly indignant, and I think he will have some difficulty

in retaining his portfolio, unless, indeed, the war should turn out so well that on his return from Africa he will have nothing to do but, like Scipio, ascend the Capitol and return thanks to the gods.

You will have heard of the death of poor Charles Lenormant. He had gone to Greece with his son, and, a few days before he intended leaving Athens to return to France, King Otho placed at his disposal a small yacht, in which he was anxious to take a trip to the Peloponnesus before his steamer started. At Epidaurus they came in for bad weather, and were drenched to the skin. Lenormant made his way across a marsh, with the water up to his knees and without any means of drying himself or changing his clothes. An attack of fever supervened, and, as there was no improvement in the weather, he was compelled to make the attempt to reach Athens by land. In this journey, without any doctor, a bed, or covering of any kind, he exhausted the little strength left to him, and died two days after his arrival. The probability is that if he had taken a few extra precautions and a waterproof coat he would still belong to this world.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of yourself, and think of me now and then.

XXVI.

Cannes, December 26, 1859.

My Dear Panizzi,

There is plenty of dissatisfaction in Paris about the species of capital sentence passed on the Romans, condemned in perpetuity to be the slaves of the Pope.

Primo, I would remark that it is no unusual occurrence in time of war to sacrifice a regiment in order to win a battle, and that such a step would not warrant a criminal accusation being brought against the General in command.

Secundo, when the States of the Holy Father do not extend beyond the suburbs, the Romans, if there are any who possess political aspirations, will be able to find themselves in a constitutional country by merely taking a drive. In short, the lamentations one hears now-a-days very closely resemble the outcry of those people who blame society because she compels certain bipeds to be scavengers.

The passage most open to adverse comment is that by which it is provided that you and I are to give so much per annum to our Holy Father the Pope. In my way of thinking, that ought to be left to the impulse of our natural generosity. We should not fail to bestow our gifts in proportion to the advantages we gain from the Catholic and Roman Church. After all I think I have formed a tolerably good idea of the form of the Sphinx. If the heretic Powers do not exhibit more zeal for the Church than the Catholics do, the question will be speedily decided.

I came here in search of fine weather, but I am at a loss to know where it is to be found. We have had a three days' frost—a thing unknown in this country for the last twenty years. The orange trees have suffered; our jessamines and geraniums, which we grow here in the open fields like you do turnips in England, have been cut down. All this has not prevented us from taking long walks under a bright sun—too warm occasionally—from two to four in the afternoon. Miss Lagden says that she very much wishes you were here, so that she might make you climb our

mountains. She would undertake, after a month's training, to give you back the figure you had when you were twenty. If we had any cooking here worthy of you I should seriously recommend you to follow her advice; but, except for the mutton, which is excellent, we are in the desert.

Our little English colony was enriched a few days ago by the Marquis of Conyngham and his daughter—decidedly not pretty, but very tall. By way of revenge we have some rather amiable Russians. As for the natives, they are absolute strangers to us. Our life is spent in climbing the mountains. My digestion no longer troubles me, and the farther I go the more am I convinced that the sun is an element necessary to my existence.

I know no more about the Libri affair than you already do—that the Keeper of the Seals has ordered a magistrate to investigate the matter, and to make such a report as will permit of the charge being withdrawn, the contumacious one undertaking to be forthcoming when called upon. M. Libri consented to this arrangement. Unfortunately, before I left Paris, I saw this magistrate —a man called Barbier. He appeared to me to

be the very double, as regards slowness, of the barber of Martial, who performed with so much dexterity that the hair had time to grow on the cheek he had shaved before he had finished operating on the other. Nevertheless, the affair cannot last for ever, and his Minister has promised to impress on him the necessity for expedition.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I think of being back again in Paris at the beginning of March, in time for our Session.

XXVII.

Cannes, January 10, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

I am at a loss to understand the retreat, more or less voluntary, of Walewski, though it has not surprised me very much. For a long time he has been seeking an excuse to get rid of his portfolio, but with the intention of taking that of M. Fould, who is in no hurry to resign it. You may easily understand that, for two open-handed people like the Emperor and Empress, a treasurer is needed who has some knowledge of business,

and, with Walewski, the Emperor would have been a bankrupt before long.

I suppose Walewski—who is by no means firm, and who has to deal with a man who is never explicit—thought he could give way to his Catholic and Legitimist sentiments. He was for a long time in Tuscany; his wife belongs to Florence, and he is personally attached to the Grand Duke. In all probability he would have promised more than he could perform, and would have ended by compromising himself. That is my version of the affair, and I give it you for what it is worth. The political aspect of the business, if it has one, is more favourable than otherwise to the Italians. Thouvenel is a man far more liberal in his views, and energetic in quite another direction. Besides, you know that *il tempo è galant' uomo.* To wait until repentance comes to seize on the people of the Romagna and the Tuscans is a good idea, and I prefer it to paying the Pope an indemnity for the loss of his Bologna sausages. When he takes it into his head to ask for what has been offered him, he may justly be answered by the epigram you quoted to me—*è troppo tardi.*

The devotees in France are going about with their heads and tails erect. Their rage and despair are very amusing, but the most extraordinary and most ridiculous part of it is their illusion as to the real feeling of the country. By dint of struggling they will open the eyes of the blind, and then a breath will suffice to blow them away. Have you read the pamphlet by the Bishop of Orleans, who wants to ensconce himself in the catacombs again? It is a sorry sight to see the Orleanists—who for eighteen years preached in favour of liberty of conscience—now joining in a chorus with the parish sextons to proclaim that all is lost, that the Church is outraged, &c., &c.

The French Academy, influenced by the philosopher Cousin and some other wiseacres, is about to nominate the Abbé Lacordaire to replace Tocqueville. Is not this edifying, and does it not afford a clear idea of their logic and their good sense?

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I am charged with innumerable remembrances to you.

XXVIII.

Cannes, January 29, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

I have read Villemain's *brochure*, and I agree with you. He has been vigorously scarified by the *Times* and the *Daily News*, and he richly deserved it. To-day, by way of completing his disgrace, he is complimented by the *Journal de Rome*. In Paris his pamphlet is a *fiasco*. Some years ago—I do not know how many—this same Villemain, then persecuted by the Jesuits, threatened them with a history of Gregory VII., which is still in the original manuscript. If somebody would steal it from him and print it now he would be doing him a good turn. The way in which political passion turns clever men into fools is almost past belief. What I fear are pointed arguments, like those of Jacques Clément, in which the Catholic Church has always excelled.

I hear from Paris that there is a serious idea of an invasion of the Romagna by the Neapolitans. Do you believe in it? Would it not be the signal for a revolution in Naples?

Although the Pope has not yet excommunicated me, I put down to his anger an attack of rheumatism in the hip from which I have been suffering for the last three days. I can walk, and a long distance too, without experiencing any pain, but the moment I sit down it becomes very acute. I dine after the manner of the Greeks, reclining on a sofa—not the most comfortable attitude for eating macaroni. Thanks to our immediate neighbourhood, we have very good Parmesan here.

Lord Brougham has left us to deliver himself of a speech in the House of Lords. I would not have gone three hundred leagues either to hear it or to make it. How active he is for a youth of eighty-two! The weather here is not too fine; but we console ourselves by reading in the newspapers about the weather you are having in London. We are warned of a coming terrific fog. Here we complain if we have not fifteen degrees *Réaumur*.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. May the *immacolata Vergine* have you in her holy keeping!

XXIX.

Cannes, February 17, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

We live in queer times. Not a day passes without some surprise being arranged for the gossips. What do you think of the colleague they have given me in the Academy. Cousin said, "I vote for St. Pius IX." Thiers, Guizot, and all the burggraves voted for Lacordaire, under the impression that by so doing they were making a protest quite sufficient to counterbalance the battle of Solferino. How is it that the Orleanists make such fools of themselves? They used to be very different in days gone by. They have no idea what a ridiculous figure their recantation makes them cut before the public. As far as the people are concerned, the line of conduct adopted by the Emperor towards the Pope is the only one befitting a Sovereign, and it has gained him increased popularity.

Rumour is very busy just now with a petition to be presented to the Senate, drawn up by Vitet or Villemain, I cannot discover which, and with fifty or sixty consular signatures, in favour of the

preservation of the States of the Holy See. Everything in the shape of absurdity being possible now-a-days, I shall believe in this until I am assured to the contrary, and I am promising myself a treat when the document comes to be read. Concocted by fifty such talented beings, it ought to be a specimen of exaggeration. As a set-off, I have seen the letter written by Salvagnoli to his Holiness, thanking him for his *Concordat*, and the circular issued by Thouvenel. You will be amused by both, I expect.

Talking of rumours, we hear that Garibaldi has married a girl who on the wedding day was discovered to be very far gone in an interesting condition. Is this a bit of Papal revenge? or has some *monsignor* or other adopted this plan of wiping out the insults to the Church? Or, as is most probable, is the whole thing a mere sham?

What are we to think of the dreams of conquest and intervention in favour of the Pope indulged in by the King of Naples? They appear to be giving rise to a certain amount of uneasiness in Paris—not as regards their result, of course, but simply because the question is already

so large a one that no increase to its proportions is desirable. If this kind of thing goes on much longer we shall be having a repetition of the famous supper at Venice, where Candidus sat down to table with half-a-dozen dethroned monarchs. The Spaniards, whose heads are being turned by their African successes, are also posing as the guardians of the seat of our Holy Father the Pope, and hint at sending an army to aid him in reconquering the Romagna. There is no great danger in all this.

I do not believe a word about the warlike preparations of the Austrians in Venetia. Baron de Bunsen, whom you must have met in London, and who has been at Cannes for the past few months, draws a very gloomy picture of the state of Austria. He says that there is not a single province, Bohemia and the Tyrol included, which is not becoming as disloyal as Hungary, thanks to the folly of the Government and the obstinate and mischievous character of the young Emperor.

I shall stay at Cannes until the end of the month, and shall be in Paris between the 1st and 5th of March. Cannot you come and see us at

Easter? If you are still anxious to have a chat with a certain personage of whom you have heard, the time would not be inopportune, except, indeed, that I suppose everything will be settled by then.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Remember me to all my friends in London.

XXX.

Paris, March 25, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

I have only been back in Paris a few days, but plenty of things have happened even in that short time. It is just as if we were assisting at some huge performance or other, so huge, indeed, that one can never tell whether an act is not an entire piece. Meanwhile, it is evident that Solferino was not a *dénoûement*. There is a report in Paris to-night that a very serious disturbance has taken place in Rome, and that the Pontifical Dragoons were repulsed by the populace. The whole thing arose out of a *fête* which was being held in honour of the birthday of Garibaldi. The telegram, which I have seen,

does not say a word about the part played by the French garrison. Perhaps, after all, the disturbance may turn out to be nothing very serious, but you may rest assured that the whole of Southern Italy will be in a state of revolution within a year unless the Austrians assume the offensive once more, of which there is not much likelihood, considering the cost of cannon balls and the scarcity of precious metal in the treasury of His Imperial and Royal Apostolic Majesty.

I have just seen a man who has recently returned from Venice. He gives a lamentable account of the state of that lovely country. Our hotel, the Palazzo Loredan, where we have had more than one good dinner, is shut up for want of visitors to keep it going. Daniele, who has nobody but a few Americans now and then, alone remains. The people are literally dying of hunger. After having got as much as possible out of the present taxation the Government has arbitrarily introduced a new impost in the shape of a compulsory tax on householders. The mother-in-law of M. de Marcello, who was a *podestat* when we were there, wrote to her stepson (who found

means to betake himself to Corfu with his wife) telling him that a demand for a hundred thousand francs had been made upon her, that she had not a *sou*, and that her furniture first, and then her property were to be sold, winding up by begging him to send her a thousand francs to enable her to leave Venice, though by doing so she would be robbed of all her fortune.

The speeches in Parliament on the subject of Savoy have produced here an effect diametrically opposed to the anticipated one of rendering the annexation popular and inevitable. In itself the step does not appear to me to be very judicious, but, in my opinion, it will result in France recognizing and admitting Tuscany and the Romagna.

Can you tell me the meaning of an English Squadron being at Naples? In Paris there is an idea that England wishes to annex Sicily, but that is rather too much to swallow. It reminds me of the fable of the dog that carried his master's dinner.

The irritation of the Germans, the small states especially, against us is very great. Fortunately

they lack three things necessary to enable them to carry their evil intentions into effect—men, money and credit.

The Papal Nuncio in Paris, Monsignor Sacconi, whom you may possibly know, has been breathing threats and fury for the last few days. In a certain house he stated that it rested with him to stir up a civil war in France and smash the Emperor's throne into little bits. He was told in all seriousness by somebody present that he was exposing himself to a visit from the Correctional Police, whereupon he became more peaceable, which leads me to suppose that the Papal Court has reason to be alarmed.

The religious agitation here is confined to a few *salons*. You will not be surprised to hear that the majority of our Orleanist friends are champions of the temporal power of the Pope. It would be difficult for them to commit a more stupid blunder, but they only see the world in two or three houses in Paris. The past and the present outside these little *coteries* are a blank to them.

I found Villemain ill and painfully changed.

The exceeding failure of his pamphlet and the compliments of the Count de Chambord have made him ill.

M. Fould's nephew has engaged an Italian master, a respectable looking and very learned man, who makes him read Dante. When he visits his pupil, instead of saying "Good morning," he invariably begins with *Accidente al papa!* These are the sentiments His Holiness inspires in his flock. A man's brain must be strangely out of order to enable him to pretend that such a state of things can last.

Next Thursday we shall have a nice little discussion in the Senate on a petition, signed by four thousand Marseillais in favour of the maintenance of the temporal power of the Pope. Whilst on that subject, have you had patience enough to read the circular of Antonelli, in which he speaks of the twenty-one provinces composing the States of the Church? The maps and the *Almanach de Gotha* only mention twenty; the twenty-first is Avignon.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of your health and send me some news.

XXXI.

Paris, March 31, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

Do not imagine for a moment that I intend breaking my promise to you. My recollection of your genuine hospitality, of your wines of all sorts, and your boiled beef for breakfast, is so pleasing that I shall get back to them as soon as I can; but our Session is on the eve of commencing, and, during my absence, they did me the honour of appointing me Vice-Secretary, a post very much resembling the fifth wheel of a coach. Nevertheless, it makes it very difficult for me to get away before the end of May, when our Session will probably come to an end. By hook or by crook you will see me arrive on the scene, furnished with the sharp teeth and the capacious gullet you already wot of.

You know that I am not very enthusiastic about the annexation of Savoy. I agree with you that the whole affair is not being managed very well. That arises, I think, first of all from the uncertainty as to the formation of the Kingdom of Italy, but especially from changing the Minister

of Foreign Affairs, M. Walewski having, as you know, promised the *corps diplomatique* much more than he was authorised to do. Now the annexation is inevitable, or, to speak more correctly, it is consummated.

I think it is exceedingly stupid of England, who has acted in precisely the same way very often, to cry out on this occasion, particularly when at the same time she proclaims her fixed intention of refusing to perceive any *casus belli* in the affair. More than that, it is doubly stupid to declare that there has been an attempt to make it the excuse for the formation of a fresh coalition, which has failed. Lord John Russell, with his mixture of insolence and rigmarole, resembles M. de Pourceaugnac, who boasted of having taken the change out of the gentleman of Perigord who had boxed his ears.

England is reaping what she has sown. She first of all maintained an ill-natured neutrality towards us and Piedmont, and then turned her ill-will in the direction of Austria without frankly joining us. Now she finds herself repulsed by Austria, and received in a very lukewarm

fashion by Italy. Since the Crimea she has lost much of her *prestige*. The more influence the commercial element has in Parliament, the more timid and vacillating will be the foreign policy of England, and the more insignificant will be the part played by her in Europe. All the hot anger which has been displayed against the annexation has resulted in making it very popular here. Another result which I anticipate is a moral, if not an actual engagement on our part, through the annexation, to defend Italy against any offensive action by Austria.

Last Thursday we had an interesting sitting in the Senate, a rarity there. The occasion was the presentation of certain petitions in favour of interfering for the maintenance of the temporal power. Our five Cardinals and a few good Catholics treated us to the tritest and most trivial platitudes. To these Dupin replied in a speech both clever and strong in argument, not high-toned, but full of Gallic spirit. He told the prelates that the agitation they spoke of was artificial, that it was their own doing, and that good Catholics had always made a distinction between the spiritual and the temporal

power. Louis XIV., thinking himself insulted by the Pope, seized the Venaissin Comtat, at that time a portion of the dominions of St. Peter, without evoking a protest or even an expression of sympathy for the Pope from any bishop. He then explained the origin of the oath which the Popes take to resist any dismemberment of the States of the Church. In it there is nothing to exempt them from those diminutions of territory which may fall to the lot of all temporal governments. This oath was in reality a remedial measure adopted to limit the prodigality of the Popes, who gave away right and left to their nephews, or their illegitimate children when they had any. All this was said in a half-jocular, half-menacing tone, which made it a veritable success. We sent the petitions to the devil by 116 votes against 16.

The good Catholics here are clubbing together. The Duke de Luynes is sending a hundred thousand francs to the Pope. More than that, Lamoricière commands his army. I asked Malakoff what he thought of it. "At the first shot his soldiers will run away, and he will be

taken prisoner." There is no disguising the fact that the Emperor has singularly injudicious enemies.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Keep up your spirits.

XXXII.

Paris, April 1, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

Dupin's speech sounded better than it reads. Many passages have been suppressed *propter offensionem gentium*, and everything he said was marvellously full of animation and *lazzi*, which, though they were not in the very best taste, were on that account none the less amusing. On leaving the Chamber I told him that he had poured a broadside on people who had never known how to fire off a pistol. His answer was, "When I rub, I rub hard." It appeared to me that the Cardinals were compelled to speak because of their cloth, but that they did not put themselves out at all.

Madame de *Lamoricierge*, as you call her, tells everybody who chooses to listen to her, that her

husband is under no engagement. "He wants to see what the Pontifical army is made of, and if it can be organized, he will organize it. As for making conquests, he never dreams of them." We are also given to understand that, if he should decide on playing the part of organizer, he will begin by having something to say to the Minister of War. Should he persist in the idea, I fancy it would be difficult to refuse him, considering that we are not at war with the Pope.

But I think it highly probable that he will experience something very similar to what happened to a brave Colonel of the *Garde Royale* whom I knew. He had refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Government after 1830, and he offered his services to the then Pope, a far cleverer man than the present one. They were eagerly accepted. He found the soldiers as good as the officers were detestable. He asked that the latter might be replaced. Immediately one discovered that he was the nephew of a Cardinal, another that he was the illegitimate son of the Cardinal's apothecary, &c. In short, after a month's trial, my friend, foiled at every turn, divined that he had

no business where he was, tendered his resignation, and came back to France to grow cabbages. As far as Lamoricière is concerned, going back to Rome just now would be a gross blunder, and in lamentable contradiction to his past life.

You may rely upon it that there is no question of exchanging the Rhenish provinces of Prussia for Hanover and Saxony. Annexations do not move so rapidly as all that, and at this moment I do not believe that the idea has entered anybody's head. I can only imagine two contingencies (both of them, in my opinion, remote), where such an extension of territory would be possible. The first would be on the supposition of a revolution in Germany, and the consequent mediatization of a portion of the petty kings and princes, which will probably come to pass some day or other, when the Germans take it into their heads to revolt and arrive at the conclusion that their head-quarter staff is too expensive. I can understand that in such a case, Prussia and Austria being greatly enlarged, France would come in for her share, if she happened to be in a position to take it. The other contingency is the death of

the Sick Man of Constantinople. If his sickness is unto death, it is clear that all the interested Great Powers will make overtures to the Emperor. All this, however, is for the present, in the clouds.

Meanwhile I hear, but I do not believe, that Austria will consent to cede Venetia for a pecuniary consideration. Seeing that, in her political and financial position, this would be a very wise step to take, I am quite sure she will never take it. It is passion, and not interest, which influences men, and the Emperor Francis Joseph has already proved, especially by his concordat, that he by no means understands his own real interests.

I learn from every source that the agitation alluded to by the bishops exists only in a few drawing-rooms belonging to devout dotards, or to Fusionists equally stupid. The masses do not care a fig for the Pope. A friend of mine, who has some property in La Vendée, an intensely Catholic district, discovered that the peasants throughout it believed that Savoy belonged to the Pope, and that the Emperor had taken possession of it. They added that he had done quite right.

Have casts been taken of the marbles of Halicar-

nassus yet, especially those charming amazons on the frieze? I suppose there would not be any objection to selling these casts to the Musée in Paris. I am continually at our Minister to buy them, but, first of all, will you tell me whether you consider the thing feasible.

XXXIII.

Paris, April 25, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

You do not say a word about your health, from which I conclude that you have got rid of your influenza. I wish I could say the same, but I cannot, and, in addition, I have a dreadful cough. There is a regular epidemic of the mumps throughout Paris. Do you know what they are? Pain in the glands of the neck and ears, evidently sent to us by the Holy Father with his excommunication.

Apropos of the Holy Father, what do you think of this speech of Lamoricière to the aforesaid? "Increase your stock of *cannons* and get rid of some of your *canons*."

Lamoricière has chosen as his aide-de-camp

a M. de Pimodan, a Frenchman formerly in the Austrian service, a clever fellow, who has written some interesting articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, on the war in Hungary. At Vienna he had the reputation of being a bit of a humbug, but very brave and intelligent. You may imagine how cordially the selection of a Frenchman out of the Austrian army has been received in Italy. Cardinal Antonelli and Lamoricière, it appears, are at daggers drawn, and I leave you to estimate the good the Papal army will get out of the quarrel. M. de Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia has just come back from Rome. He offered the Pope a million on the sole condition that his Holiness would restore all deposed Legitimists to their thrones. The Pope thanked him. He most likely finds that he has enough fish of that kind to fry.

I have seen a letter from our Consul at Messina. This is the gist of it. The Government there, hearing that there had been a disturbance at Palermo, and that it had been put down, were quite distressed at being without one, so, to get their share of the rewards, they first of all let

loose all the gaol-birds in the convict prisons, and then sent the troops after them. The latter kept up a brisk fusillade in the streets throughout the night, and though they did not succeed in killing a single one of the convicts, who, being men of sense, quickly got under cover, they contrived to put an end to one or two fools who were looking out of their windows. All night long the castle kept blazing away, but with blank cartridge. What a set! Do not say that this came from the French Consul, but you may take it as a fact.

I am very sorry to hear of Ortega being shot. I knew him, but it is difficult to say that he did not deserve his fate. The worst of it is that he was condemned by people whose example, after all, he was merely following.

There was a most picturesque *bal masqué* at the Hotel d'Albe last night, with any quantity of very pretty women in very pretty dresses. Lord Cowley's daughter is charming.

XXXIV.

Paris, April 30, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

I do not know the rules of the *Jardin des Plantes;* I do not even know whether there are any such things, but I have written to my colleague, M. Flourens, about them. Two years ago the Minister of Public Instruction, who was very much dissatisfied on account of the extravagance in the management of the *Jardin*, appointed a committee to reorganise it. The professors live in premises on the spot, and when they have not very large families they locate the natural history collections in these premises, rather at hap-hazard, as I am told.

Now, the *Jardin des Plantes* is a Republic. The professors carry on the management themselves, discuss matters generally, and in rotation are *administrateurs*, in other words Presidents of the Assembly, corresponding in its name with the Minister. The present Minister has shown a disposition to disturb their sweet tranquility, and to ascertain what becomes of the ostrich eggs and all the fruit and vegetables. These gentlemen

have asked the Emperor to allow them to be left in peace and quietness, and the Emperor, who has a high opinion of *savants*, has requested the Minister to turn his attention to something else. In short, the Museum has a strong resemblance to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, *otium cum dignitate*. I forgot to mention that the Museum has a small sum allowed it for the purpose of sending out young men to collect stones, plants, and animals wherewith to enrich the collections. From time to time it pleads poverty, and then a small addition is made to its budget.

A dead calm in politics. Although neither the month nor the day has been fixed for the departure of the Goyon Division from Rome, it is almost certain to take place this year. I am assured that General Lamoricière corresponds with the Minister of War here on official matters. He is always on the best possible terms with the Pope, and the new organization is being concocted by Mérode and the Holy Father.

I notice that there are some people here who are very uneasy on account of the strength of the minority in the Italian Parliament. When the

King entered Florence he was met by deputations of Romans, Venetians, and Neapolitans with flags and addresses, and it is said that he received them too favourably.

They are murdering each other in Austria very pleasantly, but, if all the thieves adopt this violent line of conduct, the depopulation of the country will be a certainty. Not a day passes without fresh robberies being discovered; the only thing not discovered is the money which is stolen. The Emperor is said to be deeply affected by this state of things, which is reported to have influenced, in no inconsiderable degree, his resolve to carry into effect some liberal reforms. I am also assured that he is not nearly as averse to the idea of selling Venetia as his Ministers are.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. If you want any other information, command me.

P.S.—How is one to write to Salvagnoli? What is his title, and where is he living? Montemolin is displaying a disposition to recognize the chaste Isabella. The Bourbons are no heroes. The "Reds" are making enormous progress in Spain, and a row is expected there this summer.

XXXV.

Paris, May 3, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

You will have received a letter from me in reply to part of your questions. I have just seen Flourens, who is in favour of the separation of the Natural History Collections. He has given me some additional information about the management of the *Jardin des Plantes*. The great defect, in his opinion, is that the Professor who presides and signs the proceedings of the Council has no power whatever, and that each Professor is absolute monarch over his particular collection. Serious inconvenience results from this. As an instance, a monkey died in the *Jardin des Plantes*. M. Cuvier wished to see if it had thirteen ribs. M. de Blainville, the Professor, who is in command of the monkeys, would not permit the examination.

I have the misfortune, for the time being, to be Secretary to the Senate, which, on the one hand, ties me down terribly, and, on the other, wearies me horribly. I am very much afraid that I shall not be free before the end of the Session,

which means the beginning of June. I have no inclination for Carlsbad, but if you will come to Florence or any part of Italy, I am your man. Shall we go and ask the Pope for some consecrated beads?

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I am off to unravel a scrutiny, an operation almost as amusing as shelling peas.

XXXVI.

Paris, May 11, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

A hurried line. I know nothing of *savants;* birds of a feather flock together. Besides, in the Academy of Science they are greater rascals even than we are. However, as there are exceptions to every rule, I have applied to Élie de Beaumont, Secretary of the Academy, who is a very obliging fellow, and whose reputation is European. If you give his opinion before the House of Commons, modify its terms. In his heart he thinks, as all sensible people do, that stuffed crocodiles ought to beat a retreat before Grecian marbles and manuscripts.

I know, from good authority, that Lamoricière is beginning to have had enough of his service with the Holy Father. The Papal Court is playing him all those little tricks a new comer has to expect. Cardinal Antonelli told a Frenchman the other day that Lamoricière was a man of the most exalted merit. "I have spoken to him of all our embarrassments," said the Cardinal; "he explained everything to me, found a remedy for everything, and on each point had four different opinions, which he expressed so well, and supported with such forcible arguments, that I had great difficulty in choosing."

Very few Frenchmen have offered their services, the majority of the volunteers being youths of Carlist families, who ask to be made Colonels.

It is positively stated that Garibaldi has left for Sicily. What is he going to do? No one knows, but, apparently, come what may, M. de Cavour will not regret his absence deeply.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I close my letter, and am off to pay an official visit.

XXXVII.

Paris, May 23, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

I knew that the English were an imaginative race, and inclined to take chalk for cheese; but you, a cosmopolitan and *hombre de razon*, as the Spaniards say, you really astound me by accusing me of complicity with Garibaldi! But, at the same time, you tell me that the Emperor wishes to form an alliance with the Russians to damage England in the East.

It seems to me that the two reproaches do not hold water together. If you had to accuse a man of setting fire to your corn field, you would not begin by telling him that he had deluged it with water beforehand. As far as my opinion goes, it appears evident to me that a fresh complication in Italy would not leave France much liberty of action in the East, and *vice versâ*. You must choose between the two indictments, and not bring both charges at once. I think I am in a position to assure you that, so far as the East is concerned, M. de la Valette is the bearer of most pacific instructions, and that on our side nothing will be

done to precipitate a catastrophe, although one, apparently, is inevitable.

As for Garibaldi, I am the only person here interested in his expedition, and I believe that it has annoyed the Emperor beyond measure, as he was disposed to evacuate Rome next month, and now finds himself in a fix between the hammer and the anvil. I do not believe, either, that England has assisted the expedition, although appearances and the telegrams would lead to an opposite conclusion. Garibaldi's expedition pleases me because I am fond of romance and adventures. In reality, it is unsatisfactory enough that a hero of romance should be able to set Europe ablaze. Note that the Middle Ages have come upon us again. When Tancred and his Normans embarked for Sicily there was no international law in Europe. Now it is pretended that one exists, and it is even quoted in connection with a few acres of snow at Faucigny; *but it is perfectly well understood that might constitutes the best right.* If a Greek were to set out from Marseilles to emancipate the Ionian Islands, which ask to be annexed to the kingdom of Greece, England would protest

aloud; but only a month ago Lord John declared in Parliament that the British fleet would cruise off Sicily to support its oppressed people.

The worst part of the case is that, from all we hear, Garibaldi's expedition started in defiance of the Government of Victor Emmanuel. The secret societies are far more powerful than M. de Cavour, though I believe they are not clever enough, and that, from their anxiety to be too clever, they are doing serious injury to a cause which is both just and now in a fair way to succeed. Formerly, when a nation rose and sent its king to the rightabout, there was a great outcry; but now-a-days, with our vast experience in such things, the fact, once accomplished, is accepted readily enough. But to undertake the deliverance of a neighbour is a far more serious matter, and gives the whole world food for reflection. Lord Cowley said yesterday that all the chances seemed to be against Garibaldi. In my opinion there is one—the quality of the troops of his Neapolitan Majesty—which renders a defeat and desertion possible. We shall see in a few days from now.

The Russian Note has caused a great stir to-

day. A Congress will have some difficulty in curing the *sick man* at his last gasp. If he has survived the Emperor Nicholas he has not gained fresh strength. M. Thouvenel said to me recently that the one thing which makes the Eastern Question so difficult is that the Turks, in their present state of decomposition, would merge into another Christian society no less rotten. "Figure to yourself," he said, "several *capita mortuum* one on the top of the other. The Greeks and Bulgarians are greater blackguards than the Turks. We must begin by a general extermination, and then form a colony of honest people."

I do not believe in a war between England and France on the Eastern Question. There is no field of battle. Unfortunately, all the asses on both sides of the Straits agree in seizing upon every possible opportunity of exchanging insults, and the statesmen, or those who call themselves such, also occasionally give utterance to *delle grosse*. Nevertheless, both sides have the interest of the world at heart, and that, I trust, will have more weight than the desire of making speeches and talking big.

I always come back to the same point. For several months England has been pursuing a see-saw policy, which to me appears detestable. In consequence of her not having spoken out at the first onset of the Italian question, we have had a war followed by a bad peace. What has she gained by it? Austria probably owes the preservation of Venice to her, and you know what *her* gratitude is like. Here England is accused of abetting disorder in Italy. Neither with Germany, Russia nor France has she an alliance, and I believe it to be her own fault. When you proclaim too loudly that you are going to consult your own interests, you compel the rest of the world to look at home too.

XXXVIII.

Paris, May 31, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

Nothing can be funnier than the figure cut by the Neapolitan legation here. They were simple enough to believe the first despatch from their Government announcing the defeat of Garibaldi, in spite of the experience they must have had

of its veracity. The general belief here is that the whole island, with the exception of Messina, is in the hands of the insurgents.

Prince Napoleon, at whose house I dined yesterday (with Senior), had a letter informing him that out of six thousand Neapolitans who marched out of Palermo, only fifteen hundred returned, without guns or knapsacks, and entirely ignorant of the fate of the other four thousand five hundred. Among those at the dinner was the Duke de Grammont, who is going to Vichy to cure his liver complaint.

He gave us some rather curious bits of information about Rome. Lamoricière wished to inspect a gun-carriage store. After having made a great noise at the door without a porter or guard of any sort appearing, he was just about to have the door broken open by the engineer, when an individual appeared with a key, and by way of introduction asked him what he could do for him, and if he wanted a carriage. After a few moments' desultory conversation he discovered that the store had been let for many a long day, that the contents had been sold, and the place

was turned into a manufactory of *carretelle* * instead of gun-carriages. On another occasion, instead of finding a stock of muskets in an armoury, he only discovered spiders' webs, the muskets having been sold as obsolete for three pauls apiece by a devout Catholic, who, nevertheless, found means to have them bought back again for thirty pauls. In spite of all this, Lamoricière has about twenty thousand men under his command, of whom there are about twelve thousand Swiss, Irish and German, who are tolerable troops.

There was a rumour that the evacuation of Rome, which was all arranged, had been suspended in consequence of the Orbitello freak. I think I can safely say that the Government is very anxious to withdraw our troops, and that the only consideration which stands in the way is the probable and imminent danger of the Pope. You appear to me to forget that we are the eldest sons of the Church, and that we have to keep in order some thirty thousand of our subjects, who would hold us responsible for a catastrophe. If remaining in the bosom of the Church did not secure one

* A light elegant carriage.

a share in Paradise it would be far more convenient to be a Protestant.

I look upon Sicily as lost to the King of Naples, and Naples itself as far from being secure; but I doubt whether Italy will gain much by this. My idea is that, instead of any enlargement of that sort, the one thing needful is consolidation, and that the Garibaldian enterprises, especially that against the States of the Church, are not a very great proof of the strength of the Government of Victor Emmanuel. It is, unfortunately, certain that the secret societies are more powerful than Cavour. As long as they only attack Sicily there is perhaps no great danger; but the moment that some head more mischievous than Garibaldi's advises him to make an inroad into Venetia, he may easily bring some nasty reprisals on himself.

It seems to me that the fierce anger of John Bull has calmed down a little. Rest assured that, in spite of the appeals of the newspapers and the jealousy existing on both sides, nobody really cares for war, and even if there were a disposition that way, the battle-field would be wanting.

The Turks, apparently, are becoming more and

more fanatical. They rob the male Christians and outrage the females. I hardly know what remedy is to be found. M. Thouvenel says, and very justly, I think, that if the Turks are big rascals, the Greeks and Bulgarians are not one whit behind them. There is the great difficulty. If we protect the Christians very efficaciously they will oppress the Turks, for in that country there is always oppression of some kind.

Ellice seems to have quite given up his visit to Paris. He sends me some rather inconclusive political news. However, he appears to think that Mr. Gladstone will devote himself to Greek,* and that Lord John, too, will have leisure enough to elaborate another Reform Bill. Who will succeed him? Lord Clarendon, or Lord Palmerston himself? If you have any news let me know. Our session is dragging along slowly. I fear that it will be prolonged far into the month of June, to my very great regret.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Keep up your spirits, and take care of your health. I am a

* Mr. Gladstone, in the following year, published a treatise on "Homer and the Homeric Age."

little better now that the sun has re-appeared, but I am always more or less out of order.

P.S.—The Minister of Public Instruction has appointed another committee on the Libraries, of which he has made me President. We have to report upon moving out and moving in, no easy task.

XXXIX.

Fontainebleau, June 15, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

For the last ten days I have been in the midst of *fêtes* and festivities, and what with walks in the forest and excursions on the lake, I have had no time to write to my friends. I return to my ordinary life next week, until it shall please the Senate to close the session; and I hope sincerely that I shall still find means of passing a few days with you at the British Museum.

Garibaldi's expedition is one of the most comical pieces of history that has ever come under my notice. For twenty thousand men to capitulate to a handful of badly-armed adventurers is somewhat astonishing, even though those twenty thousand men were Neapolitans.

Two envoys from the King of Naples arrived here a few days ago to have an interview with the *master of the house*. What his reply was I know not, though their question is self-evident; but they were sent away without being asked to breakfast, and they left after their audience in, apparently, a not very satisfactory frame of mind. I have no doubt that the eruption of Mount Etna will speedily make itself felt on *terra firma*. All this would be very amusing if we had left Rome, and, if Garibaldi had only waited a fortnight, we should have left, in all probability without any intention of returning. At Rome we are very much in the position of a bird on a twig, and I know, on good authority, that the contracts for the *corps d'armée* are only made for eight days in advance, which points to the possibility of an early departure.

Her Majesty left us yesterday for Baden. She is, first of all, only to see the Regent of Prussia, but the King of Hanover is to follow, and other princes, more or less petty, are coming equally without invitation, and, as I believe, with the idea of finding out what they suppose is to be arranged between the two principal personages.

The *gobe-mouches* do not scruple to announce that the point under consideration is an agreement between Prussia and France about a fresh settlement of frontiers. I do not believe a word of it, and I am ready to bet that nothing will result from the interview beyond some reassuring promises on the score of peace and tranquility.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of yourself, and send me some news.

XL.

Paris, July 1, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

The Bourbons are making a bad end, and falling into the mire. He of Naples is so slow in his conversion that I look upon him as more than half-ousted. This over-rapid revolution constitutes a great danger to Italy. As Catherine de Medici said—"*C'est bien coupé; il faut coudre.*" That is the main point.

I have a horrible dread of the revolution knocking at the doors of Rome one of these fine mornings. So long as it is confined to the suburbs our men will not interfere, but I am afraid that we

shall be under the lamentable necessity of defending the Pope. The old idol is still powerful here, and I see around me aged Generals, who under Napoleon I., did not respect the Church, so far as Abbesses were concerned, now going to confession and sending money to the Father of the Faithful. I have always had a poor opinion of the human race, and nearly always I have found it a shade worse than I had imagined. Lamoricière, they say, has contracted a mass of debts; that is to say, he has purchased shoes, guns, and accoutrements under the pretext that such things are of use to soldiers. Money is scarce. Antonelli accuses him of ruining the Pope. Lamoricière replies by calling Antonelli a thief. The Pope wrings his hands, and is waiting until the *Immaculata* shall appear in person to bring those wretches of Liberals to reason. There is no greater rascal, after the King of Naples, than Montemolin, whose retractation is, to all appearance, authentic enough. It is a tolerably strong argument in favour of crossing the breed and forbidding marriage between cousins. Our Legitimists are in a state of absolute consternation.

You will have seen that I was appointed President of a Committee on the exchange of books in the Library. Thanks to the ferocity I displayed towards the long-winded orators, we finished our work promptly, and I am now engaged in making a summary of the conclusions arrived at by the Committee.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I should much like to have a chat with you, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.*

XLI.

London, August 7, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

I am taking advantage of Sir Charles MacCarthy's kindness to write a line to you and let you know of my arrival in London. Ellice appeared two hours after me, as vigorous as a young lion. He rushed off in hot haste from Arlington Street to vote against the Ministry, and this morning he is delighted to find himself among the minority. These are parliamentary mysteries which pass my understanding. It seems to me that the Ministry, although it had a majority

of thirty-three, is not one whit the stronger for it. However, it has the vacation before it, wherein to recruit its health.

Lord Shaftesbury, who professes to have great misgivings about His Majesty the Emperor of the French, grievously suspects him of having a grudge against the Druses, because those honest folk are favourably inclined to Protestantism, according to a letter from an American divine, which he read. His speech, which I saw in the *Times*, has put me in a good humour for the rest of the day. I now see that it is impossible to have so long a nose without injury, be it ever so little, to one's discretion.

I cannot promise you any good salt beef cured in Paris; but I have written to Miss Lagden, who knows everything, to find out where to get Bologna sausages.

XLII.

Paris, October 6, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

Immediately after your departure I set out on a provincial excursion to wind up one of

the most chivalrous and original adventures you ever heard of. I will tell you all about it over a glass of M. Fould's Bordeaux when we have nothing better to do.

Meanwhile, I must tell you that I only came back last night, when I found your letter. I took it to his Excellency this morning. Lord Palmerston's arrangements, I see, are just what I imagined they would be—the reverse of friendly; but I do not suppose for a moment that he gave utterance to half the extraordinary things he said to you. In unbosoming his sorrows he told a fair average of downright falsehoods, to which a formal contradiction is the only possible reply. But, in addition to this, there is an amount of silliness which I should never have dreamt of hearing from the lips of a statesman, or one who passes for such.

For example, that absurdly nonsensical idea that France is meditating an invasion of England because at her naval stations the troops are being taught to embark and disembark without confusion. It certainly seems to me—considering that, within the space of two years, we have had to disembark

150,000 men in Italy, 12,000 in China, and 6,000 in Syria, to say nothing of the fact that the most important of our Colonies, Algeria, has an army of 50,000 men who can only communicate with France by sea—considering all this, I say, it certainly seems to me that to teach our soldiers how to get in and out of a steamer must be a lesson of some practical utility to them.

As regards armaments, you may say boldly that nothing has been done under that head. Furloughs for six months are being granted in every regiment, which in my opinion is a mistake, looking at the state of things in Italy.

The maritime armaments are quite as illusory as the war preparations on land. If you will read the pamphlet I brought you, you will see how the case really stands. Poor Louis Philippe allowed the fleet to go to rack and ruin. Besides, we are in a transition stage, and the sailing ships must be altered. I apprehend that England wishes to have the monopoly of the sea, and that she sticks to that point; but she always will have it, seeing that she has more sailors at her disposal than any other Power. We have had exceptional squad-

rons which, under the orders of an admirable commander, such as Admiral Lalande, might possibly have defeated an English squadron; but if, in winning a battle, we were to lose one thousand and the English ten thousand sailors, we should not be able to make good our loss, whilst England in one month would be able to lay her hands upon ten thousand sailors as good as those she had lost.

It appears to me to be too ridiculous on the part of Lord Palmerston to say that England neither seeks, nor will seek, to form any coalition against France, and at the same time to add that the Powers, who are uneasy, will probably come to some understanding!

Another assertion equally extravagant is the accusation he brings against us of having encouraged Spain to make war upon Morocco. I was in Spain at the very moment when war was declared, and if there had been an English Minister at Madrid with eyes and ears of his own, he could have reported that the war was caused by an explosion of national feeling, and that the letters of Lord John Russell only served to rouse

that feeling to a still higher pitch, and to excite a further one of hatred against England.

It is no less extraordinary to pretend that France, who helped England to postpone the destruction of the Ottoman Empire, is now bent upon her ruin. Your Ministers resemble those invalids who do not like their doctors to tell them that their state is dangerous. To resuscitate Turkey, or even to prolong her existence to any great extent, is impossible, and it is ridiculous to quarrel over the remedies to be administered to her just at a time when the necessary arrangements for her funeral ought to be under consideration.

That France is ambitious I do not for a moment deny. It is her idea—or, rather, it is a national prejudice—that her importance was lessened when she lost a portion of the spoils of the Revolution. I do not believe that the Emperor shares this prejudice; but, supposing he does, you surely do not think him so devoid of common sense as to risk bringing down all Europe upon himself on the mere chance of taking a hundred and fifty thousand souls away from Bavaria and as many again from Prussia? What France would gain in

extent she would lose in homogeneity, and, all things considered, she would grow weaker instead of stronger.

To me the most noticeable feature in the English policy of to-day is its littleness. It takes account of no great ideas, nor even of great interests; it deals with nothing but jealousies, and confines itself to opposing those Powers which excite its sentiments of envy. The result is a diminution of England's importance in Europe, and her reduction to the rank of a second-rate Power. In running with the hare and hunting with the hounds, as she has done, and in maintaining a by no means impartial neutrality between Austria and France, she has not gained the friendship of either the one or the other. Can there be anything more pitiful than her policy in Naples and Venetia? How could M. de Rechberg place the slightest confidence in people who encourage Garibaldi and Kossuth, and yet oppose the independence of Venetia? In England the chief thing is to remain in office; every possible blunder will be made for the sake of securing a score of doubtful votes; there is no

uneasiness except for the time being, and, as for the future, nobody gives it a thought. At this moment there is, without doubt, a general feeling of uneasiness throughout Europe which will bring about a catastrophe and an important modification of the map. Politicians, in the true sense of the word, when they recognize the evil seek for the remedy. Your Ministers only think about curing the patient, wishing at the same time to keep alive the disease. Such a line of conduct is only worthy of old men who have but a few years before them, but I doubt whether the great statesmen of the beginning of this century would have thought and acted after such a fashion.

I have just come from a country where everybody is very devout and where the catastrophe of Lamoricière has created a profound sensation. I have seen people who are in a sad plight and very downcast, but in no wise dangerous. I see, too, that Garibaldi is submitting and is about to return to the plough. He does well; fighting is his line, and he knows nothing about organization. Sicily and Naples are, apparently, in a mess, and the defeated Government is already regretted.

It would, nevertheless, seem as if all sensible men are unanimous in the belief that annexation is the sole means of re-establishing some sort of order for the time being. The way in which M. Cavour has managed Garibaldi is, in my opinion, clever, but I should have liked to have seen him a little more energetic as regards Mazzini.

I fear the reproaches of Lord Palmerston—which, between ourselves, do not savour much of good faith—will not produce any favourable effect on the Emperor. They will, I fancy, irritate M. Fould, whom I did not meet this morning, not a little. I left a line for him, asking him not to make use of that letter until he has spoken to me about it.

When you have the opportunity you may state positively that, if there are any intrigues going on in Ireland against the English Government, they are the work of our Catholics, and that the Government of the Emperor has nothing whatever to do with them.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of yourself, and do not forget to remember me to our friends. I hope, too, that the Pope will take his departure one of these fine days.

XLIII.

Paris, October 11, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

The Marquis Vimercati, aide-de-camp to the King of Sardinia, has gone to Naples, as you know, to have an interview with Garibaldi. He found the Mazzinians discussing plans for the assassination of the Emperor. He wrote off at once to Paris. Can you imagine anything more absurd and atrocious than this Mazzini party?

There was a heavy fall on the Bourse yesterday on account of the rumour that the Austrians had notified their intention of intervening in favour of the King of Naples. I do not believe that such is the case at present. To judge from appearances, they will come to no determination until after the interview at Warsaw. If they were to intervene now I believe they would have every chance of success.

Opinion here is altogether against Victor Emmanuel. On the one hand, the national pride is wounded because of the defeat of a French general by a Piedmontese; on the other, the aggression of the Piedmontese and the manifesto

of M. de Cavour are considered scandalous. The pretext alleged by M. de Cavour is, in truth, a sorry one, considering that at Genoa and elsewhere Garibaldi is enlisting English, Hungarian, and other volunteers. In addition to this, the reports of Cialdini and Persano has given rise to sovereign displeasure. It is said that Lamoricière has challenged Cialdïni. It was the only blunder left to him to commit.

It appears, from reports which I have every reason to believe to be correct, that Garibaldi would have been completely defeated had it not been for the advent of some battalions of Piedmontese regulars. He has plenty of bravery and audacity, but as a general is devoid of talent. The Austrians would swallow him at a mouthful.

The disorder in Naples is great, and in Sicily still greater. It is said that, out of every hundred persons, ninety-eight are in favour of a Constitutional Monarchy under Ferdinand II., but that all the world is convinced that the only possible chance of order and material security lies in annexation.

This morning brought us some serious news—

the interchange of shots between the Austrian and Piedmontese sentries on the banks of the Mincio. They stand in no need of excuses, and I am only afraid that too many have been given them.

In the district I visited I saw the mothers and aunts of Pontifical Volunteers in dire distress. There was, however, no reason for it. A charming and truly religious youth had been taken prisoner by the Piedmontese, and, a thing unheard of in war, five minutes after his capture he was minus a watch which his aunt had given him! I consoled the unfortunate creatures by telling them that soldiers are invariably accustomed to ask what o'clock it is, and that, besides, the victim would all the more directly reach Paradise, where the elect are supplied with chronometers by Breguet. How does yours go?

M. Fould left in haste for Tarbes this very day. I sent him your letter. Madame Fould is seriously ill—dangerously so, I fear. However, he is to return to-morrow, Friday. I will see him, and will write to you on Monday on the subject of our conversation with Lord Palmerston, and, if he

does as I wish, he will write me a letter which may be shown.

I persist in thinking that Lord Palmerston has too much sense to believe everything he said to you about the preparations for war, &c. There are none so deaf as those who will not hear. Your Ministers find it to their advantage to rouse the old national animosities. At bottom, their great annoyance is that the Emperor is raising important questions for which they are not prepared. They accuse him of inventing them. Senior and other wise-acres argued seriously with me that the Emperor had *invented* the Italian business. You know that invalids always dislike their doctors telling them the truth about their ailments.

XLIV.

Paris, October 15, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

A line in haste. M. Fould has shown your letter to *your friend of Saint Cloud.* Your friend this morning told M. Fould to reply to me. I am awaiting his answer, and will send it on to you at once. You are at liberty to be *indiscreet*

enough to let it be understood that the answer is all the more interesting by reason of its being inspired. The *friend of Saint Cloud* had had the letter in his possession for ten days, but had not read it. He is not a great reader, but it appears that the letter in question interested him, and, meanwhile, he has thanked me, and you also, for the communication.

The *curé* of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois told a friend of mine that the Holy Virgin had appeared to our Holy Father the Pope, and informed him that she had need of a martyr, and had made choice of him, the Pope. After having thanked her for her choice, he learnt that he would have to travel through Christendom as a beggar, endure many tribulations, &c., by which means Catholicism would once more blossom as the rose. You may accept this apparition as a fact, for the Holy Virgin is very active this year, and that alone ought to inspire us with the hope of meeting ere long at the Vatican. *Utinam.*

As soon as I receive the answer I will send it on to you. I am in a hurry to catch the post.

XLV.

Paris, October 16, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

At last I have M. Fould's letter, received this morning. I prefer sending it to you as it is, to making any extracts from it. With it your own was returned, and I have read it again with quite as much surprise as on the first occasion of my perusing it. I cannot help recapitulating the alleged grievances.

1st. *For having encouraged the Spaniards to take vengeance on the Moors.* If you are acquainted with the Spaniards you must know that the most efficacious means of preventing their doing any given thing is to induce some foreigner to advise them to do it. Not only is it the case that France has not meddled in any part of the affair, but she has not the least interest in it. It is evident that the existence of a European Power close to Algiers would be fraught with danger to our African possessions, and although the Spaniards are not very dangerous, we would rather have Berbers than civilized people as our neighbours. The greater part of the European popu-

lation of Algeria consists of Spaniards, people from Majorca and Valencia, who are excellent workmen. If a Spanish Colony were to be formed in Africa we should lose these men.

2nd. *France has done nothing to hasten the fate of the Turkish Empire. She sees that its ruin is approaching, but will be careful to refrain from accelerating it.* I once told you what Thouvenel said, "The Turkish Empire is composed of accumulated heaps of rubbish—Turkish rubbish, Greek rubbish, and Bulgarian rubbish. A revolution in that country would only bring rubbish to light."

3rd. As to the despatch of agents to Belgium and elsewhere to pave the way for annexation, and of others to Ireland, &c., &c. There is not a word of truth in the assertion. Belgium, of all the neighbouring countries, would be the most difficult to annex. It is possible that some Catholic priests have been making ridiculous speeches in Ireland. You know as well as I do the attachment of the Catholic clergy to the Emperor, and you yourself are fully capable of estimating these silly charges at their true value.

4th. I know nothing of any pamphlets leading up to fresh annexation. One of the great mistakes made by the English newspapers is to imagine that there is no freedom of the press in France. Every day a quantity of trash is published in the papers, and especially in books. The Orleanists and the Carlists have their special organs, which go to great lengths. Rest assured that the Government is an utter stranger to such publications. Besides, they are so obscure that I never hear them mentioned.

5th. Read the Army Estimates and you will see that the effective strength of the army is being sensibly reduced. Go where you will along the high roads, you will meet soldiers on unlimited furlough. I have sent you a pamphlet by Cucheval-Clarigny, from which you will see what he thinks about these pretended armaments. Between you and me, I can tell you that, in my opinion, the work of disarmament is being carried out to too great an extent, and, considering what is going on in Italy, I believe that it would be by no means a bad thing to be prepared for any eventuality.

6th. The drill ordered to be carried out at the sea-ports, for the purpose of instructing the soldiers in embarking and disembarking, was introduced after the Crimean war. Every year ten or twelve thousand men are sent to Algeria, and as many are brought back. If some such drill is not carried out in the English Army it is no feather in the cap of the authorities.

I still believe, my dear Panizzi, that the great cause of the want of accord between France and England proceeds from the latter maintaining, so far as the affairs of Europe are concerned, a policy of waiting, easy for her but almost impossible for us. England is content with wishing well to Piedmont ; we fought, and if we had not done so we should have made an egregious blunder. If England, who has, at bottom, the same sympathy that we have for the Italian cause, and who has not the same risks to run, instead of giving way to feelings of jealousy and distrust, had openly seconded us, the peace of the world would be assured. The Italians would be managing their own affairs, and would, possibly, succeed in obtaining from Austria the cession of Venetia.

XLVI.

Paris, October 16, 1860 (Evening).

My Dear Panizzi,

I must apologize for a piece of stupidity on the part of my servant, to whom I entrusted the stamping of a large packet I sent you this morning. I find to-night that he only put a forty-*centimes* stamp on it, which was palpably insufficient. If, as is probable, they refuse with you to take in partially paid letters, mine will go to the devil, which will be a nuisance, for, besides a letter from me, there were four pages from M. Fould in reply to the one seen by his Majesty. Do not fail to make application for it and forgive my fool's carelessness.

Do you know, I am beginning to put a little faith in our journey to Rome? Monsignor Sacconi, the Nuncio, leaves to morrow. He has had a paragraph inserted in the *Moniteur*, and, when saying good-bye, he told everybody that he should return in a few weeks, which makes me believe that he is not coming back again. His departure, the apparition of the Holy Virgin, and the very unanimous desire of all devout people that the Pope

should leave Rome, lead me to hope that we shall meet in the Vatican, each of us at the head of a troop of Jewish or Mahomedan Scribes.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I am very much annoyed about the mishap to that letter, but I trust it will not be lost.

XLVII.

Paris, October 21, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

I am delighted that my letter arrived safely, but if you were in France you would be ruined by the postage.

It appears to me, from what you tell me and I myself see, that France and England resemble a married couple who quarrel, but cannot obtain a separation. So much the better. M. Fould seems to share your opinions on the Viterbe affair. He thinks it a blunder and lays the *onus* of it on the great General who committed it. But why employ such a donkey? I believe he must have had his hair combed for it, but that is not enough. I see by the papers that the letter to Sir James is

severely censured. It is a more than average piece of imprudence.

I still have my doubts about the Pope persisting in remaining at Rome. All the foremost men of the old Government, as well as the whole of the Carlists here, would like him to go. You know that one of the great mistakes made by modern short-sighted policy is to find evil in whatever is thought good by those who are looked upon as enemies. The fact of the Orleanists and Legitimists having manifested their desire that the Pope should leave Rome is, perhaps, enough to induce the Government to make every effort to compel him to remain there. According to my idea, we should see first of all which side common sense takes, and I believe that, following the custom of defeated parties, who are always on the look out for extreme measures, those who advise the Pope to go into exile think, very erroneously, that some great disturbance would result. It would be, in my opinion, a storm in a tea-pot. The bigots and fools will not take up arms, and, as regards excommunications, they bestow more popularity than they destroy. The most advan-

tageous thing for us would be to get out of the false position in which we stand, and where we may remain for many a long day. As for the bigots they cannot be worse off than they are at present.

A very well-informed Russian has given me an explanation of the Warsaw interview, which I have reason to believe correct, and which, moreover, accords with what I hear from M. Fould. The Emperor of Austria—or, rather, M. de Rechberg—has been endeavouring for a long time to prove that the position of Austria towards Hungary and Italy is precisely the same as that of Russia towards Poland. To that Gortchakoff replies:—"There are ten or twelve Russians to every Pole, whereas there is no knowing what an Austrian is. He is in an imperceptible minority among nationalities more or less rebellious to his yoke." At all events, Francis Joseph requested an interview in order to have this theory demonstrated. The vanity of the Emperor Alexander was flattered by it, but he is by no means disposed to accept the reciprocal guarantee treaty offered to him, especially as at the present moment Poland is more than ever free from agitation,

while Hungary is seething after a very menacing fashion. We must wait until the Austrians have had time to develope the interview, and to pretend that they have got something out of it.

People here are complaining that they have no inkling of the Emperor's policy. Under the Government of Louis Philippe, everybody knew all about everything; but now that everything exists in the brain of a mute it is impossible to know or even to guess at anything. The impatience is confined to the *salons*, however.

The people no longer pay any attention to the affairs of Italy, still less to those of the Pope or the King of Naples. I do not think he will give up Gaëta so easily. Report says that he has displayed a certain amount of personal courage, and, if he is not afraid of a bomb, he can remain at his post for a long time, with the satisfaction of knowing that he is laying up troubles in store for his successor. We find his successor very slow in making up his mind. He should not lose a moment in depriving Garibaldi of the means of committing fresh follies. Up to the present time he has only done too much in that way.

Although the weather is somewhat milder, I am beginning to think seriously about my winter quarters. I am told that both Cannes and Nice will be full this year.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I have been very dull ever since you went away, and I do not know what to do with my evenings.

XLVIII.

Paris, October 23, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

I have just returned from Saint-Cloud, where I breakfasted with *Monsieur* and *Madame* and their *garçon*. All three are well, but *Madame* is in great trouble.*

The *master of the house* desired to be remembered to you, and to thank you for all you are saying and doing. He is very pleased to see that there is an improvement in the disposition of our insular friends. As for whatever may have drawn upon him their ill-will, he energetically disclaims having done anything in thought or deed to provoke it. We talked about Italian affairs, which

* The Duchess of Alba, sister of the Empress, had just died.

he, like the rest of the world, looks upon as being in a very precarious state. Circumstances may have led to extraordinary proceedings; but these proceedings are so contrary to all accepted principles that it is impossible not to find fault with them.

We talked, also, about Lamoricière's campaign, and I told him a few anecdotes which made him laugh, among others the satirical compliments of Changarnier on the admirable manœuvres of his old colleague and friend—so skilful that he, Changarnier, could not understand them. He appears to me to be at heart of the same opinion as ourselves, but to have appearances to look to. I told him very boldly how impatient I am to make copies of the archives. That amused him. He completely ignored the bad taste displayed by the keepers of the archives towards lovers of historical study.

My fool of a servant has left me without warning in consequence of a quarrel with his sister. I do not know where to find a good one, but I hope I shall not have a worse, though, by the way, that would be difficult.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Read the *Constitutionnel* of to-morrow. It will contain, I am told, an important article on Italy.

XLIX.

Paris, Wednesday, October 31, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

I have just called on M. Fould. He was out hunting. I cannot give you any explanations on the subject of Gaëta, always supposing there are any to give. You are rather partial on this point. I do not deny that his Majesty the King or ex-King of the Two Sicilies is a great booby, but the terms applied to him are rather exaggerated. The seizure of funds by Garibaldi is a somewhat dangerous experiment. If he is to be treated as a regular Power no State will be safe, and I certainly think that holding Austria in check, as we are doing here, is the utmost extent to which any one should go.

By way of showing their gratitude, the followers of Mazzini at Naples are discussing the ways and means to the assassination of the Emperor. One plan conceived by them was to send an emissary

disguised as a soldier wounded in Italy, with a military cloak and a crutch. The crutch would have been a gun. Vimercate, the King's aide-de-camp, warned the Minister of Interior of the plot.

I repeat, though I cannot give you any positive assurance on the subject, that, in my opinion, the refusal to recognise the blockade of Gaëta was a matter of arrangement between the Governments of France and England, and that the presence of French men-of-war before that port has for its object rather to induce Francis II. to take refuge on board one of them than to offer him any active support.

If my information is correct, and you know its source, M. de Metternich is giving the most positive assurances of non-intervention, and has contradicted in the strongest terms the rumour on the Bourse about an *ultimatum* addressed to Piedmont. Things must be at a low ebb in Germany.

You may rely upon the accuracy of what I am going to tell you about Warsaw. The Emperor Francis Joseph accosted the Emperor Alexander

with this Russian saying :—*Ya k'vam s' povinnoïou golovoïou*, i.e., *Ego ad te cum noxio capite.* It is the formula used by a serf presenting himself before his master and expecting a thrashing. This attitude has disgusted everybody, the Emperor Alexander included. Moreover, there has not been any political consultation, nor has any resolution been adopted. Nothing transpired but empty compliments, very cold on the part of Alexander, and still colder on the part of the Prussian. Gortchakoff is victorious all along the line.

Henry Bulwer, I imagine, has too much sense to say anything contrary to what is said by la Valette, but your Ministers are not inclined to believe what does not suit them. The gist of the matter is that everything is in a state of confusion. On the one hand, the Turks are conspiring against the Sultan, whom they regard as a puppet in the hands of the Christians; on the other, the Christians assume an air of insolence and excite the indignation and fanaticism of the old Mussulmen. Aali Pasha, in going his rounds, has on several occasions been compelled to borrow money

to enable him to proceed. The pay of the army is twelve months in arrear, and, as a rule, the soldiers have no rations but what they steal. Such is the tale told by all travellers returning from Constantinople or Roumelia. You know what is going on in Anatolia. You have read how Fuad Pasha expelled the Druses from Lebanon, in the midst of Turkish troops who were ordered to surround them. It is true, as Lord Shaftesbury says, that the Druses are quite ready to become Protestants; but the worst feature in the whole case is that there is not a *sou* in the Ottoman treasury, and that the Sultan and his harem have consumed the revenues of 1861.

The great obstacle to any solid alliance between France and England is the radical difference in their respective ways of looking at the same things. Thus it happens that, on your side of the Channel, Turkey is alleged to be going on well, just as, in 1859, it was assumed that there was nothing pressing in Italian affairs. It is quite intelligible that Ministers who are dependent on a House of Commons where they only have a doubtful majority, should always be in favour of

the *status quo*. But important matters cannot be dealt with in that way. I think that, if a treaty of alliance is to be made, the proposal should be made by England rather than by us. That is the only way to ensure success. If the conditions pleased the Emperor he would make no objection, whereas your Ministers would raise a hundred even though they were satisfied.

L.

Paris, November 3, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

I am to dine this evening with M. Fould. If I hear anything I will write you at once. I agree with you in the main about current events, and, for my part, I cannot see that any good can come out of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds; on the other hand, the difficulties in the way of following out any other policy must not be lost sight of. It is a dangerous matter to involve oneself over much with people who are inclined to be rash, and here the rash are in tow of the lunatics. M. de Cavour is rash and Garibaldi a lunatic.

With reference to what happened off Gaëta it is said, but I cannot guarantee the truth of it, that the prohibition against the bombardment of the camp at Gaëta was not issued to the Piedmontese Fleet, but to a mysterious expedition under General Turr, a Hungarian, despatched, I know not whence, by Garibaldi on his own responsibility and without consulting Victor Emmanuel.

As for the conduct of Spain at Turin, we are not in the least concerned in it. To advise a Spaniard to do any given thing is the best way of inducing him to do the reverse. What can be more natural than that the Queen, religious and a relation of the King of Naples, should have disapproved of the invasion of the Papal States and Naples? If you were to see the letters I receive from my *very Liberal* friends in Madrid, you would perceive that the feeling of the nation is very hostile to the Piedmontese. They are taking possession of what the Spaniards, up to a certain point, still consider an appanage of Spain. France has not given any advice whatever in this matter.

I look upon an alliance between France and

England with regard to Italian affairs as an impossibility. It would either be a dead letter, or else so serious an undertaking that neither the one nor the other of the two Powers would be able to foresee to what extent they might be compromised. There is no disguising the fact that such an alliance would at once bring about an invasion of Venetia by the Italians, in other words war with Austria, and, probably, with Germany also. France and England would pose as the champions of nationalities, which would be quite sufficient to set all Europe ablaze. England, it is true, has not much to fear. Her share would consist in keeping the Continental Powers within bounds with her fleet, which means that she would have scarcely anything to do, while France would have a mighty war upon her shoulders.

I think that, with the financial security which would accrue from a presumably sincere alliance with England, success would be placed beyond a doubt, and that Russia herself would take part in the fray. But supposing we overthrew the Austrians and Prussians, spent five hundred millions, and shed the blood of a hundred thou-

sand men, would it be possible to avoid asking for some compensation for such sacrifices? You would see the whole nation demanding the left bank of the Rhine, thus transferring to itself the ambitious views with which the Emperor is credited, and which are so alarming to England. You will agree that she would not have achieved any very great result. The only possible policy at present, as far as I can see, is to temporise, to endeavour to calm the ardour of Italy, and to give her time for consolidation and organisation.

According to my idea, Garibaldi has seriously compromised the Italian cause—first of all by an aggression which it is impossible to defend, except, indeed, by giving the lie to all the principles of right in Europe; and, secondly, by holding up before the eyes of the whole world the phantom of revolution. If, after the conquest of Sicily, he had held his hand, he would have, possibly, compromised his Government quite enough; but the evil would not have been so great as it now is. To impartial men, and, especially, to those who do not know Italy thoroughly, what is going on at Naples is the height of abomination. States are

being taken from a Prince who is defending himself, and who still has an army faithful to him and a peasantry who rise in his name. Elections are carried on, in the genuineness of which nobody believes. Lastly, and worse than all, it is clear that the revolutionary party has the upper hand of Cavour and Victor Emmanuel, and there is the fear, if not the certainty, that at no very distant date they may be impelled to extravagant lengths.

The position of France is most complicated. We do not want any intervention in Italy, but we cannot admit the principles put forward by Garibaldi. We do not want either revolution or the Austrians. What are we to do? Alliance with Piedmont means following in the footsteps of revolution. To pretend to guide her is equivalent to accepting the position of a *gendarme*, and following in the footsteps of Austria.

LI.

Paris, November 4, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

I send you a reply to your questions. I can tell you confidentially that there is not the

slightest doubt here that in a very few days Gaëta will capitulate, and that negotiations are on foot to bring it about. The French vessels will convey the King whithersoever he chooses to go.

I have just been told on reliable authority that Lord John has written to secure the presence of M. de Persigny at the Mansion House banquet on Lord Mayor's day, when he, Lord John, is to say a few words on the subject of the alliance in a sense agreeable to both countries.

Russia is currying favour with us very decidedly. The Emperor Alexander, or, rather, Gortchakoff, has sent a memorandum to the Emperor Francis Joseph, in which he strongly advises him not to attack or mix himself up in any way with what is going on in Italy; that, in the event of his being attacked and fortune favouring his arms, he must not think of regaining possession of Lombardy; that his best course would be to demand compliance with the Treaty of Zurich; and that, above all things, he should avoid displaying any idea of recurring to the annexation of Savoy and Nice. Kisselef, here, is all sugar and honey. It is plain that the Eastern situation

makes us worth all these advances, and that the Russian agents see matters in quite a different light from Henry Bulwer, always supposing that we are right about Bulwer's views, which I doubt very much.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I leave to-morrow for the country, where I shall remain five or six days—the result of the adventure which I mentioned to you.

P.S.—Have you read M. de Grammont's letter? He asked the *Journal de Rome* for the proof, and instead of suppressing the words *par la force*, the expression *en adversaire* was inserted. He protested, and Antonelli ended by confessing that the alteration was in the handwriting of His Holiness himself. What do you think of that?

LII.

Paris, Sunday, November 11, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

This morning I saw M. Fould, who told me that, as I already knew, he did not blame you in any way. His reproaches are intended

for *your* interlocutors, and not for you. Make yourself quite easy on this point.

I am told that some good speeches were made at the Lord Mayor's banquet yesterday. They have given satisfaction here.

The news that Francis has evacuated Gaëta is expected every moment. Everybody advises him to do it, though, if I were in his place, I would not budge, but wait.

Nobody appears to understand very clearly the incident of the entry of a Neapolitan force into the States of the Church, and its disarmament at the hands of the Custom-house officers of the Holy Father. What are the rights of the story? Where is Garibaldi going? What does he mean to do to spend a pleasant winter? I should like to see him turn his attention to Hungary, instead of breaking his teeth over Venetia.

Sir John Bowring is here, giving out that all is not over in China. I am quite aware that he is, very naturally, disposed to find fault with the proceedings of his successor, but, in this instance, he may very easily be right. If the Celestials are not merely china images, they could crush us by

simply thronging round us. A town like Pekin is not to be taken by eight or ten thousand men. Supposing they are anxious for peace, there still remains the great difficulty of making them pay the cost of the expedition? Where the devil are they to get the money from? The letters written by our warriors are very melancholy. In every village where they halt the women commit suicide to avoid being contaminated by the foreign demons —the first time that anything of the kind has happened to our men. In one house alone, into which a young Lieutenant of Artillery, a relative of a friend of mine, made his way, five women had cut their throats with pieces of china, and two children had been drowned in tubs of water. This shows that there is a great difference between knowing how to fight and how to die.

Is anything positive known about the state of Italy? I think I told you the anecdote about the Holy Father and his little correction; how, instead of *par la force*, which M. de Grammont had not written, he wished to substitute *en adversaire*, of which Grammont was equally innocent; but it was necessary to cloak the excess of

zeal on the part of Monsignor de Mérode to a certain extent. The ecclesiastics are prolific of these ingenious little devices.

I have commenced the second part of my romance; I think it is the last. The end is not worthy of the beginning. Nevertheless, the end was the beginning of it. Solve that riddle if you can; when I see you I will make you laugh over a bottle of claret.

I think of starting for Cannes on Thursday next, if I do not die between this and then of a horrible cold I caught in a railway carriage, while sitting side by side with that very cool person, the Baron de Hübner. He has not got out of the way of diplomatic bragging, and told me that everything was going on wonderfully well in Hungary. The next day the papers informed us that the newly-appointed Palatines would have nothing to say to the Austrian patent.

Here is a queer piece of news for you—to be kept to ourselves until all the world knows it. The Empress wishes to visit Edinburg *incog.* to recruit a little after the death of her sister. Imagine what will be said, and all the tales which will be made out of it.

A prominent topic of conversation is a great quarrel between Monsignor de Mérode and M. de Goyon. Goyon told him that he regretted he had a Cardinal's robe. Mérode replied that he regretted it equally, because it prevented his wearing the harmless sword of a General. There is much talk of the speedy departure of the Pope.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of your health, and keep up your spirits. It is quite possible that we may meet in Rome this winter.

LIII.

Cannes, November 21, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

I was in such a hurry, and had so many things to arrange before leaving Paris, that I could not find time to write to you. Here I am installed at Cannes, where I am writing to you with the window open, looking at the sea, which is as calm as the Serpentine, and rather put out by the sun, which is roasting my back. Although the country may not be one of the most favoured, as regards what Rabelais calls *harnais de gueule*, the fish and the snipe are good, and the mutton is delicious, besides which Marseilles keeps us

supplied. We shall be delighted to have you to stay with us, and to reduce your weight by means of our *cuisine* and climbing the mountains. On my arrival here I found Miss Lagden and Mrs. Ewers, who have discovered very comfortable lodgings where we have a spare room for such charitable souls as may visit us. These ladies desire to be remembered to you, and send their kindest regards.

Letters from London take two days and a half to reach Cannes, undoubtedly rather a long time in the event of your having any urgent communication to make, but, in that case, why not write direct to M. Fould or, at all events, to J. Pelletier? Whichever plan you adopt, everything you may have to say will be speedily before the eyes of *your friend of Saint-Cloud.* M. Fould likes people to write to him, and he knows that all you do is done with a good intention, and that you can be of great use to your correspondents on both sides of the Channel.

I know nothing here except through the newspapers. I see that the King of Naples still flourishes in Gaëta. If he has any courage, as he

appears to have, his stay may be prolonged indefinitely. So Garibaldi is *in villeggiatura;* I hope he may stay there a long time. At the present moment he is the man most capable of doing Italy harm. If M. de Cavour can make him keep quiet for a year or two, and at the same time maintain order in the annexed provinces, the game will be won.

Note that the existing peace is ruinous to Austria, and that the diploma of the Emperor, or his protocol, by whatever name he calls it, is a cancer in the heart of Austria, which will be her death if she gives it time to come to maturity. At this moment Hungary is in a more propitious frame of mind than she has been for a long time, but when she has had a slight taste of a constitutional *régime*, she will certainly ask the Emperor for one Liberal institution after another, until she ends by requesting him to go to the devil. The same comedy will be played in Bohemia and the other states.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I leave you for a fishing excursion at sea. I no longer make fishy excursions on land.

P.S.—If the Empress passes through London on her return, I imagine she will pay you a visit.

LIV.

Cannes, November 27, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

Your letter of the 23rd arrived this morning. It took four days to reach me, and in four days many things have happened. I do not know whether you have the key to the puzzle in London. Here I only see the result, and know nothing about the why and the wherefore. I have for some time been aware of the existence of a grudge against our friend, because he keeps the purse-strings too tight to please a number of people who like to dip their hands in it.

A fair lady, who wanted our friend's berth for her husband, has succeeded in getting it. I am sorry for it on every account—in the first place, on account of the thing itself, which is regretable both from a moral and political point of view; secondly, on account of our friend who, so my letters from Paris say, is very much cut up about it; and, lastly, on account of ourselves personally,

because it separates us from our correspondent. As regards this last inconvenience, I may possibly find a remedy on my return to Paris.

I am quite of your opinion with reference to Italian affairs, but not precisely for the same reasons. I do not think, as you do, that the reaction in the Kingdom of Naples, and the agitation in Sicily, are to be attributed to the conduct pursued by us. It would, indeed, have been extraordinary if the peasants of Calabria and the Abruzzi had become constitutional all of a sudden. But I think it would have been good policy, while professing the principle of non-intervention, to let the Piedmontese "gang their own gate," reserving the right of censuring them, and of warning them in case they showed a disposition to disregard the rights of nations.

As for the Pope, long ago, when he first indulged in abuse of us, I should have left him at Rome with his Swiss and their halberds.

All this appears to me, as to you, deplorable. However, I hear from Paris that it is all coming to an end, that the Emperor has written a letter to Victor Emmanuel to place their relations

on their old footing, and that orders will be given to Goyon and Admiral Lebarbier de Tinan not to have anything more to do with the siege of Gaëta. I tell the tale as it was told to me; I am too far away to know what is going on. I am equally unable to understand matters in connection with our internal affairs. These fresh liberal concessions seem to me most extraordinary, and I see in them a source of future uneasiness; to go to the arsenal of constitutional institutions in search of the debate on the address, in order to re-establish it in a Government in which, to be frank, there are no responsible ministers, seems to me to be nonsense. The result can only be *verba*. I wish I could add *prætereaque nihil*, but you know that in France after words come revolutions.

What will be the position of these Commissaries of the Government, entrusted with the advocacy of an address which they have not drawn up? If they are worsted in the discussion what will they do with it? Will they send it back to the Council of State? or will the Cabinet Ministers be sent to the right about? That would recall the good old times when princes kept a

servant on purpose to receive the thrashings their royal highnesses had deserved.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Do not forget me, and send me your news.

LV.

Cannes, December 2, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

I know nothing and understand nothing. From information which reaches me from a reliable source, an experiment would seem to be under consideration. On the one hand, there might have been an inclination to find an outlet, under the impression that nothing would come out of it, and that by this means the Opposition, not very conspicuous for wisdom just now, might be disarmed; on the other hand, His Majesty, finding himself face to face with a Catholic and Legitimist movement—tolerably powerful, very noisy, and posted within the ante-chambers of his palace—might have wished to find some *point d'appui* in the country, as well as a means of emerging from the inconvenient position in which he now is in Italy. If the *Corps Législatif* and the Senate tell

him, in their reply to the Speech from the Throne, that they are in favour of the principle of non-intervention, it is evident that they will furnish him with an excuse for recalling Goyon and his men without incurring what would be a dangerous responsibility.

As regards the first point, I think that everybody is wrong in supposing that nothing will come from the outlet. On the contrary, I am of your opinion, that storms may make their way through it, not immediately, but at a given time. For the present, at all events, the Orleanist party is, apparently, beaten and discouraged. I do not feel quite comfortable about Italian affairs. The priests, the women, and fashion are too powerful. I should not be surprised to find the Pope defended, and the Address saying just the reverse of what is generally expected. I do not know a single person in Paris or France who is disposed to pity Pius IX. and Francis II., and, as for Victor Emmanuel, the invasion of Italy has done him serious injury, and the fear lest he should drag us into a second campaign in Italy is very general. It is possible, moreover, that this dread

may contribute to a policy of non-intervention being asked for by the Chambers.

I am delighted that you wrote to Dr. C—; you need not fear that your letter has not been read, or that it will fail of its effect. It is a capital means of communication, and it is important that the opinion of Mr. Gladstone should be known. I think that, without guaranteeing anything, you may tell him what I have just written as coming from a good source. It is the impression brought away from Compiègne by a very clever, cool head, which has frequented the society of the Emperor quite long enough to know him well. Do not mention my name—at all events on this occasion —to Homer's great commentator.* You will see, besides, that this explains everything, both the language used to you and what I heard on my side.

You may be perfectly certain about the Papist and Legitimist proclivities of all the people *de frac*, as they say in Spain. I believe the masses hold precisely the opposite opinion, but they never speak, whereas the *salons* talk incessantly. Briefly,

* Mr. Gladstone.

the question appears to me to be this: Which will win the day—the fear of compromising ourselves afresh in an affair which does not interest us as a nation, or the pious and anti-revolutionary sentiment?

If the Emperor were well backed up, I have no doubt as to what the reply of the Chambers would be; but among the Ministers, with or without a portfolio, I do not see one who is fit to direct a deliberative assembly, and unless the *master* takes upon himself to coach the Deputies, they will be in a state of absolute uncertainty, and will not know what to say or how to vote.

LVI.

Cannes, December 11, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

Thank you for your two letters of the 7th and 8th, both of which I have received safely. I am delighted to hear that you are on quite as good terms with *Madame* * as with *Monsieur*. Rest assured that *Monsieur* mentioned you to her in addition to my having told her about your

* The Empress, who had just visited Mr. Panizzi in London.

establishment, and that she was not sorry to see you, in spite of your second-rate Catholicism.

You and Homer's learned commentator appear to me to be a day behind the fair. You in no way whatever describe the feeling of this country, which is decidedly opposed to that of *Doctor C—'s friend* on Italian affairs.

I am not one of those who approve of this opinion, as you may well understand; but I place it on record because I hear it on all sides. There is in the national composition a grain of chivalry —or folly if you prefer it—which invariably leads it to side with the weak against the strong. Here you have the secret of the change adverse to the Italian cause. In the division stationed at Rome, as well as in the fleet, there exists the greatest exasperation against the Piedmontese, due to petty annoyances, attacks, &c., inseparable, no doubt, from war, but taken in this case with a very bad grace.

The presence of the Volunteers, a breed never beloved by regular soldiers, and the recollections of 1848, still vivid and detested in our army, render it hostile to Victor Emmanuel. Lastly,

although Lamoricière is a simpleton, he is a Frenchman, and his defeat has wounded the national pride.

To the *bourgeois* class a close alliance with a people having Garibaldi as its *real leader* and openly announcing another war in the spring, opens out a vista of considerable expense, much bloodshed, and, more dangerous still, the inoculation of revolutionary doctrines. If my information is correct, the Government has made every possible effort to induce Francis II. not to prolong his futile resistance, but the fellow has some pluck in him, and appears determined. Nevertheless, he will succumb sooner or later.

I omit all reference to the Catholic feeling, unfortunately very powerful in France, which counts for something in the state of public opinion. I firmly believe that the Emperor is seeking support in the Chambers, and is anxious that the country, through its representatives, should express its opinion in order, on the one hand, to avoid any entanglement in a war through the vagaries of Garibaldi, and, on the other, to have a means of egress through which to get out of

Rome. If the *Corps Législatif* tells him that it is in favour of declining to take any part in the affairs of Italy, and of non-intervention generally (in all probability the Address will say as much), then the Emperor will be enabled honourably to withdraw his troops from Rome, and, with folded arms, to watch the course of events in the Peninsula—in my opinion, the wisest plan.

England gives utterance to wishes which cost her nothing, but she will never send a single soldier nor consent to blockade Trieste and the Elbe. Here moral support counts for something, but will it preserve us from the consequences of a war with the whole of Germany, and, what is more serious still, a war perforce revolutionary ?

You Italians are so impatient. M. de Cavour would have done well in three or four years what has been badly done in six months, and he might have succeeded in avoiding what he will be dragged into in the spring. Garibaldi, in reality, is the tool of Mazzini and the evil genius of Italy. The doings at Naples show how little the country was prepared for Constitutional Government. A lot of braggarts were sent there who found

it more to their advantage to fight against the Neapolitans than to come into collision with the Austrians; yet, as soon as ever the Neapolitans displayed any resolution, these fellows withdrew, and left the Piedmontese to bear the brunt. That is precisely the revolutionary system—lighting a fire haphazard without caring who will be scorched by it.

I have received a letter from M. Fould, who seems to be rather soured and in a bad temper. I fancy that little skill has been displayed in the affair.

I hear that Persigny's Circular Notes have produced a good effect even upon the opposite party.

What do you think about China? I fear much that not a penny will be gained, and that it will all resolve itself into the smashing of pottery, winding up with a second retreat from Moscow. The expenditure of so much money has a bad effect.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I do not believe in an expedition by Victor Emmanuel against Rome. In my opinion it would be a piece of

stupendous folly which even Garibaldi would not commit.

LVII.

Cannes, December, 16, 1860.

My Dear Panizzi,

Newton writes from Rome to ask me to forward to you, for the Archbishop of Canterbury, a testimonial in his favour. I do not know the Archbishop, and you are aware of my taste for gentlemen of his cloth. However, I send you an official letter of which you may make what use you please. Ask His Grace for his apostolic benediction. I should prefer a bottle of his good old wine, bequeathed to him by some devout Christian.

You are in a hurry, like all *emigrés*, and you run the risk of compromising yourselves by undue haste. Rest assured that your greatest enemy is Garibaldi—an enemy the more dangerous on account of his having all the qualities necessary for a revolutionist, including that of being a booby, and allowing himself to be made the tool of the most detestable rascals. Some

such people are to be found in every revolution, and it is they who do the most harm.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I am writing to you in haste, with the windows open, by the light of a radiant sun, and tormented by mosquitoes. I am going for a sail on the sea.

LVIII.

Cannes, January 9, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

It seems to me that everything is going to the devil everywhere, in Italy, Naples especially, and fortunately in Austria also. I have for some time past given up attempting to solve the political riddles of these days. What troubles me most is the present disposition of Italy, turbulent rather than warlike. I do not like the New Year's Day speech of Victor Emmanuel. He has adopted the detestable melodramatic style, which he should have left to Garibaldi. He might easily have avoided any allusion to the redemption of Venetia, or, if he had to allude to it, there was no need for him to

say anything definite. I fear that *delle grosse* will come to pass in the spring.

Your friend ——, on the other hand, is really married. It was said that his wife had some malformation or other which rendered her unfit for the marriage yoke, but, as she is in an interesting condition, it could not have been of much importance. This state of things was very irksome to any one with such lofty sentiments, so he spirited his poor creature away to Warsaw, where, it appears, they marry people without any great regard for the formalities. He would have been of age in two or three months, but he had not patience enough to wait so long. He did not even get the French Consul to legalize the marriage, so that it is doubly null and void. But, in the matter of matrimony, the magistrates are tolerably indulgent when once the thing is done and over, and I fancy the affair is almost beyond remedy.

What did Monsignor of Canterbury say to my letter? Was he surprised at my having written to him? I received a letter from Newton this morning thanking me. I do not know whether his

object is achieved, but I think that, with your assistance, it soon will be.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I send you all good wishes for the year 1861 ; may it pass lightly over you ! Do not drink all the Johannisburg before I have tasted it. *Cura ut valeas.*

LIX.

Cannes, January 24, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

Now that I think of it, I fear I have led you into an error in making you believe that one of your letters was lost. The fact was, that I took so long to answer it that I imagined it was a long time since you had written to me. These suppositions are very natural, and are of the same species as yours when you attribute the insurrections in the kingdom of Naples to us. On this point I hope you are satisfied. Admiral Persano has his hands free, but the soldiers say that if the people of Gaëta are not the veriest idiots and cowards, they can hold out for some time to come. In the meantime there is just a chance of a shell falling on the head of a German

or a Spanish Minister, as much as to say to him, "What were you going to be up to here?" That might bring about some curious complications.

Did I tell you that I had received a very reasonable letter from Salvagnoli promising me that Garibaldi would keep, or be kept, quiet? He is, in reality, Italy's most dangerous enemy just now, and everything depends upon what he will do. I do not know what impression his speeches and letters make in Italy. Here they are laughed at, and throw discredit on the cause. Mazzini, also, has written some, in my opinion, pitiable letters. All these gentlemen have the same style, borrowed from the worst description of melodrama.

During the past few days I have had a return of my old pains, acute and disagreeable enough. They have, however, had one good result, for I am in no hurry to get back to Paris. I have written to the President of the Senate to ask him to deprive himself of my presence, and I count upon staying here until the weather becomes milder. I mean the weather in Paris, because here we are in mid-summer. Not a cloud in the sky, flowers on every side, and frequently from noon

up to three o'clock it is too warm. Everybody, except myself, and I cannot have too much sun, goes out with a white umbrella. Ellice, who spent a few days with us at Cannes, wishes to come here next winter, and he says that you are coming too. We shall form, I assure you, a very pleasant colony, and with a little management we may succeed in procuring a supply of excellent Bordeaux. I bought a few bottles, when passing through Marseilles, which have given me much pleasure.

Have you read in the Italian papers how the Venetians made a profit out of the Austrian bank-notes? For seven copper kreutzers they buy a bank-note of ten kreutzers; with this note they buy a cigar for three kreutzers, and the cigar merchant, who is compelled to take the note at its legal currency, gives seven copper kreutzers in change; consequently they get the cigar for nothing. If you have patience enough to wait for a financial crisis in Austria your business is done, and you will only have to fight among yourselves, whereas, if you attack, you give her a chance of safety, in other words, of carrying on the war as

Bonaparte did in his first campaign. On the other hand, however strong may be the attachment of the Hungarians to their Magyar nationality, you may rest assured that the prospect of becoming corporals or stealing a pair of boots will keep them true to the flag and render them formidable foes. *Questo coglione* is thoroughly understood; not so the new deputies, elected for the most part under Mazzinian pressure, or Garibaldian, which is not much better.

I am impatiently waiting for the speech of the 4th February; it will probably give us some information. The Archbishop of Paris is about to resign all his posts, almonries, archbishopric, &c., &c. He is, nevertheless, a very worthy man and very tolerant, but the Pope, and especially the bigots who surround him, lead him too hard a life. Up to the present time he has been prevented from taking the step, or, at all events, has been induced to defer it. From him you must form your own conclusions as to who, of the clergy of this country, is the most honest after all.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Keep yourself warm, and do not stir out so long as the cold lasts.

LX.

Cannes, February 13, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

I shall leave Cannes at the end of the week. My enemies have served me out by appointing me Secretary to the Senate, although I wrote to say that I was ill, which was not a very gross falsehood. I must go and play my part in the debate on the Address, and put in my black ball for our Holy Father the Pope. I am told it will not be one too many.

I am expecting Ellice to dinner to-morrow. I am arranging a surprise for him by asking Mr. Bellenden-Ker, one of your friends and warm admirers, to meet him. He says that you have achieved the impossible by succeeding, as a foreigner, in getting your own way with the English, *for their good*. Let us all meet next year; cure our rheumatism and eat *trilli di scoglio*. They are nowhere so good as they are at Cannes. I have a servant who has studied cookery to a certain extent, and knows the sauce which goes best with these interesting animals.

I am very much troubled about the turn which

the debate on the Address is likely to take. Every day I hear things that upset me. This country is, unhappily, profoundly religious. You people, who have the good fortune to live near the Vicar of Jesus Christ, know what that means. We other Transalpines look upon him as Jesus Christ Himself. A bevy of idiots in our Senate are going to make speeches in his favour; another batch of fools and cuckolds are going to vote for him at the instigation of their wives. As for me, as I am neither, I am going to give him a black ball.

I am by no means displeased—I speak from a French point of view—with the papers on foreign affairs which have been laid before the Chamber. I do not know how the Russians and Germans will like seeing themselves in print, bad French and all.

It seems to me that if the Piedmontese have any common-sense, they will station their best and most reliable troops on the Mincio and thereabouts, so as to put a stop to any further folly on Garibaldi's part. I feel sure that if a year's grace could be secured all would be safe. In a year

the imperial, royal and apostolic army would be utterly destitute of both boots and breeches. In a year the Austrian Government would have a civil war on its hands. In a year it would be quite ready to sell Venetia at half-price.

You possibly know enough geography to be aware that Cannes is in the *arrondissement* of Grasse. Now, at Grasse there is a very zealous priest, called the Reverend Mr. ——. Three years ago he persuaded the inheritors of a library to give up their father's books, and he burnt what he considered the bad ones with much ceremony in the churchyard. I had the unpleasantness to be burnt in company with Thiers and Mignet. I thought the idea a good one, and hoped that the example set by Father —— might be imitated, because, in that case, my publisher might have been induced to issue a reprint to keep the fire alight. Thiers said that it was a bad beginning, and that, from books to their author, the distance was not great. The worthy Father —— is just now in trouble, having been surprised in a railway carriage in the arms of woman. She, from motives of modesty, asserted that she had been

violated; a Voltairian *gendarme*, who opened the door, took cognizance of her complaint, and Father —— is honoured with the crown of a martyr. *Priez pour lui!*

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Mr. Ker tells me that Mr. Newton is appointed. Will you congratulate him for me, and accept my congratulations yourself on it. The appointment is, undoubtedly, due to the opinion entertained by the Archbishop of Canterbury of my piety.

LXI.

Paris, February 27, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

I have been in Paris for five days and am furious at having had to come back, for everybody seems to me to be far more stupid than when I left them.

You are fortunate in your country in being able to anticipate a majority. I think we shall secure one in the *Corps Législatif*, but in the Senate I am not so certain. It is said that forty-five Senators have signed an amendment, having for its object to commit the Government to the defence

of the temporal power of the Pope for all time. I do not look upon the adoption of this amendment as an absolute impossibility.

The probabilities are greatly in favour of an ambiguous resolution, affirming neither one thing nor the other, like the Address proposed by our President, who is aptly named Troplong. I have never read anything so meaningless, so insignificant or so badly written. It would have done well enough in the halcyon days of a constitutional *régime*, where everything was in the nature of a compromise, and *mezzo termine*. As it is intended to secure a majority composed of fractions of parties, silence reigns around lest anything should be said to offend one of those fractions. To-day the Emperor tells us to speak frankly, and to let him know the opinion of the country. To comply with this, everybody is setting to work to concoct the most colourless, tasteless mixture possible. I think the Senate is showing in the clearest manner that it is useless and a cipher.

Have you read the pamphlet by the Bishop of Orleans? It is very violent and very clever. It

attempts to prove—not altogether unsuccessfully—that Piedmont has done nothing to show her gratitude to us; that M. Cavour has beaten us at our own game, and has paid no attention to our representations. All this is set forth incisively, spitefully and violently. He passes in review all the infractions of the rights of nations committed in the Marshes and the Kingdom of Naples; the shootings by General Pinelli; the proclamation of Garibaldi; the shells of Cialdini fired whilst negotiations for the surrender of Gaëta were in progress: and, especially, the Catholic martyrs of Castelfidardo.

All this, I fancy, will do harm. The *salons* here have bestowed on the King of Naples a reputation for heroism, and one runs the risk of being set down as churlish if one suggests that he has not done anything very great, and that he has been somewhat late in beginning. The ladies in society are subscribing to present the Queen with a silver buckler.

The unfortunate King appears to have reaped what his father sowed. He would have none but the riff-raff in his army, and he has suffered for it.

Admiral Lebarbier de Tinan stated the other day that the King summoned his three most faithful generals and confided to them a plan for a sortie on the following morning. It was arranged that no orders should be issued before 4 A.M., so as to avoid any mishap. Everything was settled between the quartette. An hour afterwards, the Piedmontese knew all about it and made their arrangements accordingly. It appears that the Neapolitan artillerymen themselves blew up the powder magazine, in order to bring matters to a more speedy conclusion.

What you tell me about the East does not surprise me in the least. I think the English are so jealous of us that they are going off their heads on the subject. What can France do in the East? Does any one think that she meditates a settlement in Syria after all it has cost her to have one in Algeria? I recollect that, when I spoke of the Damascus massacres to Lord Palmerston, he told me that the Christians were the first to begin, and that good man, with whom we dined and who is so devout, actually said in Parliament that the Druses were quite ready to become Protestants,

and that the Jesuits had incited the Maronites to torment them. Nobody who knows the East has any doubt that within a very short time there will be in Asia another massacre on a very much larger scale.

The misfortune of this country is that it possesses chivalrous sentiments, and gives way to them on the slightest provocation. The massacres in Syria roused such a feeling of horror that the Government was compelled to yield to the impulse of public opinion and despatch troops. Now it discovers that the Christians in Syria are a set of the most cowardly rascals in the world, who have allowed themselves to be swallowed up by a handful of badly-armed bandits, and we are hampered by having to protect them just as we have protected the Pope.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Mr. Ellice will not eat a Parliamentary dinner to-morrow, but a frugal one with me. If you were in Paris we would uncork a choice bottle in honour of the occasion.

LXII.

Paris, February 28, 1861, 5.30 P.M.

My Dear Friend,

I am writing to you from the Senate during the sitting. It opened with a Papistical speech by M. de Rochejaquelein—very violent, very long, rather wearisome, and so insulting to Victor Emmanuel that the President was compelled to call him to order. As far as I could judge, everybody was very tired, but on the whole there was some sort of sympathy for the Pope and the King of Naples.

After M. de Rochejaquelein came M. Heerckeren—he who killed Pouchkine. He is a muscular being, with a German accent and a peevish but refined manner—a very crafty individual. I do not know whether the speech was his own composition, but he delivered it with a suppressed vigour which made an impression. The gist of his speech, as regards Italy, was that France and the Emperor had been consistently duped by Piedmont. M. de Cavour, King Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi are three heads under one hat. He is not sure that Mazzini even is not,

or has not been, an agent of this triumvirate, in which each one has his allotted task and his special part to play. Garibaldi does the rash part of the business, Victor Emmanuel accepts it in the name of the Italians, and M. de Cavour disowns it before Europe. All the hard things said about Cavour and Victor Emmanuel were received with a certain amount of applause. He drew attention to the contradiction between the language of the Turin Cabinet before and after Garibaldi's expedition; the promises made, and even written, but scarcely ever performed. He quoted a letter from the King to Garibaldi, in which the former said that he had not sent any guns because he, Garibaldi, did not think they would be of any use. Heerckeren was stronger still on the subject of the conquest of Naples, where, he said, the Piedmontese had more frequently put their hands into other people's pockets than to their own swords. He was warmly cheered, and still more warmly when he proceeded to eulogise Francis II., who, he said, though brought up by a Prince who was a bad father and a bad King, and by a wicked mother, and surrounded by perfidious advisers and

cowardly and treacherous generals, was possessed of innate inspirations both noble and generous. He added that Francis left Naples as a child, but Gaëta as a king, a man and a soldier.

You are deplorably partial, my dear friend. I am for Victor Emmanuel and against the Bourbons, but it is not just to say that Francis remained under cover. He was under fire like everybody else. There is nothing very extraordinary in that, but the fact that the Legitimists represent him as a Charles XII. at Stralsund, is no reason why he should be called a coward.

Pietri is now speaking in favour of the policy of the Emperor in Italy, but he cannot be heard. I am trying to induce M. Dupin to speak, but he says that he is in favour of the evacuation of Rome, and that he will not speak. In short, appearances are bad. I fear some Papistical addition will be made to the Address, and that the result of the debate will be a feeling of bitterness between Piedmont and us, and between England and us, for the favourite theme of all the speakers is that Cavour does nothing except by the advice of England.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I will keep you posted up in our senatorial affairs.

LXIII.

Paris, Palais du Luxembourg,
March 1, 1861. 5.30 P.M.

My Dear Friend,

Prince Napoleon has spoken to-day, and is still speaking on the Address with plenty of spirit, vehemence and skill. He kicks over the traces occasionally, but successfully replies to all the platitudes of the Papists and Legitimists. He has achieved a great success, in spite of the mistrust he inspires and of the fact that a great number of my colleagues fear him like the devil. Read his speech in the *Moniteur* to-morrow; it will please you. This is his programme: the English alliance, the principles of '89, the unity of Italy. He spoke of the Emperor with respect, propriety, and even friendship, and of Victor Emmanuel in the tone of a dutiful son-in-law, and a friend to Italy. Unfortunately, with his usual habit of putting his foot in it, he abused the

treaties of 1815, and spoke of Austria and Russia in terms which may render his diplomatic relations in the future somewhat difficult.

Briefly, he was very eloquent, very vigorous, and very bold. If half he said was authorized by the Emperor, we are on the eve of leaving Rome, and the Papacy is routed.

The next question is, how will the division go? If it could be taken now, at this very moment, I think the Papists would be in a minority, but the debate is not nearly finished, and there are some great fools here.

Have you heard the following anecdote about Gaëta? M. de Kleist, Minister for Saxony, was so frightened in his place of refuge that he would not stay there. He succeeded in inducing the captain of a vessel to spirit him away, but no one has heard of him since his embarkation during the siege. It is believed that the boat was swamped by a chance shell. You may rely upon what I told you about the treachery in Gaëta. If there had been an energetic commander in the place and honest officers, even with Neapolitan soldiers, the siege would have lasted six months.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. You do not say anything about your rheumatism.

P.S.—The Prince's plan is to give the Pope the Vatican and the Trastevera district, with the advantage of being only a couple of yards from the tomb of St. Peter, and to hand over to Victor Emmanuel the rest of Rome. That, unfortunately, would hinder our researches among the archives.

LXIV.

Paris, March 6, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

I have not written to you for the last few days, because we have not done anything of importance. However, your ears ought to have tingled, because so much has been said about you and the British Museum. I made a long speech in favour of additional encouragement being given to literature, and, on that point, I mentioned what is done with you. I was listened to favourably enough, and I was in great hopes of succeeding, when that double-dyed Vandal, Walewski,

who would have benefited by the increased grants, got up and refused them. Everybody was surprised. The probable reason of His Excellency's stupidity was my having said a word or two in favour of his predecessor.

To-day we are to begin the discussion of paragraph X. of the proposed Address, which deals with the Italian question. I fancy the Papists and anti-Italians will have, if not a majority, at all events, a very imposing minority. A division was taken a quarter of an hour ago. An alteration in one sentence was proposed; in the Address the sentence stood—*Les souvenirs amis de Solferino nous font espérer que l'Italie en tiendra compte*, referring to the representations made by France in favour of the Pope. Instead of *nous font espérer*, it was proposed to substitute *font un devoir à l'Italie*, and, after a short debate, the amendment was adopted. All the Papists voted, and, it is true, a certain number of other idiots, but the result is a very bad sign.

3.30. Casabianca, Secretary to the Committee on the Address, has just spoken in opposition to the amendment. He said that we should continue

to occupy Rome, but only Rome; adding that the amendment implied suspicion and mistrust of the Government of the Emperor (here there was a regular uproar, the interruption lasting for some time), and hampered and embarrassed its policy. The concluding portion of the speech was devoted to drawing a distinction between Rome and its suburbs, and Umbria and the Marshes, where, according to the Secretary, there was no reason for interference.

5.30. Barthe, formerly a *carbonaro*, has spoken, and is still speaking in favour of the temporal power. He speaks fluently, and has his good points. The same tactics hold good, devoted to showing the bad faith of Piedmont in her relations with the Sovereigns of Italy and France. He has quoted a Piedmontese despatch on the occasion of an unfounded report about an invasion of the States of the Holy See. According to Barthe, the idea of the unity of Italy emanated from England, and in all probability, at the instigation of Lord Palmerston, Dante would have published some ill-natured verses, and Machiavelli a chapter of the "Prince," in support of it. The

Senate appears to me to approve of all this, which, as a matter of form, is well put.

I do not think a division will take place to-day. I do not perceive any stir among the Commissioners of the Government, who are bound to speak because they announced yesterday that they would oppose the amendment. They cannot possibly remain silent.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. All the stupid mistakes we make will hurt nobody but ourselves. The main point is to find out what our *friend of Saint-Cloud* thinks.

P.S.—They are calling out for a division in a way which is a horrible nuisance to us officials. Baroche is on his legs, and is about to speak. I close my letter as it is post time.

LXV.

Paris, March 8, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

You have accurately divined the wherefore of the Walewski vote. A greater act of folly could not possibly be. I was listened to favourably enough, though I was in no way prepared to

speak; if he had held his tongue our amendment would, in all probability, have been carried, but, as it was, he secured the votes of five-and-twenty imbeciles who dare not go against the opinion of a Minister. When he finished there was a derisive shout of laughter, directed both against him and against me, on whom so unexpected a brick had fallen. I told the President, by whose side I was, in my capacity as Secretary, that it was impossible to make a Minister drink who was never thirsty.

You cannot imagine how enraged the Catholics are. Society here is no longer endurable. Yesterday I saw M. de Ségur d'Aguesseau ready to storm our *bureau*, and looking as if he were bent on using his fists to argue with the President. Do you know why M. Barthe, who is generally so dull, made a better speech than usual, in favour of the amendment? It was because he had been consulting an Egerian nymph, no other than our friend Thiers. M. Dumon, whom I have seen this evening, said that he had never listened to a closer argument or a more eloquent speech than that of M. Barthe.

I am still groping for enlightenment on two points, and if I get it I will vote for the Pope in perpetuity. First of all, how can the possession of second-rate temporal power improve the spiritual *status* of the Pope? Secondly, how can twenty thousand Frenchmen assure his independence?

Have not the German, Spanish, and Italian Catholics a right to protest and declare that he is our prisoner? It is quite true that, whilst he is being protected by us, he finds means of doing us harm, which proves that we are not cut out for gaolers, and that we had far better not attempt the *rôle*.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. This morning we presented our lengthy and long-drawn-out Address to His Majesty. He did not appear vastly amused by it. All the reports about the Papistical opinions of the Empress are false. I have it on good authority.

P.S.—Have you read the threatening letters exchanged between Frigola and Cialdini? I do not like that sort of thing. Such amenities, savouring of the Middle Ages, ought not to be published.

LXVI.

Paris, Monday Evening, March 29, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

I went on Thursday to the reception at the Tuileries. His Majesty complimented M. Casabianca on his speech, and told him that it would have been impossible to express in better terms sentiments more thoroughly French. To Heeckeren, who was standing near, he said, "I see, Monsieur le Marquis, that the song is right; '*on revient toujours à ses premiers amours.*'"

That was his revenge upon our Papist Senators. M. de Persigny was more pointed in his. He interviewed M. Barthe and reproached him for his speech in terms rather vehement and not too parliamentary. On the previous evening he recommended Leverrier to transfer his politics to the stars.

The result of this interminable Address will be, in my opinion, to show the Emperor very clearly who are his friends and who his enemies. It is evident that the Legitimists, whom he thought to rally round him, and the bigots, whom he has encouraged too much, are abandoning him for fear

of the devil or their wives, and the supporters of Parliamentary Government, both Ministerialists and the Opposition of the Louis Philippe school, are making common cause with both. The Opposition in every country, and especially in France, arrays itself against everything the Government wishes. It follows that, when the Government is right, the Opposition plunges headlong into blunders, and that is precisely what it is doing here now.

I do not know when the Address* will be voted, probably not before Holy Week. Is not the fact that two months have been wasted in speeches without any business having been transacted, a proof of how worthy we are of liberty and how well we use it!

Everybody, nevertheless, seems to be in accord on one point, which is that the *status quo* cannot be prolonged. Some are in favour of a complete restoration of the Pope, others of the evacuation of Rome. My opinion is that all the efforts of the Government are directed to the request for evacuation coming from the Pope himself. It is said, and I have it on good authority, that they

* The Address of the *Corps Législatif.*

have found plenty of support even in the Sacred College. A number of Cardinals, Antonelli among them, seeing that the Papal Government is going to the devil, and that both money and credit are wanting, are trying to get out of the scrape, and would willingly accept the assured lease of their lives, *otium cum dignitate*, which M. de Cavour offers them.

The great difficulty is to persuade the Pope, who is inflexible and as obstinate as a mule. His conviction is that he is predestined to martyrdom; he is resigned to his lot, and is bent on going to Paradise by the shortest possible route.

It is said, but I rather doubt the truth of it, that a French Colonel has been assassinated in Rome by the Pontifical troops. The Legitimists assert that another division, commanded by General Trochu, will be sent to Rome. I believe the statement to be absolutely false, but if it were true, I should still believe that the evacuation will take place before the middle of May.

You are quite right in having your doubts about matters in Syria. An exaggerated importance is attached to them in England, but the way in

which the end of the occupation is insisted on, the distrust exhibited towards us, the refusal to be frank about the state of Turkey—all this, so far from cementing the alliance, compromises it. The policy of England on the Eastern Question is, in my opinion, very bad, not only from a humanitarian point of view, but also as affecting the peace of Europe. She wants what is an impossibility, the maintenance of a hopeless state of things. Complete accord between France and England on the Eastern Question could not have any but a good result, though energetic measures must be taken as in the case of Italy, and to that Lord John will never consent until the Sultan is *in extremis*.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I have received the manuscript from Mr. Ker. Take care of yourself.

LXVII.

Melle, Saturday, March 30, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

M. de Cavour is decidedly clever. He leads the new Chamber to perfection, and has just wriggled out of a very embarrassing debate.

Here, unfortunately, good sense is conspicuous by its absence. Judge for yourself. In the *Corps Législatif* but five men could be found to support the only reasonable proposition brought forward, which was the immediate evacuation of Rome ; more than that, the proposition, although it emanated from the extreme Opposition, was accompanied by a speech very moderate and even well disposed as regards the Emperor, for Jules Favre alone replied tersely and nobly to the base insinuation of M. Keller. The great majority of the Chamber, to whom must be added the minority who support the Pope through thick and thin, were in favour of a continuance of the occupation of Rome.

I believe that if the Roman question were submitted to universal suffrage, it would be decided in conformity with the views held by Favre, but I fear the majority would not be great. If, instead of the nation at large, you were to consult the world of society, the gentlemen, *la gente de frac*, as the Spaniards call them, there would be an overwhelming majority the other way.

The idea is that immediate evacuation would mean submitting to England, and yielding to the requirements of Piedmont, towards whom there is considerable ill-will. I understand the feeling of the middle class; some are moved by a sentiment of jealousy towards a *parvenu;* others because they think the ambition of Victor Emmanuel over-bold; some because they detest the invasion of the Marshes and the Kingdom of Italy; others because mighty politicians have told them that a homogeneous State, with twenty-five million inhabitants, is a dangerous neighbour. However great a fool the Pope may be, and whatever amount of ill-will he has displayed towards the Emperor, there is the feeling that he is the head of the Catholic world, and that to abandon him now would savour of cruelty and weakness. Do you know that volunteers from La Vendée and Poictiers are still leaving for Rome to enlist in the Zouaves of the Holy Father? His cause, believe me, is supported to an immense degree by the old women, and very considerably by the young ones.

I do not know what the Emperor will do, but

the question is as embarrassing as it well can be. It is neither more nor less than a reconstruction of the whole Catholic administration.

Should the Pope lose the greater part, if not all his States, it is evident that the Sacred College would have to be remodelled, and the proportion of Italians in it diminished. Moreover, provision would have to be made for board, lodging, &c., for the Papal Court.

I was astonished to find that nobody brought forward this argument during the debate. "It is alleged that the independence of the Pope is necessary—be it so. But how can twenty thousand French infidels assure it? Who is to answer for his independence as regards the Spaniards, the Germans, the Irish, &c.? If, being *de facto* independent, he thwarts the French, who protect him, that proves that they are fools; but in former days they despoiled a Pope, took him prisoner, carried him off, and held him in durance vile; who can say that they will not do that again one of these days?"

I am still ready to bet that the evacuation will take place, and shortly, but how it will affect the

present Government I know not; there are many difficulties of all kinds.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. You shall have news from me speedily.

LXVIII.

Paris, April 8, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

A line in haste, for I have some work to do for the *Master*, and I must let him have it promptly.

Yesterday I met a Neapolitan at M. Thiers' house, who told us that General Pinelli tried to persuade the young King to show himself to his soldiers before Garibaldi arrived, but that His Majesty, rather than run the risk of a review, decided on being bled.

According to rumour, Garibaldi is entirely in the hands of Mazzini. In my opinion that is the most unfortunate thing that could happen, but I hope it is not true.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. The day before yesterday I dined at the Tuileries. We were a very small party. No official personages, except

M. Fould, on whom no end of endearments were apparently lavished. His Majesty did not say a word to me about the Pope, but many about Cæsar. I am writing a little work for him on the religion of the Romans, and I am dwelling upon the advantage they possessed in saying mass for themselves, instead of paying somebody else to do it for them.

LXIX.

Paris, April 14, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

I notice that people here are very uneasy on the subject of our finances. Business men are clamouring round M. Fould. I imagine that he has imposed some rather hard conditions on his master, and that the latter will not submit just yet. It is said also that the large Greek houses of England, France, and Turkey are in a bad way, and that the very imminent bankruptcy of the Ottoman Empire will bring about their downfall, as well as many others. The finances of Italy, also, do not appear to be in a very wholesome condition

The worst of it is that Garibaldi has turned fool once more, and is ready to commit *delle grosse*. Do you think that Cavour and Parliament are capable of making head against him? Many people doubt it, and they say that the rupture will be a startling one, accompanied by disturbances. What do you think about it?

I think I told you that, with regard to the volumes of the *Correspondance de Napoleon*, which have appeared, you will have to wait for M. Walewski's signature. This Great Minister is like the Pope's mule—he takes his time.

The day before yesterday a rumour was current that the Pope was dead. It appears certain that he is not in good health. Do you think there will be another, if he goes the way of all flesh? I think this would be a good opportunity of leaving Rome, so as to prevent Europe saying that the Conclave has been outraged by General de Goyon. But the Pope will live to the age of Methuselah!

The Libri affair in the Senate is giving rise to scandal. The magistrates seem uneasy, and in a bad temper. "Why does he not purge his contumacy?" is what everybody asks. I am trying to

induce the old leather-breeches of the Empire to vote for us. The great fear now is that we shall be trifled with, and that the report will be postponed until next Session. That is a way our magistrates always have. Madame Libri has made a conquest of Barthe, and I do not despair of this great and eloquent champion of the Pope coming to our assistance in aid of our friend, whom he, perhaps, believes to be as good a Catholic as he himself is.

This morning we had a cold, grey sky, at noon a glimpse of the sun, and to-night the sky is clear, and it is horribly cold. The winter at Cannes is a hundred times more preferable; you must positively join us there in December.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of yourself, and keep up your spirits, if such a thing be possible in these days of folly and iniquity.

LXX.

Paris, April 18, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

I have been so busy every morning that I have not been able to go to Bréguet's, or,

rather, to go back there, before to-day. Your watch has not reached him. His manager, who remembers both you and your watch perfectly, told me that, as far as he could judge, the irregularity of which you complain is of slight consequence, and can easily be rectified. But you appear to me to have been somewhat green in having confided your watch to the care of a newly-married couple, far too much occupied in spooning to attend to the commissions of their friends.

I agree with you about the Duc d'Aumale's letter to Prince Napoleon.

I am told that a very ingenious answer is printed. As a rule, when one lives in a glass house, it is just as well not to throw stones. There are in this *brochure* some things which a true friend would have persuaded the Duc d'Aumale to omit. For instance, there is not a single person living in Paris who did not laugh on reading that Louis Philippe never conspired. Farther on he says that it was the King who organized the army which went through the Crimean and Italian campaigns. We all of us

saw the army of Louis Philippe in 1848, and its General, Lamoricière.

What the Duc d'Aumale says would have come better from the Comte de Chambord, and it seems to me that in speaking, as he has done, of Victor Emmanuel and the Pope, he makes a very stupid political mistake, and follows in the wake of the elder branch, from which he ought to hold aloof as much as possible. You are aware that the *brochure* was printed at Versailles. It was published on the day the Ministry of Interior was moving. There was not a soul in the offices, so that there was a clear day for the sale, and three or four thousand copies were disposed of.

You are quite right in not being afraid of anything that Garibaldi may do, but if M. de Cavour, as he asserts, did not countenance the Sicilian expedition, it is quite possible that he is equally guiltless of countenancing that against Venetia, and that, moreover, it took place in spite of the Government, just as happened in Sicily, and, so far as one can judge, with an altogether different share of success.

You invariably hold the Emperor responsible

for everything, including all the follies committed by the Italians. Naples is evidently quite unprepared for such a government as is proposed for her. There are no functionaries, either civil or military; thieves there are everywhere, both in the streets and the public offices. That a country in such a state should find itself ill-adapted for tranquility, is not surprising. And to this you have to add a few weeks under the sway of Garibaldi, followed by more or less clumsy groping in the dark. You need not, therefore, be surprised to find disorder reigning throughout the kingdom of Naples. In Sicily, where the task set the King of Naples is still more difficult, the agitation is even greater.

I ought to tell you that, since the determination of the King of Naples to remain in Rome, the favour shown him by the Court of the Tuileries has come to an end; that Goyon has been censured for having supplied him with officers, and the decorations he wished to bestow have been vetoed. When once the mistake was made of remaining at Rome, and allowing the Pope to rule there at his own good pleasure, it became impossible to turn out the King of Naples.

The Poles are making so many mistakes that they will compel Russia, Austria and Prussia—who hate each other—to embrace and conclude a treaty of alliance against the revolution. The Hungarians are doing precisely the same thing, and, despite your hopes, I am very much afraid that Garibaldi will do so too.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Great failures in the commercial world are announced. The Greek houses of Smyrna, Marseilles and Liverpool are ruined, and will share the bankruptcy of the Ottoman Empire. That, I think, is near at hand, and I dread the consequences.

LXXI.

Ville d'Avray, April 21, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

I am writing to you from Mademoiselle Brohan's house in the country, whither I have come to breakfast with a Princess of the blood. Such a Princess, and such blood!

Our friend Prince Napoleon has not been in the vein, to use the Empress's reproach. He says he will not fight the Duc d'Aumale.

I am writing in haste. I will send you a longer letter to-morrow or the day after.

LXXII.

Paris, May 2, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

I do not think Prince Napoleon is wanting in pluck, but now you would find it hard to make anybody, military men especially, believe so, and, if ever he has another opportunity of fighting, he will be obliged to run the same risk as a corporal to disabuse people of their impression about him. His great fault is an utter want of tact. He never does anything at the proper time, and misses all his best opportunities. He has been wonderfully favoured by fortune, and seems to be bent upon not profiting by any of her favours.

On the present occasion his first step appears to have been a judicious one. He requested that no proceedings should be taken against the *brochure*. He was told, very justly, that such a course was out of the question; but no consultations were held with regard to what he might do

to the writer. M. de Persigny alone, of his own free will, preached him a sermon, and told him that it would not be politic for him to fight. Later on, from *another source*, it was hinted to him that unsheathing his sword, if not politic, would be of great use to him. Then his *camarilla* discovered that the right moment had passed, and that, in matters of this kind, it was not customary to deliberate, and so on. All this mass of advice, more or less interested, in the end wearied him, and the only point he took into consideration was that the time had gone by for reaping any advantage from the affair, and that consequently there was nothing to be done. The army men are furious, and, in time of war, the upshot might be serious.

I had a long chat the other evening with Vimercati on the affairs of Southern Italy. He looks on the bright side of things and says that a great amount of exaggeration is rife about the state of Naples, but he does not deny that it is critical.

I am a great admirer of M. de Cavour, but I question if he is doing right in postponing so

continually the stand-up fight between Garibaldi and himself. The result alone can tell us whether the answer should be yes or no. I look upon the fight as absolutely inevitable, and, as he is now proposing a mad scheme, this is the time for having it out with him.

It is, apparently, settled that the army of occupation shall leave for Syria on the date fixed—the 5th of June. I shall not be surprised if the Turks put us in the right very shortly by recommencing their robberies and massacres; but I hope we shall let them do as they like in the interior, and confine ourselves to protecting the Christians in the sea-ports. These Asiatic Christians are such contemptible cowards that they submit to being thrashed by a handful of rascals against whom they could defend themselves with ease. The matter will assume a really serious form when public opinion in Russia compels the Government to assist the Greek Christians.

Have I told you the latest of Bixio and his bear? He was prowling about the Pyrenees on some railway business, accompanied by the engineer of the company, when, in a lonesome spot,

his ears were greeted by peculiar cries. He drew near, and eventually made his way into a cleft of the rock whence the cries proceeded. There he found two baby bears, which he carried away with him. It was a hundred to one on the mother finding him, for it happened in broad daylight, and I leave you to imagine how cordial would have been her embrace. Even when he got clear away there was a chance of the mother tracking him and demanding an explanation at the points of her claws; but Bixio was in luck.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. You do not mention your health, so I conclude it is better.

LXXIII.

Paris, May 11, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

A mission to London during the Exhibition has been mooted to me—vaguely enough, it is true. I replied that I would willingly be a member of the jury in connection with the Exhibition, but that I must first of all know in what capacity and for how long I should have to serve. In the second place, I made a reservation in

favour of ascertaining what effect such a mission would have on my slender purse. What would it cost to live decently in the West End for three months, in the capacity I have mentioned ?

Prince Napoleon, it seems, is to be the President of the French Jury. I doubt the selection being a wise one, taking into consideration the position, of his own making, he holds in this country, and probably with you also. It might give rise to all sorts of queer things. Do not mention what I have told you; first of all, because nothing is decided, and, secondly, because I shall be only too glad to be free up to the very last moment.

In the Exhibition there is a portrait of the Pope, which has been hung exactly opposite that of Prince Napoleon. He has a massive head, a more intelligent expression than I gave him credit for, with dark red, sunken eyes, from which an *accidente* might be anticipated as a possible *dénoûement.*

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I am writing to you in the middle of a sitting of the Senate. We shall have an interesting one on Monday in con-

nection with a petition dealing with the Christians in Syria—a bad business, out of which I see no possibility of emerging successfully.

LXXIV.

Paris, Sunday, May 19, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

There is a good deal of mystery in connection with a duel which was to have taken place yesterday, but which was postponed until this morning, between Prince Napoleon and Prince Murat. The seconds of the latter were Heeckeren, who, since he killed Pouchkine, has had a lease of this description of business, and Marshal Magnan. The original cause of the dispute, which became gradually more embittered, was Prince Napoleon's speech ; then there were high words, and finally a challenge. The seconds yesterday postponed the meeting until to-day. When a final issue between two such lofty personages is thus put off, an indefinite postponement becomes probable. It is a foolish business altogether, and a continuance of the fatality which pursues the poor Prince.

You will have noticed that I am appointed a member of the Imperial Commission, but I do not think I shall be obliged to reside in London during the entire period of the Exhibition. My duties will be in connection with the Fine Arts, though, as the English are not offering either medals or prizes, I doubt our artists coming forward in any numbers. I do not even know whether any works will be forthcoming which we can send to London.

M. Fould is going to England, for a few days only, with Lord Cowley on Wednesday. I expect you will meet him. He appears to me to be on tolerably good terms with his Majesty, whom he very properly keeps at arm's length. His successor is really too foolish and stupid.

A friend of mine who has just returned from Italy tells me that in a minor engagement, which took place near Vicenza recently, an Austrian regiment was opposed to one of Trent. The Tyrolese loaded their muskets with pebbles and nails, and killed or wounded thirty Austrians.

The Hungarian Diet, which is considering whether that fool at Prague is not its law-

ful Emperor, amuses me exceedingly. But, for some time past, everything in this world has been very amusing. The question of nationalities is at this moment evidently on all fours with the religious reform of the 16th century, a grand and good idea wrapped up in silly formalities.

We have had a meeting of the Exhibition Committee at the Prince's house, but only to make each other's acquaintance. Nothing has been done as yet. I wish you were a member of the English Jury, notwithstanding the qualms of conscience to which you would be subjected.

LXXV.

Paris, Sunday, June 9, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

One word only. I have not waited for your letter before inserting in the speech which I shall read to-morrow,* a severe remark upon the passage concerning you in the Bonjean report. You will read it on Tuesday. I am too tired and too busy to say more now.

I will write to you at length from Fontainebleau,

* On the petition of Madame Libri.

whither I go on Tuesday. The death of Cavour is the most important and most unfortunate event that could possibly have happened. Nothing else is talked about.

LXXVI.

Paris, June 11, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

M. Libri has been guilty of every imaginable folly. He has pestered friends and enemies alike with his letters, and has put everybody in a rage. Instead of taking in good part all that M. Delangle tried to do, he laid himself out to quarrel with him, and to compromise him with M. Guizot, the Magistracy, and the Senate; and all this whilst I was having enough and to spare of the mass of ill-feeling he has brought upon himself. Now, thanks to his ridiculous pamphlets, I find myself standing almost alone in the Senate. Nevertheless, I was listened to quietly, and even with an approach to interest. The lawyers, as it seemed to me, did not meet my contention.

The only effect of the speech of M. de Royer was to scandalize all honourable men, and he was

in consequence reduced to silence. M. Fould, as well as the President, Troplong, remonstrated with him vehemently, but the little ass was as delighted as a monkey when it has broken a jug. All this, of course, has made me spend a miserable week.

At last, however, it has come to an end, and in an hour's time I leave for Fortainebleau, where I am to spend eight days, most probably in talking about Cæsar to Augustus, and I can assure you I need to direct my thoughts to the ancients to make me forget the moderns.

The death of M. de Cavour is an immense event. I do not know his successor, but even should he possess all the qualities and all the talents of his predecessor, he has not his prestige and cannot do what M. de Cavour did—keep the Mazzinians within bounds, and at the same time remain at the head of the Italian revolution.

Now that M. de Cavour is gone, will England look with as friendly an eye upon the Italian revolution? Will she not in that, as in everything else, be afraid of French influence? If that be so, I fear you will speedily see Austria once more

in the ascendant. There is, moreover, every reason to fear that the Garibaldians, or, more truly, the Mazzinians, freed from the only man who kept them in order, will set about all sorts of extravagances, in which case, if all is not lost, it will have to be done over again.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. In case you write, I shall remain at Fontainebleau until Sunday, possibly even longer ; all depends upon what *my host* will do.

LXXVII.

Fontainebleau, June 24, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

I am here still, and for a week longer ; after having come for eight days I have stayed nearly a month. It is the custom of the house.

I am in the precise spot in the world where politics are most rarely mentioned, and I know nothing of what is going on. I do not understand the circumlocution indulged in by the *Moniteur* on the subject of the reconnaissance *de fait* of the Kingdom of Italy, combined with the indefinite occupation of Rome by the French army, and I

do not believe that there is any real meaning in it.

I went the other day with his Majesty to inspect the excavation which has been made round about Alise, for the purpose of ascertaining if that town is the *Alesia* of Cæsar. We found the fosses of the Roman lines of contravallation and circumvallation still in a good state of preservation. The material is a species of conglomerate of gravel held together by a natural cement, the whole very hard; so much so that the fosses, although covered now by earth that has fallen in and been carried down by the rains, are everywhere recognisable by their inclinations, the facings of which are in very good order.

At the bottom of one of these fosses we discovered a very beautiful Roman sword, a great quantity of arrow-heads and bronze lances, and, last of all, a dozen of those caltrops (star-thistles), which Cæsar calls *stimuli*, and which he used to strew in front of his entrenchments to tickle our ancestors' feet.

Whilst here I have received a letter from Mr. Ellice, who appears to have lost none of his

spirits, and proposes to me a round of pretty hostesses and country houses ; I fear I shall not be able to go with him ; besides, I am not particularly fond of changing my hosts and their cooking every day.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Send me a line here before next Saturday, but *in all candour*.

LXXVIII.

Paris, July 2, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

I returned to Paris yesterday, very weary of my long sojourn at Court. I am not cut out for a courtier, and, although the master and mistress of the *château* I have just left are the kindest and most amiable of all sovereigns, it is with a very lively sense of pleasure that I find myself sitting down to my own modest dinner.

I am charged with the execution of several rather difficult commissions at the Great Exhibition. Do you think that I shall find Lord Granville still in London, for my subject will have to be discussed principally with him.

I am writing in haste, and shall reserve a full,

true and particular account of the great reception of the Siamese Ambassadors for our breakfast table. They are very like ourang-outangs, but they wear dresses of marvellous brocade.

Do you know Count Arese, who is coming here as Italian Ambassador? It is said that M. de la Valette, now at Constantinople, will be sent to Turin. He is a clever man and very well disposed towards Italy.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi, but not for long, I hope. I will send you a line before I start so that you may know the day of my arrival.

LXXIX.

Paris, August 19, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

I am a believer in the efficacy of the grape cure, and if, after Ems, you have a prescription *ad hoc*, we might make a tour of Bordeaux together, and, whilst eating the grapes of the country, you might make a few investigations on the subject of the liquor which is extracted from them. We could, at the same time, pay a visit to the Comtesse de Montijo, who will be at

Biarritz, possibly also to their Majesties, and certainly to M. Fould.

There was not a soul in London when I left. I found the Museum in its place. Newton showed me the Apollo upright, and I thought him very handsome. Brandis, who admired him lying down, said he had never seen anything so ugly. I told him that in Germany they called that *Gemüth*, meaning quackery and scientific humbug.

Are you willing, *tempore et occasione prælibatis*, to undertake a negotiation? Are you aware that in 1862 we are to have a Fine Arts Exhibition in London? We shall only send the works of artists who are living or have died within the last ten years. We have not many ready to our hand. The Duc d'Aumale has a very fine painting by Paul Delaroche, *La Mort du Duc de Guise*. Do you think he would allow it to be exhibited? He would be rendering a service to the French school and to the memory of Paul Delaroche, and would give everybody pleasure. He, in all probability, would influence other rich amateurs to follow his example. The picture would be exhibited with the owner's name in the catalogue. Properly, it

should be sent to the Imperial Commission before being despatched to London, but we would dispense with that condition. It would be quite sufficient if he wrote a line to the effect that he would place the picture at the disposal of the French Committee in London. The reply would be that his offer was accepted gratefully. See if you can, and will, undertake this negotiation. I do not wish you to mention my name officially, but you can tell the Prince that you can guarantee his offer being accepted.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I am very busy and very much worried in connection with this exhibition, and my breathing is again difficult.

LXXX.

Paris, August 30, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

The newspapers to-day publish Ricasoli's able circular on Italian affairs. The worst of it is that the present state of things cannot be put an end to by constitutional means. Perfect order has never reigned in the kingdom of Naples except at one period, and that was

when General Manhès shot all ill-favoured people who did not shave, but I am not quite sure how far such energetic measures would be relished in these days.

Alexandre Dumas, who is given to drawing the long bow, tells some queer tales about the state of Naples. He says that there is an association of thieves on a large scale, called the *Camorra*, the members of which help each other against the honest portion of the community. One of its rules is that, when a foreign prisoner refuses to pay his footing to the Camorristas and comes to blows with them with his knife, if he gains the day the *Camorra* allots him a pension. This recalls the good old days of Greece.

There is nobody here, and consequently no news can be manufactured. However, judging from a few words let fall by one of the unfortunate Ministers on duty, I should not be surprised if the question of the evacuation of Rome were to come to a head speedily. So much the better, provided it does not result in an attack on Venetia.

At present I have no very definite plans. I must go, some time in September, to pay a visit to M. Fould at Tarbes, and to Madame de Montijo at Biarritz. I have a small job in hand for *the master* which I should like to take to him, so as to kill two birds with one stone; but I am not getting on as fast as I could wish, and I have still several days' work to do. On the other hand, I have no news of Madame de Montijo. I believe she is either at Biarritz or on her way thither, and on the length of her stay in France my plans for next month will in a great measure depend.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Miss Lagden and Mrs. Ewers desire to be remembered to you.

LXXXI.

Paris, September 3, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

I am inclined to think that the appointment of la Valette, combined with that of Benedetti, is one step towards the consummation you desire. These two good Catholics, I imagine, are just the people to persuade our Holy Father

that his kingdom is not of this world. He will, perhaps, experience some difficulty in believing it, but he will have to resign himself to it.

I have received news from Constantinople, where the tales of the Sultan's chastity and his taste for cold water excite considerable amusement. One is about as true as the other, but his present weakness is for fowls. He has just ordered a fowl-house for his chickens at a cost of five hundred thousand francs. That is his idea of economy! Rest assured that there will very soon be some serious work in the East, which will be a cruel slap in the face for Lord Palmerston, whose great wish is that the Turkish Empire should remain intact during his life-time. I think the Porte is much nearer its end than his lordship is.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Let me know how you are getting on. I am not surprised to hear that you have not derived immediate benefit from the waters of Ems. Their effects, you know, are not felt until after the lapse of a week or two.

LXXXII.

Paris, September 8, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

I have just received a telegram from Biarritz, telling me that a room will be ready for me on my arrival. This places me in a difficulty. I replied that I was at their Majesties' orders, that I would go to them as soon as I was told, but that I preferred delaying my departure for a few days so that I might finish my job for the *master of the house.*

The reports about affairs at Naples are both good and bad, as often one as the other. The agents of the Holy Father here are, apparently, ashamed of their defenders of the altar and the throne in Calabria, for they energetically disavow all participation in the movements of Chiavone and his associates. How do you interpret the speech of the Hungarian Archbishop? Every now and then I am in hopes of a schism breaking out. Suppose you establish an Ambrosian Church and reserve a canonry for me in some place where there is a nun or two.

I am afraid that the painting about which I

asked you to speak to the Duc d'Aumale is older than it ought to be, but I have no doubt that, if it is offered, it will be accepted. When you meet him you might talk to him about the Exhibition in general terms, about the limited number of really good things for which there is room, and if he seems disposed to lend those in his possession you might tell him that the Commission will accept them gratefully, and that every care shall be taken of them. You can also add that M. Duchatel has promised to lend *La Source*, by M. Ingres.

A friend of mine who has just arrived from Vienna says that things are in a bad way there. As regards the future, public opinion is unfavonrable, and it is still more so as regards the present. The Emperor is said to be very narrow-minded, very obstinate, and entirely in the hands of his mother, who is in those of the Jesuits. The Hungarians are not in a position to do anything, but they fear nothing, and, in ruining themselves, will bring about the ruin of their enemy. There is an organized system of incendiarism; farms are burnt and so are the h ouses of all who pay taxes

without waiting for a bailiff to take possession. The Archbishop has asked to be favoured with a visit.

Good-bye, my dear friend. What are you doing? I shall not leave without letting you know my destination.

LXXXIII.

Biarritz, September 15, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

Last Tuesday I received a telegram couched in these terms, "*Venez sans culottes!*" I set out the same evening and have been the guest of their Majesties since Wednesday. The villa is a very pretty little one, rather too near the sea, which makes more noise than I care about. There are very few people here, and I am the only stranger in the house. Ever since my arrival, what with excursions and work (you know what work), I have been kept so hard at it that sending you any news has been out of the question.

Yesterday we went for a rather long excursion, which was not very successful seeing that we all returned soaked to the skin. We went to inspect

a large tract of country which the Emperor has given to M. Walewski in the Landes. It will be magnificent, so they say, when it is put in order. At present everything has to be done, even to discovering the ground, for at present it is nothing but marsh.

The other day the Prince Imperial had his first bath in the sea, and very stupidly, according to my ideas, he was thrown in head foremost, and was extremely frightened in consequence. He was reproached for his timidity, and asked the reason why he, who would not flinch before a loaded cannon, was afraid of the sea. He replied, without any necessity for prompting him, "Because I command the cannon and I don't command the sea." Philosophical enough for a Prince not yet six years old.

Biarritz is full of people from all parts. There are a number of ladies of every rank and degree of virtue, all of them exhibiting the most extraordinary toilets you can possibly imagine. The beach is like a carnival ball.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Health and prosperity to you!

LXXXIV.

Biarritz, September 25, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

La Valette, I am told, has not left yet. The conversation which will take place between his Majesty and him before he sets out would be worth hearing, and I should like to be a little mouse to listen to them.

I have told you more than once that, in my opinion, the Emperor is just as much attached to the Pope as you and I are. The difference between us is that he is responsible for others. He requires to be convinced of the actual feeling of France and Europe. I look upon the Catholic sentiment in France as having grown weaker since the battle of Castelfidardo. Nevertheless, it is very strong, and we cannot get rid, as the English do, of our chivalrous chimeras by substituting self-interest. The English put up with American insolence in consideration of cotton. You would not get the French to do that. A crotchety and powerless old man inspires a feeling of pity. It would be much easier to make war on him if he were the King of a great country. Besides, think of the

enormous influence of the *curés* and the women, who are all Papists. You must see how necessary it is to be all things to all men and to have patience, even though it should take longer to decide than you quite like.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. How are your knees and your wrists?

LXXXV.

Paris, October 14, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

I reached Paris yesterday with M. Fould, and now for your letter. The conditions exacted by the Duke are perfectly just. You may remember my telling you that his name should appear in the catalogue. As regards the sun and the varnish, although there is little reason to fear the former of these articles in England, our superintendent shall set that right. But I do not know to what picture the Duke alludes. He neither mentions the name of the painter nor the subject. You know the condition of the Exhibition—artists living or who have died within the

last ten years. Paul Delaroche died in 1856 or 1857.

We are in the middle of a crisis which, in any other country, would have nothing alarming about it, but, with the silly imaginations we have to take into account here, may become very serious. *My host of Biarritz* is rather alarmed and begins to realize with uneasiness that the bevy of fools by whom he is surrounded have done all sorts of stupid things. More than this, there are always serious differences of opinion between the *host* and *hostess*, especially on spiritual affairs, which make the situation more complicated.

The demand for an end to be put to the Roman question is beginning to make itself heard. A report has been spread about, which, I verily believe, has been invented for the sole purpose of affording an excuse for procrastinating and doing nothing—it is that our Holy Father is very near his end. It is said, very naturally, that any and every solution can be postponed until his successor appears, an admirable excuse for doing nothing at all.

In short, there is much uneasiness here ; a bad

wheat harvest, the war in America, and the treaty of commerce with England and Belgium, which will press hardly on a certain number of industries. All this holds out but little hope of a good winter. M. Fould, I believe, is about to have some proposals made to him, public opinion pointing to him to take the fat out of the fire. He has his conditions, to which he will do well to adhere.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. M. Fould has often regretted your absence. If you had been with us he would have given you some sublime ortolans. I cannot find a word adequate to describe what a fat, fresh ortolan is.

LXXXVI.

Paris, October 23, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

Have you seen the circular about the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul? I think it ought to have been issued long ago. The moment, perhaps, is not well-chosen, but, after all, this clerical association, which has grown to an

enormous extent, has become really dangerous. The South swarms with it.

I have just seen Sobolewski, who has come back from Italy. He says that the Piedmontese officials are not very clever, and that the work of unification is not very far advanced. He has only been in the North. To my great surprise he told me that the change appears to have worked most satisfactorily at Florence. Order being an abomination in the eyes of the people of the Marshes, they are always complaining about the Gendarmes and the Prefects, who go about with laws and decrees at the tips of their tongues, whereas, under the Holy Father's sway, when a man had a *fratone* up his sleeve he could do pretty much as he liked.

I believe the Pope has been artful enough to persuade everybody here that he is going to die, so that the universal reply to every reasonable proposal may be, "Let us wait." Another piece of stupidity—it is said that when he is dead a certain Monsignor Marini, from whom signs and wonders are expected, will be appointed! All this is sorry work.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Do not eat or drink any more than I do when I am not dining with you ; you will be in perfect health.

LXXXVII.

Paris, November 17, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

I have had a long talk to-day with M. de la Valette, who leaves for Rome next week. I think you would have been satisfied. The Chevalier Nigra, with whom I dined the day before yesterday at the Palais-Royal, appears to me to be very pleased with the chosen ambassador, who, as far as I can judge, has all the qualifications needful for treating with ecclesiastics—an amount of orthodoxy equal to your own, and a disposition to bestow on the cardinals all the confidence their cloth inspires in good Catholics like you and me. Unfortunately, I do not see, either in the Chambers or among the public, the resoluteness necessary to make his path smooth.

The Prince asked after you several times. At dinner there were M. Nigra, Ratazzi, who does not say much and does not look as if he thought

more, and the Prince de San-Cataldo with his wife who, I believe, is a Pole. I was surprised, throughout the dinner, to find so little of the Sicilian in his manner.

Yesterday I dined with the Duc Pasquier, who is ninety-five or ninety-six. He told us the history of the marriage of Napoleon I., from beginning to end, in the most charming way; it was a pity the tale, which occupied more than twenty minutes, could not have been written down from his dictation. If old men did not become either deaf or blind, it would really be very nice to grow old.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Oblige me by telling Mr. Newton that in the vestibule of the Villa Albani, at Rome, there is an Apollo precisely similar to the one I saw among the Cyrenian marbles—the same size, the same attitude, the same drapery; only, it is in worse condition. There is a plaster cast of it in the *Palais d'Industrie.* This proves that these two statues, yours and the one at Rome, are copies of some famous original which has yet to be discovered.

LXXXVIII.

Paris, November 4, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

The Chevalier Nigra, I am told, as well as M. Fould, is going to-morrow to Compiègne to stay a week. It is quite possible that the latter will come back with a portfolio. I hope so, not for his own sake, but for the sake of our finances, which need him.

I do not think that there is the slightest chance of war unless the Italians make fools of themselves. Austria has not money enough to buy shoes for her soldiers, and we are no better off.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Write to me before I go to Compiègne.

LXXXIX.

Compiègne, November 16, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

I have been here a week and have witnessed the little Ministerial comedy which has been in course of performance. It ended as you have seen by this time. Our friend has come in through a very good opening; for his

sake, I should have preferred it being wider, but nothing could be more honourable than the Emperor's letter. He has been equally well treated by the Empress, and the prejudices which he formerly had reason to fear, appear to be quite overcome now. Nevertheless, it is evident that he is joining a Cabinet in which he has some very bitter, though not very dangerous, enemies, and I foresee disputes ere long. X. seems to be rather shorn of his importance. The amount of stupid nonsense he talks to both sides here is incredible. He is mediocrity, or, better still, a cipher personified, with puerile vanity, resulting in continual *fiocchi*, added thereto.

The death of the King of Portugal has interrupted all our *fêtes*. That of the Empress, among others, is postponed until the 22nd, when the mourning will have entered upon its second phase. The bouquets have been countermanded. M. Nigra, however, sent me an enormous one which I passed on to the Empress without telling her whence it came. The secret was found out, because he had taken care to adorn it with a profusion of ribbons of the Italian colour.

We have four Highlanders here without the slightest pretence to breeches; the Duke of Athole, Lord Murray, Lord Dunmore, and Lord Tullybardine. Yesterday they danced reels to the accompaniment of their pipers. They are very merry devils and look as if they were enjoying themselves thoroughly, which is not the case with everybody.

If you had heard the Emperor talking, a couple of days ago, about Italian affairs, you would have been pleased. Nigra, who spent the first week of this month at Compiègne, seemed to be much gratified with his reception. That does not imply the evacuation of Rome, but I think the matter is progressing.

Breakfast is ready, and I have not time to say good-bye.

XC.

Paris, December 8, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

Since my return from Compiègne I have been from two o'clock to six engaged on the committee charged with considering M. Fould's *senatus-*

consultum. He asked me to contrive to be on it and I valiantly voted for myself in my *bureau*. I was not chosen unanimously, which ought to have wounded my modesty. Our business consists of talking, splitting straws, and being a day behind the fair, time passing meanwhile without our advancing at all. I fear we shall be at it for another fortnight.

While we are thus sacrificing ourselves on business, the people of Cannes, so my letters say, are enjoying the most lovely weather possible. Cousin has taken up his abode close to my house. The company is numerous and select, and every day people are being turned away for want of lodgings.

I dined yesterday with Bixio, who asked after you. He has just received a letter from his son, who had been under fire for the first time and entered into it with all the enthusiasm of a first experience. He says it is like the first kiss from a woman. He killed a dozen Bourbons, and had as many more shot, which is hardly so amusing as putting an end to them in battle. He says that Borges was shot a long time ago, but that

another was found to take his place. The leaders who are over-running the mountains of the Basilicate seem to be very energetic and intelligent fellows, but their men are rascals of the deepest dye.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Tell me what you are doing with yourself, and whether we are to set out together.

XCI.

Cannes, December 31, 1861.

My Dear Panizzi,

If M. Fould puts our finances to rights, it is probable that, for some time, we shall be in as good a position, politically, as France has ever been. Everything, unfortunately, depends upon the life and health of one man. I expect much from the excellent measures he has taken, which have been brought about by *our friend*. He has prudently tied his hands, knowing that he is surrounded by people who are ever ready to hold out theirs. M. Fould has increased the number of his enemies considerably, but that does not cause any uneasiness. I think he is firm enough for

the present, because he is necessary. Later on matters will become serious. You cannot fail to have been pleased with his speech in the Senate. His language was strictly parliamentary and business-like. We are not accustomed to that style in this Luxembourg of ours, where Magenta and Solferino are repeated on the slightest pretext.

It is said that the Address will give rise to a very lively debate. Prince Napoleon will make another speech. I hope to deprive myself of all this, and not to return to Paris until the extreme cold has passed away.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I wish you health and prosperity in 1862, and to the end of the century.

XCII.

Cannes, February 3, 1862.

My Dear Panizzi,

I do not know how the Address in the Senate will be drawn up, and it is impossible to base any estimate on the composition of the Committee. There are no declared Papists on it,

but merely half-and-half sort of men. The publication of the correspondence of M. de la Valette with M. Thouvenel and Cardinal Antonelli is, in my opinion, a good sign. The desire to give a practical proof of the obstinacy of the Roman Court is evident. I perceive a further sign in the mention made, in M. Fould's report and other documents, of the expense of keeping a *corps d'armée* in Rome. I have no doubt that the Emperor intends to withdraw as soon as he can.

The most difficult point now is the state of Rome. As soon as we are fairly out of it they will be wanting to hang Antonelli. If you are protecting an obstinate sheep from a wolf, you would not, perhaps, be quite free from reproach if, after having carefully admonished the sheep in question and shown it what it had to do to live in peace and without fear, you were to go away with the full assurance that it would be eaten up for its sins, or, if the comparison of a sheep does not appear to you to be respectful enough when applied to the Holy Roman Church, take the case of a lunatic whose monomania is suicide. The position of these gentlemen is

identical. The Emperor shrinks from the responsibility which would attach to a doctor whose patient had jumped out of the window.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. For some time past you have appeared to believe in some aggressive movement on the part of Austria. I do not think such a thing possible, considering her present political and financial situation. Benedek's rhapsodies prove nothing. Money is needed to put an army in motion, but it may easily be that the Austrians would not regret being attacked. If the Italian Parliament only keeps cool it will deprive the French Cabinet of that hope. The most successful war you could wage against Austria would be to let her eat herself up in useless and ruinous preparations.

XCIII.

Cannes, March 10, 1862.

My Dear Panizzi,

I have just returned from an excursion to our mountains.* At two thousand feet

* Saint-Césaire, to the residence of Doctor Maure.

above the level of the sea it was warm, and the orange trees were laden with ripe fruit. Wild asparagus, which we tasted and which reminded me of Italy, grows there. Do you like it? You must either delight in it or detest it.

Our debate on the Address must have interested you. Although our Senators are very gouty old gentlemen, and the majority are very lame, they displayed a thoroughly juvenile ardour in shouting and making a row. We sensible and philosophical people cannot realize the state of these old Generals in women's clutches. The fear of the devil takes possession of them and, as a natural consequence, the love of our Holy Father the Pope, whose *gendarme* or Prime Minister, if you will, the devil is.

My letter says that things are at even a higher pitch in the Paris *salons*. You are stigmatized as immoral if you doubt that the Pope is a holy martyr, and M. de Goyon a hell-hound crucifying the vicar of Jesus Christ. On the other hand, the rest of the public do not show any great inclination for this species of devotion. I am told that the students are making a row, and that the

workmen insult their priests, so that there is quite enough unwholesome agitation on both sides.

The debate on the Address in the Senate appears to me to have been satisfactory in the main. M. Billault had recourse to a final argument which, to be candid, is the only good one from a French point of view. This was his saying that after occupying Rome we should put ourselves in the wrong if we attempted to prevent anybody else occupying it. Besides, anybody else means the Austrians, whose advent the Pope is praying for with all his might. We are not in a position to commence a war which might become general. However, from the manner in which the obstinacy of the Roman Court was alluded to, there is reason to hope that the French Government appreciates the necessity of ceasing to have anything to do with it.

People here, it seems to me, are rather alarmed at the change of Ministry in Italy. This is merely the impression I gather from the newspapers and the few letters I receive. M. Ricasoli is not looked upon as being well disposed towards France; indeed, he has the reputation of being

decidedly hostile to the Emperor, but, at the same time, he is believed to be very openly opposed to the party of movement which is the most dangerous for you and us. I met M. Ratazzi several times in Paris. His manner is not in his favour, as he has a timid and embarrassed air, but that may, possibly, arise from his not speaking French very fluently. Nevertheless, he made a good speech at a dinner given to him here.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Miss Lagden and Mrs. Ewers send a thousand kind messages.

XCIV.

Cannes, March 22, 1862.

My Dear Panizzi,

Your letter, which must have crossed mine, and which was directed to me at Paris, by whom I know not, bore the superscription, *Kenné-Vard.* However, it duly reached Cannes (Maritime-Alps), which is a great feather in the cap of the Post-Office authorities.

M. Fould has contrived to make me a member

of the International Jury on pottery and porcelain. The result is that I shall be in London on the 1st of May, if not sooner. I need not tell you that your hospitality, which I have already experienced, would suit me admirably, but I do not know yet how I am expected to live in London, or for how long I shall be there. It is not that I fear your abusing your position so far as to induce me to vote in favour of your particular china shop, but, on the one hand, if the business should turn out to be a long one I should not like to put you out, and, on the other, there may be some hotel or other for us unfortunates. We shall see. When I reach Paris I shall know more about it and will advise you of my plans.

I leave Cannes on Tuesday next, sorry beyond measure to desert fields covered with violets and anemones for the mud of Paris.

I am destitute of news here. There appears to be some agitation in Paris, to which the debate on the Address has contributed in no small degree. The parliamentary institutions which have been restored to us are of the most useless, if not most harmful, kind. They may, however, have a

good effect by proving to Europe that speech is quite free enough in our political assemblies.

The debate on the paragraph relating to the affairs of Rome will, apparently, result in all the world agreeing to grant the Government of the Holy Father a patent for incapacity and stupidity. That is something, but not nearly enough. To put an end to the matter, I rely greatly on the use of vinegar, of which our priests are so prodigal.

But what would happen if, instead of spending fifteen or twenty millions a year on maintaining a garrison in Rome, five or six had to be spent upon the purchase of the conscience of the Sacred College? I have always held that simony was practised in Rome on a large scale. The Duc de Modèna, your legitimate sovereign, could get whatever he wanted for a dozen *zampetti*.

Cousin left Cannes yesterday. His throat is cured, but the blood which troubles him has flown to his legs. He is suffering from varicose veins, and is going to Montpellier for some elastic stockings. I found him very reasonable, which is more than I can say for the letters of his friends the burggraves, which he showed me from

time to time. They belong to that class of fools who think of nothing but destruction, without stopping to enquire whether the building they pull down will not fall about their own ears.

M. Fould asked after you in one of his last letters ; the conversion of the *rente* has been most successful, but he has against him a crowd of enemies, of whom the open ones are not the most dangerous. However, he seems to me to have plenty of courage and quite ready to bite whoever bites him.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Kind regards to our friends. I shall be in Paris on Thursday or Friday, and you shall have speedy news of my plans.

XCV.

Paris, March 31, 1862.

My Dear Panizzi,

There is certainly a great amount of surreptitious agitation in Paris and elsewhere, but things are far from being as bad as Duvergier de Hauranne and other mighty politicians paint them. We are suffering from a monetary crisis, a food

crisis, and a religious crisis. The Orleanists and Legitimists are doing their best to bring the whole fabric about their own ears. Although they are adepts at that kind of thing, I fancy it is solid enough, but it is certain that neither the Ministers nor the Chambers please the public. There is a general aspiration towards something or other which is neither the past nor the present.

The prestige of the Emperor among the masses has not diminished in the least, and the efforts of the classes which are called intelligent will end, I believe, in imparting to his Government a mere democratic tendency. I am not one of those who would rejoice over such a termination, but I do not see clearly how it can well be otherwise. Passion is so blind that the parliamentarians and the aristocrats, who could prevent the scales overbalancing on one side, send them down on the other. In spite of the present insensate lust for money there are plenty of people who, at the risk of compromising their fortunes, are putting a spoke in M. Fould's wheel.

The great news is the return of La Valette. He has come back, it is said, to declare that it is im-

possible to live in Rome with Goyon, and that either he, La Valette, or Goyon must be recalled. The report this evening is that Marshal Noel is to replace both of them in the double capacity of Ambassador and Commandant of the *corps d'armée*. An Ambassador with an army would be a novelty, but even that would be an improvement on the existing state of things, which has lasted too long.

A French officer who has come back from Italy tells me that the amalgamation of the volunteers with the regular army is a mistake, and will weaken the Italian army considerably. Our Republican armies in former days managed very well under similar circumstances, but in this case, as far as I can see, the serious part of the business is the strength which the measure will give to the Progressist party, the impatient set who have it in their power to wreck everything. At the present juncture patience is more than ever necessary.

Germany, with her imbecile rulers, is falling to pieces more and more every day. The King of Prussia seems to be dreaming of imitating Charles X., and he might very easily share his fate. He

is in a peculiar position, as he can either place himself at the head of a revolution wherein he has everything to gain, or of a counter-revolution wherein he has everything to lose.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I think I must be in London for the 1st of May. I fear you will have more of me than you will care about.

XCVI.

Paris, April 9, 1862.

My Dear Panizzi,

We are still in the idiotic state I described to you a few days ago. Everybody looks upon the dark side of things, and the most sinister predictions are uttered; his Majesty has been told where the shoe pinches and appeared to be incapable of coming to any resolution.

Meanwhile, anarchy is progressing. The priests invent some fresh folly every day. The Archbishop of Toulouse wants to celebrate the anniversary of a Huguenot conspiracy at Toulouse by a grand *fête*, and has announced a solemn one in commemoration of a small massacre which took place in 1562. There is plenty of ground to work

upon in the way of getting up a riot at Toulouse, where both "Reds" and "Whites," equally unruly, exist.

I dined yesterday with three Ministers, all of whom were out of spirits and despaired of making their voices heard. One of them, the most eloquent of the band, took me on one side to beg that I would speak to the master and tell him the real state of things. "How can you expect him to listen to me," I asked, "when I am not in a position to be listened to?" "It is precisely on that account," was his reply "that he may possibly listen to you."

The Papists in the Ministry—and there are several, as you know well—point out to him that revolution is at large, and tell him that there is no safety except in the arms of the priests and the "Whites." This saying—"I do not like either the 'Whites' or the 'Reds,' but I would rather have the 'Whites' than the 'Reds'"—is attributed to a great lady, but I do not believe it. If this kind of thing goes on, she will see what the "Whites" can and will do in her defence.

It was reported last night that M. de La Valette

was to return to Rome and that Goyon would be recalled. That would be a good thing, but we were promised it long ago, and we are still waiting for it. I have news from Italy, from a source which I believe to be reliable. I am told that in Naples there is a great majority in favour of Italian unity, that the bands are very few in number, and not at all dangerous, and that the people composing them are nothing but robbers. In Sicily the disorder is more serious ; pillage and robbery everywhere and with impunity. It is impossible to obtain recruits for the army.

As regards the triumphal progress of Garibaldi, it is asserted that the newspapers have greatly exaggerated the effect he produced. People went to see and hear him as much as they would go to a new opera. Nobody attaches much importance to anything he says or does. He is a curious animal. In my idea the worst symptom is that there are so many other animals ready to follow the one which is bent upon browsing on the edge of a precipice!

Do not forget the commissions you have to give me. As is my wont, I shall come without any

clothes and can bring you whatever you wish; I hope, however, that you are not in need of a grand piano.

A melodrama* is to be produced next Saturday, and a horrible row is anticipated, seeing that, now-a-days, the theatre is the place where opposition is rampant.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. When you are weary of your present place of abode, reflect that you are in the only country where you can be sure of to-morrow.

XCVII.

Paris, April 18, 1862.

My Dear Panizzi,

What am I to say about politics? Anarchy reigns in our council. From one moment to another changes in the Ministry are deemed inevitable, but nothing happens. It is evident, nevertheless, that things cannot remain *in statu quo* much longer, and the balance must turn one way or the other.

* *Les Volontaires de* 1814, by Victor Séjour, which was not played, for the first time, at the Porte Saint Martin theatre until Tuesday, April 22, 1862.

Lord Palmerston has not furthered the evacuation question by his speech the other day. Was it, as far as he was concerned, a want of perception natural to a young Minister such as he is, or ill-will towards us, or a desire for popularity ? I cannot say, but I look upon his speech as being one more embarrassment added to a business which has enough already.

Ratazzi, it appears, is now offering to guarantee to the Pope the States he still possesses, and would undertake to have them respected. But how is he to prevent the Italians of Rome turning the Pope out of doors if they alone are left to protect him ? Garibaldi's trip, and especially what he said about it to Mazzini, has produced a very bad effect here. He is an individual of the La Fayette breed, whose good qualities, mingled with the weakness of his character, render him very dangerous. I am told that the enthusiastic ovations he receives everywhere only prove that his influence is great, and that his devotion and disinterestedness are respected without his policy being adopted. That is possible ; but here, people are easily frightened

by everything which resembles revolutionary agitation, and in their fear of "Red" they taboo rose-colour.

Nothing is known of the intentions with regard to the Embassy of Rome. La Valette appears determined not to go back if he is to find Goyon still there. It is even betting about each of them. In my opinion the most probable solution is the despatch to Rome of a General who will unite diplomatic functions with military command. Another settlement in the lump!

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I hope your cold has left you.

XCVIII.

Paris, April 23, 1862.

My Dear Panizzi,

There is a good deal of talk about the confusion which reigns in the English Exhibition Committee. It is quite as great in our French Committee, so much so that I do not know what place I am to fill. Some tell me that I am to be President of a section, others say, a member only. I care as little about one as the other so far as

honour and glory are concerned ; what I want to know is when I am to be in London. Whatever happens, I shall be there shortly, but I will give you two days' notice of my arrival.

What I told you about the offer made by the Italian Government I heard Vimercate say openly at Prince Napoleon's, and he gave it as the idea of Count Cavour. There is only one thing in the way of this combination—the difficulty of carrying it into effect. How are the descendants of Remus, *magnanimi Remi nepotis*, to be prevailed upon not *sbudellare* Antonelli ?

I persist in my opinion that the speech of Lord Palmerston was not politic, assuming that he wishes us to evacuate, when you take into consideration the jealousy existing between the two countries ; there is no worse way of getting a thing than assuming the appearance of exacting it. Of course, the Emperor and all thinking men know how a Minister is trammelled when speaking before Parliament, but the public at large does not understand that, and when the *amour propre* of the nation becomes mixed up in the question there is an additional source of embarrassment.

I shall have much to tell you about our difficulties when I get to the British Museum. To emerge from them, a certain amount of energy is required and, unfortunately, I fear it will be found wanting.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. You know that Violet Leduc is entrusted with the repair of the Château de Pierreponds as well as other work for the Emperor.

XCIX.

Paris, April 26, 1862.

My Dear Panizzi,

The Queen of Holland is here, and I must pay my respects to her. I am invited to the Tuileries and to the English Embassy. Lastly, my old cook is ill and I am over head and ears in worry. More than that, it appears that nothing is ready in London, and that the Jury will not meet before the 7th of May.

La Valette leaves on Monday for Rome. The recall of Goyon seems certain. La Valette appears to be satisfied, and says that at last he has a mission.

I am writing to you in haste. I sleep on all the clothes I can get hold of. I only ask one thing of you—not to make me eat or drink. I have no longer either head or stomach.

C.

Paris, July 2, 1862.

My Dear Panizzi,

If I had the slightest grain of poetry in me, I should write to you in verse, to describe the fearful sea I crossed yesterday on board the "Queen Victoria." I found my dinner ready, but I was and am too much upset to eat. Even my bed seems to be dancing on the waves.

I am writing to you from the Senate on the eve of our being sent home to our own firesides, for this is our last sitting. I find everybody very much preoccupied about Mexico, the harvest, which promises anything but well, and the elections which are to take place this year. This, it appears to me, is rather unpleasant for the Empress, at whose door the Mexican Expedition is laid.

I have heard nothing from Rome. The Pope, who was holding out some hopes of his betaking

himself to a better world, is apparently all right again and more obstinate than ever.

The Emperor is on the point of setting out for Auvergne, and will be able, *en route*, to feel the public pulse in that neighbourhood.

Poor Landresse, the librarian of the Institute, whom you know, was buried the day before yesterday. One cannot be absent for a couple of months even without losing some of one's friends. Pasquier, the Chancellor, is still very ill; I am told that he will not last out the week. He has a cold and ninety-seven years to contend against.

I travelled with Walewski, who was as ill as I was, and Count Branicki, who did nothing but eat throughout the voyage. He has the heart and stomach of a Cossack, and could digest a lion or a camel.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Keep your spirits up and do not let either men or things worry you more than you can help.

CI.

Paris, July 11, 1862.

My Dear Panizzi,

I have asked Dr. Maure, Cousin and Mignet, Miss Lagden and Mrs. Ewers to dine with me to-morrow at Saint Germain.

We will drink your health. As ill-luck would have it, Prince Napoleon took it into his head to ask me for the same day. I conveyed my excuses to his Chamberlain, who has promised to settle the matter for me. The Dukedom of Morny does not appear to me to be producing a good effect. This country is too democratic for that sort of thing. I thought Morny was scarcely poetical enough to set much store by a title pure and simple.

The Emperor was received most cordially everywhere during his journey. He spoke plainly to the Archbishop of Bourges.

A few days ago the Princess Mathilde was imprudent enough to go to mass at Saint Gratien, where she has a country-house. The *curé* took it into his head to offer up an *impromptu* prayer that God would open the eyes of the great ones of the earth and inspire them not to persecute the

vicar of Jesus Christ. The Princess got up in a rage and walked straight out of the church, and, to make matters still better, the whole of the congregation followed her and left the *curé* all alone with the beadle.

CII.

Paris, July 18, 1862.

My Dear Panizzi,

I am in great trouble and distress. My poor cook died in my house yesterday.

I do not believe a word about the paralysis you mention, but I do believe that you may possibly have some secret and all-important reason for not staying in Paris. You must act as seems best to you. A man of your temperament is not likely to be subject to the malady you allude to. But, as I have often told you, you do not take enough exercise and you live too well. It would do you good to tramp up and down a mountain or two, and, when you were regularly tired out, I would allow you to eat ortolans, if any could be had. It is a matter of absolute indifference to me whether I go to Bagnères by Bordeaux or Lyons.

The only thing I ask you is to give me leave of absence for a week for a mysterious expedition, if I have to undertake it. When it may come off I do not know at present.

One of my Cannes friends is in Paris now on his return from Italy. He witnessed the entry of Victor Emmanuel into Naples, and says that he never saw such enthusiasm. It produced a great effect in Rome, where everybody prophesied quite the reverse. Garibaldi's chattering in Italy is very unfortunate. However, the newspapers here take it more calmly than I expected.

The Mexican business continues to attract much attention. There are great complaints of the weakness of character displayed by the General and, especially, of the rascality of our allies, the Mexicans of Marquez. They actually pillaged one of our convoys. In that country everybody is a thief, and a few great men only are assassins. Our little army is in good health on the high ground, but the garrison of Vera Cruz is suffering horribly from yellow fever.

Good-bye, my dear friend, but not for long I hope. You need not envy our dinner with Dr.

Maure and Professor Cousin. It rained cats and dogs all day long. Mindful of the delicate chests of Cousin and Miss Lagden I sent round to change the place of meeting and appointed Véry's in the Palais Royal. Then I discovered, for the first time, that Véry has retired from business, but another restaurant has been opened in the same place. I settled myself there with my two ladies and ordered dinner. Fortunately, there was a window looking on to the arcade, and through it I kept watch. My guests searched for Véry, but found him not. I managed, however, to get them together one by one, with the exception of Barthélemy Saint Hilaire, who did not receive my note and wended his way gallantly to Saint Germain. We had a very bad dinner, but were gay enough for all that.

CIII.

Paris, July 20, 1862.

My Dear Panizzi,

This morning I received your letter of yesterday. One of the advantages of irreligion is the delivery of letters on Sunday.

I want to leave you *en route* for a few days, but I am not yet sure of my movements ; I do not even know whether I shall carry out the mysterious expedition I mentioned to you. You have not told me if you wish to halt anywhere. We have Tours, Poitiers, Angoulême, and Bordeaux to choose from. For lovers of monuments all these towns, Poitiers especially, have their charms.

Prince Napoleon is delighted at having a son, and the Princess is going on very well.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I suppose London is beginning to be empty.

CIV.

Paris, July 29, 1862.

My Dear Panizzi,

Our friend Fould's shares are going up. People who were very antagonistic are now paying their court to him. Add to this sign the further one that Madame —— appears to be quite out of favour. If you feel inclined to go to Madrid we can reach it in twenty-eight hours

from Bayonne. But there is nobody there; 30° Réaumur, and neither bulls nor a library.

CV.

Paris, July 31, 1862.

My Dear Panizzi,

I dined yesterday at Saint Cloud. The mistress of the house told me that she wishes to see you, that I must bring you to dine with her, provided you so desire, and that she would be very pleased to thank you once more for all the attention you showed her at the British Museum.

We dined at seven; black neck-ties. Nobody there except her mother and the household. It rests with you to say whether you would like to go there on Wednesday. We could start on the following Thursday. I tell you just what I was told, without seeking to influence you in the least. You might have some good news for her. On the other hand, I do not understand to-day, any more than I did yesterday, your grand hurry to get to the open country. The hour's ride between Paris and Saint Cloud is good for

digestion. If you say "yes" before Sunday, that is to say, if you write to me to-morrow on receipt of my letter, or even if you write on Saturday, I dine there again on Sunday and can convey your reply.

I do not attach any credence to the tales of brigands and disembarkations under La Valette's very eyes. He is not the man to let such things happen without saying a word.

Good-bye, my dear friend. Take care of yourself and come and see us as soon as possible.

CVI.

Biarritz, September 29, 1862.

My Dear Panizzi,

I hope you had a pleasant voyage, and have not regretted your expedition to La Rune* over much. Nothing is talked about in this villa but yourself. The Empress begs me to tell you how much she regrets not having seen you yesterday morning, but she was so tired that she could not get up. M. de Varaigne was under the impres-

* Situated in the neighbourhood of Biarritz. The Empress travelled occasionally under the name of the Countess de La Rune, and under that title Mérimée dedicated his novel *La Chambre Bleue* to her.

sion that you would not leave until two o'clock, and sends his apologies for not having been on the spot to shake hands with you when you drove off. I have to apologise too; I came down to the terrace, half dressed and unshaven, only in time to see your carriage going at full trot down the avenue in fine style. We are all impatience for news of you. You are most popular here, I can assure you, among both great and small.

Yesterday evening Her Majesty and I had a regular pitched battle on the Roman question. The struggle had commenced before I had time to think of where I was or how I could avoid it. She spoke with a great amount of vivacity, but without any show of anger. As far as I can judge, I was as firm as I could be, keeping cool, but not budging an inch. I have since been told that I was mindful of the proprieties throughout.

A point of honour; a desire to show M. Keller and others like him that nobody is afraid; a wish to show England that nothing will be done under pressure of a threat; anxiety lest an opportunity should be afforded the "Reds;" these were her arguments.

I said that there ought to be no yielding either to threats or to prayers and hypocritical cajoleries; that to oppose a direct negative to the policy of an enemy is never judicious; that *in medio virtus;* that there is greater courage in despising calumnies than in plunging into difficulties for the purpose of refuting them; that the safety of others and the responsibility of a dynasty and a great country are in question, and that a sentimental policy is not one whit better than a (wrongly) so-called Machiavellian policy.

The discussion came to an end through our throats being tired, and there was profound silence for eight or ten minutes, after which I thought she was more than ordinarily attentive to me, evidently to show me that she was not angry. She even asked Madame de Rayneval whether she thought I was hurt, a trait eminently characteristic of her, as you know. In short, she looks upon the whole business through the medium of her vivacious disposition, her private prejudices, and the same considerations which weigh with your *august host.*

I firmly believe that, if the English Ministers

are sincere in desiring the evacuation of Rome, they will only succeed by humouring certain susceptibilities which are in themselves generous, and, for that very reason, difficult to overcome. You have seen what few foreigners have seen, *their domestic life*, and you know more about their dispositions than all the Ministers of Europe. You can do much good, I think, by giving utterance to your impressions. I have no doubt that, putting aside those left on your mind by the La Rune expedition, they are excellent.

This morning I cut out a paper mask for the Prince Imperial. He came into the room after breakfast saying, "I am M. Panizzi come back again."

We are all more or less gone in the legs. One of the horses has been left sick at Sarre. It is not *yours*, but one of his Majesty's. The sailors of Saint Jean de Luz paid a visit to the Emperor yesterday. The effect from the terrace was very pretty. There was a fleet of twenty boats. The wind up, as you may imagine, was something to drink.

To-night we have had a ball, and have greatly

admired two Circassian ladies, fresh arrivals from the Caucasus, with eyes like gazelles, and hair falling in unconfined tresses over their white shoulders; altogether a charming mixture of civilization and barbarism.

Good-night. Take care of yourself and accept the compliments and regrets of all the inhabitants of the villa.

CVII.

(Strictly confidential).

Paris, October 9, 1862.

My Dear Panizzi,

A line in haste. We left the Villa Eugénie last evening at half-past eight and reached Paris at a quarter past twelve. We spent the last day sorrowfully enough. Fourteen persons, their Majesties being among them, suffered from pains in the stomach, colic and sickness the same night and at the same hour. Your humble servant was one of the greatest sufferers. Yesterday we were all right again, except the Empress and Piétri, who were still suffering slightly.

There is some talk of a radical alteration in the Ministry. A friend of ours told me this morning that if the changes are in the direction of rendering the Cabinet homogeneous, he will support them heartily; but if, as he fears, a greater preponderance of the clerical party is to be the result, he intends to resign his portfolio. I approve of his intention completely, so far as he is concerned, for he has fairly launched the ship once more and leaves her in good condition. All these ups and downs are deplorable. I sometimes have an idea that a bad beginning is made in the hope of arriving at a good end—a system utterly wrong.

The Empress begs me to thank you for your letter, which has been a source of great pleasure to her. Mesdames de Rayneval and de la Poëze, M. de Varaigne, *e tutti quanti*, send you a thousand friendly feelings.

I copied your letter so that it might be read more easily, and also for the purpose of substituting "Emperor" for "Cæsar," which might have been taken as satirical.

I will write to you at length to-morrow on the

subject of the conversation at Broadlands.* I am in a hurry to catch the post.

CVIII.

Paris, October 11, 1862.

My Dear Panizzi,

The attack of sickness I mentioned to you has not been followed by any others. I think, as you do, that we swallowed some verdigris. The cooks swear by all their gods that there was no such thing, but the symptoms of our indisposition appear conclusive to me. As for me, I am quite well, and so is your horse, a vigorous animal whatever you may say.

You know my opinion on the Roman question; but I cannot help wondering how it happens that a man of Lord Palmerston's keenness of penetration is not better informed about men and things on the Continent. It is a common failing with all Englishmen. Their policy is based on the interests of their country, and they care but little about being logical. For example, they think it very natural that the Romans should desire another Govern-

* Lord Palmerston's country seat.

ment than that of the Pope, but very unnatural that the Ionians should wish for any other than theirs. It is to their interest that Italy should be free and united, they do not want to give up the seven islands, and they consider the Sultan's rule excellent. I still have a lively recollection of the wonderfully cool way in which Lord Palmerston told me, some years ago, that the Druses were the most honest people in the world. Unfortunately, on the Continent, especially in our case, government is not carried out on the principle of the country's interest.

The Emperor put it very justly—"France makes war for ideas." For my part, I am sorry for it, but you cannot alter the character of a nation. Voltairian though she is, it is more than doubtful if France would rejoice over the downfall of the old fool she now makes game of, or even if she would be indifferent.

Suppose, for the sake of argument, that the troops at Rome were not strong enough to prevent a rising, that this rising took place, and that our men were maltreated, you would see the whole nation catch fire as it did over this stupid

Mexican business. The Mexicans were foolish enough not to allow themselves to be defeated by a handful of Frenchmen, and now there is not a man in France who dares to say that it would be better to come to terms with Juarez than to those blows which are so expensive.

It is a difficult matter, believe me, to withdraw all our troops from Rome, but that would be cent. per cent. better than leaving only two or three battalions there. The first plan is possible, and I hope it will be adopted, but the second is as dangerous as anything can be. Remember, too, that those fools in Rome are quite capable of asking the Austrians to replace the French, and that we should not have any very strong arguments to bring to bear against such a proceeding. If England were disposed to support us in the event of a fresh rupture with Austria, it would not be so bad ; and Austria, apparently, would not move ; but has not Lord Russell said that Venetia ought to belong to Austria ?

Your lovely hostess said to me, " Why do not the Italians, instead of taking Rome, seize upon Venetia, which has much more to put up with

than the Romans?" I know what the answer ought to be, but the argument is a popular one and carries weight with the masses. Lastly, do not forget that there are in France thirty-four million Catholics sufficiently *coglioni* to be tenacious, although they are not wedded to church-going, or upon the point of Latin being chanted at their funerals.

La Valette is loud in his praises of Montebello who, though a Papist when he arrived on the scene, was speedily converted by seeing with what *canaille* he had to deal. As soon as there is any sign of a storm brewing he locks the Pope's soldiers up, puts the key in his pocket, and everything goes off quietly.

Just now the question of recognizing the Southern States is being considered. I have no doubt that France and England will be in complete accord on this point, and I am glad of it, because it will furnish one more bond of alliance.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of yourself and triumph over having been proclaimed the heaviest weight among our mountain horsemen.

CIX.

Paris, October 15, 1862.

My Dear Panizzi,

The night before last, to my great surprise, I received an autograph letter from *your host*, acknowledging the receipt of your letter. He says *litteratim*—

"I could say much in reply, but I confine myself to the remark that, when a Sovereign is responsible for his actions, it is his paramount duty to remain faithful to his engagements and not to abandon an ally who relies upon him."

Cadmus would be embarrassed. Unfortunately, this Ministerial break-up began yesterday morning. Thouvenel and Persigny have been thanked. So much for accomplished facts. What has now to be done is to replace them and a few others. Fould, Rouher, and Baroche have no wish to remain in a Cabinet of which Walewski would be the apparent chief. Billaut is in the country, keeping out of the way, so they say ; but, even if his conversion were complete, it is improbable that he would make a public recantation before the Senate and the *Corps Législatif*.

Fould was told, "There neither is nor will be any change of policy." Compliments were added, and he was even given to understand that if any backward steps were made it would be for the purpose of taking a longer leap forward. He replied that he had no wish to remain with colleagues for whom he had no sympathy, and who lately had served him shabbily; that he did not like appearing to associate himself with a policy which, rightly or wrongly, would be looked upon as opposed to that which he had upheld, &c., &c. Your *host and hostess* seem determined to make every possible effort to retain him for the present, but he appears decided.

Antonio's friend* dined yesterday at Saint Cloud, where he found the mistress of the house still suffering from verdigris, and possibly still more from the present crisis. He gave your messages to *monsieur*, *madame* and *le petit*, who, like papa and mamma, asked after you. Antonio's friend was treated most graciously, but the conversation was confined to ancient history. When everybody had said good-night, the mistress of

* The friend of Antonio (Panizzi), *i.e.*, Mérimée himself.

the house ran after him and enjoined him to tell Fould to come and speak to her, and not to do anything without speaking to her. I am rather afraid of the effect of seductions of this kind on Fould. I am going in search of news, and I will not close my letter until after I have seen Fould or Persigny.

In the midst of all this confusion prophesying is dangerous, but as I am not yet infallible, you are not compelled to believe me. I am convinced (I could not explain myself unless I were sitting down with you in private at the British Museum), I am convinced that there is no change in the intentions which were unfolded to you a fortnight ago ; that a cross-road is being taken ; but, in my opinion, this road is a very dangerous one. If there is no sticking in the mud, the journey will perhaps be soon ended, and in the direction we desire. But that is no reason why the drivers should take that road, seeing that the quagmires are evident but the goal obscure. I still look upon a general re-arrangement as possible, but the Walewski Cabinet certainly cannot last.

It is said that the Queen of Naples has entered

a convent and demands the annulling of her marriage which, she says, has never been consummated. All these old dynastics end in impotence. Of what avail is it to be a descendant of Henry IV. ?

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. We propose to go to Marseilles on Wednesday to eat a *bouille-abaisse* and *inter pocula* to instal the Indo-Chinese line of steamers.

P.S.—Everything is arranged or, in reality, the crisis is suspended. Thouvenel alone goes out. Persigny and all the others remain. This seems to me a sorry combination ; it is only postponing the decisive battle for a month or six weeks, with less chance of winning it. Drouyn de Lhuys replaces Thouvenel. He belongs to the Legitimist and Papist set !

CX.

Paris, October 15, 1862.

My Dear Panizzi,

M. Fould paid a visit this morning to your *host* and *hostess*, and spoke out without reserve. *Monsieur* said that he did not wish any

change in his mode of action, that there were no grounds for his resignation, and that within three months the embarrassing question would be at an end. He complained of being abandoned and of the want of confidence displayed towards him.

Moreover, *madame* and *he* spared no efforts to retain the trio who wished to resign. Walewski, for his part, blew his trumpet and gave out that he was going to put a paragraph in the *Moniteur*, promising Rome and the Imperial protection to our Holy Father in perpetuity. After a lengthy discussion, in the course of which there was plenty of plain speaking, a capitulation was brought about. Of the three who wished to retire, two, Rouher and Baroche, requested to be allowed to remain. The combination laid before them was, that only Thouvenel should be replaced, that Persigny should remain, that there should be no change of policy, and that they should be friends as before.

On this basis peace was declared. We tried to pick a quarrel with our friend in consequence of it. His defence is that by remaining he will obviate a serious misfortune, and that, if he does

not overthrow his enemies, he will at all events prevent their being victorious.

The absurd side of the business is the dismissal of a clever man in favour of a pedant, of a man devoted to the dynasty in favour of a Legitimist who, a few years ago, disdainfully rejected a nomination to the Senate. Still more absurd is it to see MM. Fould, Rouher and Baroche insisting on the retention of Persigny, whose dismissal they have requested times out of number, and whom they now wish to keep so that they may not appear to have gone thoroughly to the wall.

I believe that the effect produced will be detestable.

Everybody loses in consideration, and there is weakness on all sides. Our amiable *hostess* is making a grand mistake and is putting herself in the power of people who would betray her tomorrow or lead her to the brink of a precipice. The whole affair is positively stupid and lamentable, We shall see how Drouyn de Lhuys will get through his first appearance. It is quite possible that the struggle may recommence within a very few days.

CXI.

Marseilles, October 19, 1862.

My Dear Panizzi,

All you say is perfectly true, and the most unfortunate part of the business is that nobody is the gainer by it; on the contrary, everybody sinks in public estimation, from the manager to the actors.

Besides the considerations I mentioned to you as having influenced M. Fould's determination, there are others sufficiently important. The commercial world and business men generally, who have great confidence in him, begged him to remain, protesting that his retirement would lead to terrible catastrophes. On the other hand, there was reason to fear that his colleagues, who have supported up to a certain point, might leave him in the lurch at any moment.

Here the whole proceeding has appeared even more extraordinary than at Paris, everybody being ignorant of the disputes which preceded it, and the effect has been as bad as it well could be. What annoys me most is that our amiable *hostess* is held responsible, and I have not the slightest

doubt that in future every misfortune and every mistake will be laid at her door.

M. Persigny, who is occasionally eloquent and always impassioned, said some severe things on this point. "You allow yourself to be ruled by your wife just as I do. But I only compromise my fortune, and I sacrifice it for the sake of peace and quietness, whereas you sacrifice your own interests, and those of your son and the country at large. You lead people to believe that you have abdicated, you are losing your prestige and disheartening all the friends who still stand by you and serve you faithfully." I am told that this sally was taken in good part, and made a tolerable impression.

In this town I find much discontent, and everybody tells me that if the elections take place this year the result will not be satisfactory. I believe firmly that the longer the delay, the greater will be the risk of the clerical question being the *shibboleth* required from the candidates. The matter is serious enough to warrant attention being paid to it.

I dined on Thursday with Nigra. He did not

appear either discouraged or preoccupied. This, perhaps, was his diplomatic cast of countenance. I should not be surprised, moreover, if he had received a few reassuring words from the right quarter. Read the article in the *Constitutionel* of yesterday, Saturday. It seems to me to have been written by a skilful pen, not the ordinary one.

The opening of the Marseilles docks took place yesterday, and to-day we are going to witness the departure of the first of the *Messageries* steamers, bound for China. M. Fould made a good speech, and was very well received. The dinner was a good one, although three hundred of us sat down—quite enough for a dinner. The extraordinary part is that everything was cooked by the company's servants, and the plate used was the company's also. All Marseilles is *en fête*, and money is being made hand over hand.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I have received a letter from Ellice, who is, as usual, in the midst of a bevy of beauties. I recounted to him your exploits, and your success in the Pyrenees and on ground which is generally considered to be more

slippery than the mountains. He says you have become a regular courtier.

CXII.

Paris, October 28, 1862.

My Dear Panizzi,

You are right in everything you say about M. Fould. I think he himself sees now that he has played the worst game. On the one hand, no one bears him the slightest ill-will ; on the contrary, his wish to get out of the whole affair is and will be remembered, and I feel sure that one of these days, just when he has ceased to think about it and is more disposed than ever to remain, he will receive his *congé*. On the other hand, it cannot be concealed that, by remaining, both he and the others prevented their adversaries having their own way. There were no conquerors after this battle. Walewski and his clique complain that they were betrayed in the moment of victory and reduced to impotence.

The great *author* of all this has made quite as great a *fiasco* as the others. He had a plan and was obliged to put it away again in his portfolio.

There remains the question whether this is not a reason for having one more grudge against those who upset the proposed combination. In the meantime, the *status quo* is preserved.

The Prince de Latour d'Auvergne is by no means a Papist, and only accepted on certain conditions ; that is to say, provided that the Holy Father should not be restored to any of his former possessions, that no measures should be taken in opposition to the counter-revolution, and that, in addition, he should be empowered to give the tenant of the Vatican notice to quit. That is exactly what the Prince de Latour d'Auvergne said before setting out for Berlin.

Garibaldi's state is believed to be hopeless, and the only question now is whether he will die in full possession of his leg, or whether it will be amputated before his death. This is a great feather in the cap of Dr. Partridge, as well as of the thirty or forty doctors or apothecaries who swooped down upon the wounded man like ravens on a dead body.

The Greek affair is creating a great sensation here, not because much interest is taken in King

Otho or his small nation, but because it is the first crack in that Eastern edifice which Lord Palmerston thinks so firm. Attention, too, has been drawn to the language of the English newspapers, which, at the very earliest moment and before anything was known of the cause of the revolution, sided with it. They are faithful to their very wise theory of national interest, and it is evident that the Ionian Islands, side by side with a free Greece, are difficult to govern.

On the other hand, the choice of a successor to that wretched Bavarian who has been turned out promises to become a source of great embarrassment. The Greeks, as far as I can learn from those whom I know here, want the Duc de Leuchtenberg—in other words, a Russian protectorate—but there are not too many of that breed for Italy. I should not be surprised if the affair were speedily to assume considerable proportions.

We are promised a very curious trial at Poitiers next month. The question is a conjugal separation. Berryer and Jules Favre are engaged in it.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. The weather here is fine but cold.

CXIII.

Paris, October 31, 1862.

My Dear Panizzi,

All your letters have reached me safely. At the time you told me of the dinner you gave to the commentator of Homer I had no means of mentioning it to our friends. Moreover, they are evidently not inclined to be communicative just now. I think I told you that the affair which was to have been arranged by this rearrangement failed, owing to the opposition brought to bear against it by our friends. Had Cæsar a plan of his own? Probably. The plan failed, and the result is general disappointment.

The great difficulty would be to make our friends of Piccadilly and Carlton Terrace* (who very judiciously take interest as the basis of their system) understand that, on Cæsar's side, sentiment plays a very great and extraordinary part. On another side, an unfavourable judgment is passed on everything. Malice and underhand combination are visible everywhere. There is a reciprocal idea that each is worse than he or she

* Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone.

really is. The means to a mutual understanding are lacking.

As for M. Fould, careful consideration will show that it was difficult for him to do otherwise than he did. That does not imply that he was right; but, when he had regained his position, he was wrong in not insisting more strongly on the necessity of getting rid of the intriguers, male and female, who were capable of injuring him. Now, if he were to leave his saucepan on the fire, he would appear to have given up all hope of making a good stew. Again, his colleagues were in no great hurry to follow him. Lastly, every single business man was ready to cast a stone at him and blame him personally for all the consequences. I fear, as you do, that he will soon have reason to repent of having yielded to all these considerations, but, for some time at all events, he is too necessary to be kicked out.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I am writing in great haste. I have lost a lot of time, and I must close to catch the post.

CXIV.

Paris, November 18, 1862.

My Dear Panizzi,

I arrived five minutes ago, and during the whole of my stay at Compiègne I had not a single moment to myself. Things do not go on in the same way as at Biarritz; I am taken possession of from morning till night. Add to this that I had two parts to learn in a very short time, and rehearsals morning and evening. Everything, however, went off very well.

The Empress was very amiable to the Chevalier Nigra and an *attaché* called Alberti, who gave her lessons in Italian.

We hunted, danced, and acted. M. de Morny was the author of the two pieces played before their Majesties. The second was an impromptu commanded by the Emperor, who himself gave the subject. It was called *La Corde Sensible.*

Our amusement was a rather delicate one; it consisted of composing epigrams on the persons present, beginning with their Majesties, all interspersed with puns and jests of every description. M. de Morny, who was acting with me, was

somewhat nervous, but I, knowing the thorough good-nature of our hosts, had not the least uneasiness about our success.

M. de Morny began with himself. Then we passed on to Lord Hertford who, on hearing his name, was frightened out of his life. He was very much relieved to find that we did not go beyond a pun. He has a country residence in the Bois de Boulogne called Bagatelle, and I asked M. de Morny if it was true that this rich English lord occupied himself solely with *bagatelles*. Then came the turn of the Emperor, whom we rallied mercilessly on his taste for Roman antiquities. Lastly, we twitted the Empress on her passion for furnishing and arranging her apartments so that nobody can move about in them.

We created a great amount of laughter, and we actors were much amused by the fear we inspired. They wished to keep me, but I excused myself, and, at the end of the week, I shall leave for Cannes, where Miss Lagden and her sister already are. You would do well to come too and inhale the perfume of our flowers.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of yourself. I am as tired after my ten days at Court as I was after coming down La Rune.

CXV.

Cannes, November 30, 1862.

My Dear Panizzi,

Lord Brougham arrived three days ago in a state of wonderful preservation for a man of ninety. Professor Cousin has been in his hermitage for the last fortnight, and seems to me younger than ever. It is true that he goes to mass every Sunday, and that does a world of good to both soul and body.

On leaving Compiègne I was seized with acute spasms and have been in great pain. I consulted the faculty, and I do not know whether my Æsculapius flattered me or not, but his report is not as bad as I feared it would be. I thought I must have something unpleasant the matter with my heart or the regions round about it. I have been pronounced to be guilty of emphysema ; in other words, my lungs work like a pair of old bellows. In addition to this I am suffering from rheumatism

in the intercostal muscles. The first-named damages are beyond repair, but the rheumatism can be cured. I have been told to go to Aix or the Pyrenees for the sulphur baths. Finally, a few days ago I was assured that I should get through the winter, a bold assertion as it seemed to me. However, I have benefited by the change of climate. It has been raining for the last two days and now it is as warm as in summer.

The English whom I have seen all declare that the throne of Greece is not wanted for Prince Alfred, but his candidature progresses for all that. I imagine that Lord Palmerston, who believes that Turkey is advancing, and that he can preserve her to Europe, will refuse the uneasy throne, or else he will be obliged to alter his policy in the East. Whatever happens, I hope we shall not be concerned in it.

I do not yet know how the debate in the Italian Parliament ended. When I left Paris it seemed to me that Ratazzi was getting the upper hand. Do you think that Garibaldi, now that his bullet is extricated, will recommence his crusade against the Pope? Recent arrivals from Naples do not

give a flattering account of the state of the country. If you go there, preach patience to them and give them a sermon on this text—"Paris was not built in a day."

You know that I told our *host* of Biarritz that the Legitimists would show the cloven hoof in the approaching elections. As a matter of fact, they are stirring everywhere and are coalescing with the "Reds." I trust they will not succeed, but I hope their action will show our host aforesaid where he should look for his friends.

M. Fould has been at Compiègne since the day before yesterday. He has telegraphed to say that their Majesties are anxious for news of me. Have you been written to through the *Times?* As a good many projects set on foot there never came to maturity, this may very possibly share the fate of the rest.

CXVI.

Cannes, December 6, 1862.

My Dear Panizzi,

I am uneasy about the elections. From what I see, I fear the priests will give us

all our work to do to defeat them. Their power is great. They sway half, and the more prepossessing half, of the human race, and this half leads the other. In several Departments the clericals are making common cause with the "Reds," and almost everywhere they are bringing considerable influence to bear.

Ellice writes that he shall pass through Cannes about the 25th, and will ask me to dine with him. He holds out a hope of pheasants. Do not let him forget them if you see him before his departure.

Good-bye, I am in desperate haste and have not time even to wish you health, joy, and prosperity.

CXVII.

Cannes, December 13, 1862.

My Dear Panizzi,

I have no news of Ellice and his pheasants. I believe the *bear is at Bowood*, but I do not expect him until the end of the year. I know that he does not hurry himself when he is in good quarters, and he told me that he expected to pass a few days with M. Duchâtel, who

will make him drink the wine of the country, in my opinion far better calculated to make travellers pause than ever were the songs of the sirens.

We are having lovely weather, even for this country. From ten o'clock until night-fall we are in midsummer, and, heavy rain having fallen for some days, everything is green and flourishing. I hope you may have such weather at Naples. It could not be finer. The other day I sent the Empress a potato grown in the open air at Cannes which weighed five kilogrammes and three hundred grammes. What do you say now about the sun and the climate? I do not fancy they have anything like it at Malaga.

I have heard from the Comtesse de Montijo, who asks how you are. She is at Madrid again and free from cold. She tells me the Session will be a stormy one. I think, nevertheless, that O'Donnell will keep things as they are.

I see that an anti-French Ministry has been formed in Italy. Not a very clever stroke of policy. However, I shall have faith in the good sense of the Italians, and I hope the new-comer will not give a repetition of the Garibaldian

freaks. That unfortunate Garibaldi is writing the most absurd letters. Have you seen the one he wrote to Nélaton? He out-Herods Herod.

The Emperor achieved a veritable success the other day at the opening of the Boulevard du Prince-Eugène. His speech, which was very clever, created a great effect. The workmen of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine are much pleased with him for having named one of the new boulevards after a simple workman who became a rich merchant by his own talent. I do not know how he contrives to understand the instincts of the people so thoroughly. I wish he would give equal satisfaction to another aspiration of the French nation by holding his bishops and clergy more in check.

When you are at Naples you must tell me frankly what the state of things really is. I promise you, if you so wish, to keep your information under a bushel. I receive such contradictory reports from that nation, that I cannot help thinking there are great diversities of opinion there, or, rather, that there are two well defined parties, both very powerful and hard to be re-

conciled. It is unfortunate that the majority of our diplomatists who have been at Naples are, owing no doubt to their relations, very much attached to the Bourbon party.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi; I wish you a pleasant journey. I had a visit yesterday from King Louis of Bavaria. He is a good sort of fellow, very vicious and with plenty of wit.

CXVIII.

Cannes, January 3, 1863.

My Dear Panizzi,

Ellice has brought me some very curious American newspapers, containing an account of the battle of Fredericksburg. It was a horrible butchery without the least result. There are good soldiers on both sides, but no Generals. It will last in all probability throughout the year, and the fate of the Kilkenny cats is the only forecast one can draw with regard to the future of the country.

I am impatient to hear how you found Naples, and what you think of the past, present, and

future. My newspaper tells me that Garibaldi is to go to Naples soon. Rest assured that this prince of fools has not said his last word, but has still some stupid tricks in his bag.

Here, ever since the Mexican question assumed alarming proportions, Italy attracts less attention. Nevertheless, we shall see her crop up again in the debate on the Address. If, as I expect to be, I am well enough, I reckon upon going to Paris for the opening of the debate, which will be about the 20th of this month. I shall return here afterwards to get out of the bad weather in February and the beginning of March. I am decidedly anxious to sell my skin dearly, and to defend myself against cold and old age as long as I can.

Your friend, the Prince Imperial, has been suffering severely from a bad cold, but he is quite well again now.

How do you find the climate of Naples? I think with envy of the macaroni you are eating, of the *trigli di noglio* and other products of the country which, at Lady Holland's palace, are sure to be improved by art. Do not forget to buy

me a coral hand to preserve me from the evil eye, and make a note of the price.

Rothschild, whom you may have seen, gave a hunt and a magnificent breakfast in honour of the Emperor at his Château de Ferrières. It is reported that when the Emperor was starting for Paris, Rothschild said to him, with the accent and in the grammatical French you know, "Sire, my children and I shall never forget this day. Its memory will be dear to us"*

I saw Lord Brougham this morning and I thought him looking very old and worn. He is said to be writing his memoirs, which will be lengthy and perhaps not too veracious.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Health, joy, and prosperity to you in this year and those to come.

CXIX.

Cannes, January 16, 1863.

My Dear Panizzi,

I asked you for political reflections upon Southern Italy, but that is no reason why

* The point of this anecdote lies in Rothschild having said, "*Le* memoire."

you should not send me news about the excavations at Pompeii and elsewhere. If anything curious should turn up, and it is not troubling you too much, mind you report it to your trusty friend. I also commend myself to you for a small box of cinnamon bonbons.

Good-bye, my dear friend. I envy you your view of Vesuvius and the dinner you have just had. Ellice is at Nice, cured and as strong as a lion. He will be present at my funeral, after all.

CXX.

Cannes, February 3, 1863.

My Dear Panizzi,

A thousand thanks for M. Settembrini's report on the mouldings of Pompeii. It is somewhat poetical and scarcely precise, but the information you give me as to the manner in which the Romans shaved themselves is worth all the description in the journal.

I cannot talk politics with you at such a distance from the shining lights. I do not for a moment admit the correctness of your views as to the influence brought to bear upon Italy

by the occupation of Rome, though, as you know, I am opposed to the thing in itself. Brigandage is easy in a country where the roads are bad and the centres of population are far apart, and where, especially, there are laws which prevent any such line of action as that adopted by General Manès, who, in one year, shot so many rascals, or so-called rascals, that all the people who were left were as virtuous as the personages we read of in novels. Under this philanthropic administration a person might walk with his pockets full of gold from Naples to Tarento. In fact, these poor devils, in mortal dread of being shot, were in a fearful state of mind if any gold happened to be lost.

This system flourished under the first Empire and that of Nicholas, but it is now no longer applicable. Let me give you an instance of what I have seen done by good administration. No country can be better suited to brigandage than Spain is, and brigands she has had under every *régime*. The Duke de la Ahumada was appointed to organize the *gendarmerie*, and so well did he do it that by the end of a year there was not a

brigand in Spain. The Spanish *gendarme* is as active, as stolid and more disinterested than your London policeman, who pockets a "tip" with thanks. The Spanish *gendarme* would be turned out of the *corps* if he accepted any remuneration, and I have seen them refuse cigars offered by your humble servant. You will not have any brigands in the South of Italy when once your administration is good. To secure that, too frequent changes of Ministers should be avoided.

There is great anxiety about Mexico, and the general regret on the score of the expedition increases day by day. So many stupid things are done in Germany that whoever has the millions and the thousands of soldiers of Mexico might easily fish in troubled waters.

I do not understand, and I certainly deplore, the campaign carried on by Lord Russell in favour of the Poles, a campaign into which he wishes to drag us, if, indeed, he has not done so already.

CXXI.

Cannes, February 5, 1863.

My Dear Panizzi,

I received your letter safely, and I am truly sorry to find from it that you are still suffering from rheumatism. If the lovely climate of Naples is of no avail you should try gymnastics. Hire a man to let you punch him; that will restore the circulation in your arms, and at the end of a week you will have him asking for a substitute. I had a pain in my left shoulder which I got rid of by means of archery.

You will have heard of the death of Lord Lansdowne. He is the last of the great lords whom I have known. There was not, to all appearance, a happier man in the world, if public estimation can conduce to happiness. Lord Brougham has plenty of it here. He is, however, an advertisement, and I fancy he is older than Lord Lansdowne was.

Is Ellice Lord Glengurry or is he not? I am told he is not, at present. I wrote to him a few days ago, addressing him as "Right Honourable" simply, and have not had any reply. I know he

refused to be Lord something or other some years ago. At all events, as M. Royer-Collard said to M. Pasquier when he was made a Duke, it would not lower him.

What do you think of the terrible blunder of our friend, Odo Russell, twice as great as that of his uncle? Cannot you imagine the Homeric laughter of the Sacred College? What is the use of being clever? And have you not noticed that the English, and northern nations in general, cannot understand the pleasantry of the Southern races? Meyerbeer's brother, a Prussian and a poet, always fancied that I was making fun of him, and if I offered him spinach at dinner he used to say, "Spare me." The offer made to the Pope by Lord Russell, and his note on the affairs of Schleswig are weighty responsibilities for a Minister of Foreign Affairs, and I imagine Lord Derby will make him expiate them to the uttermost.

I allowed the Address to be voted, *nemine contradicente*. M. Billaut came out of it tolerably well. Everybody is expecting something or other, whereas I am thoroughly convinced that nothing will happen. The Pope's reforms are a piece of

facetiousness in which nobody believes, but the steps he takes will have the effect of showing which way the wind blows, as the saying is. He cannot possibly keep his head-quarter staff without employing them in doing evil, and no Pope can exist without a head-quarter staff. *Ergo*, everything is left for next year. It is of vital importance that, between this and then, things should go on quietly in Italy and that Garibaldi should not have his own way.

The Orleanists, the "Reds," and the Carlists are stirring in anticipation of the coming elections, and the three parties are coalescing nearly everywhere. It does honour to neither one of them. I am rather afraid of the result. Our friend, Dr. Maure, is a candidate here, supported by the Government, thanks to M. Fould and your humble servant; but all the black-coated gentry are unloosed against him, and they invent some petty aspersion every day.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Have you heard anything of the seizure of a book by the Duc d'Aumale on the house of Condé? I do not understand it in the least, which annoys me.

CXXII.

Cannes, February 11, 1863.

My Dear Panizzi,

Doctor Maure has advised me to stay here, and assures me that if, in my present state, I go poking about in the mud and fog of Paris I shall become seriously ill. I resigned myself to my fate very easily, the more so because my letters tell me that the debate on the Address will not give rise to any incident. In fact, everything has been patched up without a contest. Prince Napoleon, in my opinion, was ill-advised in voting with the "noes." He had better not have voted at all, but he never can resist the pleasure of doing an ill-natured thing. He is ever prone to folly, and there are not wanting people to advise him in that direction. His speech at the time of the distribution of rewards to the industrial classes was clever, and he ought to have stopped there.

This morning I received a letter from a friend of mine who has returned from Sicily. He describes the country as being in a state of great agitation and discontent. The roads are by no

means safe, owing, however, to the inadequate means of repression against robbers rather than to political excitement.

Lord Russell does not come badly out of the blunder of his nephew, who took one of the Pope's jokes for sober earnest.

The priests are daily gaining ground. I think of going to Paris about the 20th for ten days or so. Cousin is still here and wonderfully well. I am going to see Ellice to-morrow. He is not and does not wish to be Lord Glengurry. He says he wants to live and die as he has lived—a citizen of the world.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Adopt measures to relieve your rheumatism, and to lay in a stock of health against the rigors of spring.

CXXIII.

Paris, March 21, 1863.

My Dear Panizzi,

Thanks for your letter. You seem to be looking on the dark side of things. A certain amount of disorder in Naples seems to me to be

probable, but I do not believe in a revolution, or even in any serious movement. If my information is correct, the great misfortune of Italy is that for a long time all honest and enlightened people have held themselves, or have been held, aloof from public affairs. The result is that there is nobody to attend to them. To employ Piedmontese is a mode of rousing the jealousy of the other Italians, and to give each province separate administration is a mode of barring progress and encouraging folly. Time and patience are needed.

I was present at the last sittings of the Senate, which were stirring enough, thanks to Prince Napoleon. Nothing could have been more eloquent, more to the point, or cleverer than his speech, but at the same time nothing could have been less befitting a politician and a Prince. For a clever man his utter want of tact is incredible. The result was the loss of forty votes to the Poles. In truth, I really do not know whether his intention was to be of use to the Poles. He is *blasé*, and seeks his own amusement only. He thinks of the effect he will produce, and of nothing more. For his clients he cares not one

jot. However, we black-balled the petition of the Catholics and Academicians.

The Polish question is causing a great stir, at all events in Paris ; in the provinces nobody pays the least attention to it. As usual, this question has put all others on the shelf. No more attention is paid either to America or Italy. All the newspapers are full of news from Posen or Cracow, invariably of Polish origin and, as a rule, lies. It is, nevertheless, certain that there is a very marked national movement. As for the numbers of insurgents, they are not considerable, and they hang about the frontier of Galicia, on the outskirts of the forest, so as to secure their retreat.

The extraordinary part of the affair is the existence of a public enlistment office in Cracow, with Polish flags and huge placards, only a few paces from the Austrian sentries. You are aware that Austria does not fear insurrection from this quarter. The Galician peasants are Greeks ; the gentry Catholics. Austria has been a benefactor to the peasants, and in 1846, when the gentry showed signs of rising, she let loose these

peasants, who massacred them. A magnificent example of ingratitude, precisely similar to that which Prince Felix Schwartzenberg announced after the Hungarian campaign.

You may have noticed that, after a lengthy interview with the Emperor, M. de Metternich left for Vienna, whence he returns next week. Nobody knows what proposals he takes with him, and, in consequence, everybody hazards his own conjectures as if they came from a reliable source. Know, then, that Austria is about to cede Venetia to us, and will send four hundred thousand men to Poland whilst we give the Prussians a thrashing; we shall take possession of the Rhenish Provinces and shall present Austria with Silesia, Servia, and I know not what besides. We shall make a kingdom of Poland, and throw for it with a pair of dice. These are sensible sayings of to-day. The only thing which seems probable to me is a closer intimacy between Austria and ourselves. What that may bring forth I know not.

People here are very discontented about what General Forey is doing, or, rather, what he is not doing, in Mexico. It is stated this evening that

the mail steamer is in sight; in that case we shall have letters to-morrow.

I dined on Tuesday with our hosts of Biarritz; both were in perfect health. Your young friend, who was seven on the 16th of this month, took part in his first review and played his part very well among the *enfants du troupe*. His promotion to the rank of sergeant was asked for, but the answer was that he had not enough service according to the regulations. He does not wear a kilt any longer, but knicker-bockers which suit him admirably. He is always very gentlemanly, and is beginning to study in earnest.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Do not forget to bring me a horn to preserve me from the evil eye.

CXXIV.

Paris, May 5, 1863.

My Dear Panizzi,

I went yesterday to the Tuileries. The Empress asked after you and wanted to know why you did not breakfast with her when you passed through Paris. Nigra and the *attachés* of the Italian Legation appear to be in high favour, on

purely personal grounds of course. Yesterday, or, really, to-day, the Empress kept round her a circle of eight or ten, of which Nigra and two *attachés* formed part. We were not released until a quarter past two.

News has this moment been received of the capitulation of Puebla after a couple of engagements, in which the Mexicans were completely defeated.

Nothing fresh from Poland, unless it be the publication of two Russian replies in the *Moniteur*. Everything referring to us is very sweetly said. I think that, were I in Alexander's place, I should use ink of a different colour.

There will, I fear, be the devil to pay over the elections.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I am still poorly, my breathing and my temper being equally bad.

CXXV.

Paris, May 11, 1863.

My Dear Panizzi,

The Empress is suffering from a severe cold, caught through going to Fontainebleau to

try a Venetian gondola on the lake. How she managed to get underneath the *felce* with her crinoline I know not, neither do I understand how they managed the gondola, unless, indeed, a Venetian gondolier was sent with it.

I told you last year about the strange adventure I had with an unknown lady whose acquaintance I contrived to make. That adventure has led to another ten times more extraordinary, which has impressed me with a most favourable idea of the age in which we live. To tell you the whole tale would take up too much room, but the gist of the matter is this—the young men of the present day care for nobody but *lorettes*, the consequence being that respectable females must, perforce, have recourse to us old fogies. She has both wit and figure, but is mad I think.

CXXVI.

Paris, May 21, 1863.

My Dear Panizzi,

I have seen my *incognita* again and I do not know what to make of her. I have promised not to make any attempt to find out who

she is, and, to tell the truth, I do not care very much. All my conjectures have turned out to be utterly without foundation, so that I really am nonplussed. She is amusing, light-hearted, and a lunatic. She says she is an Italian ; indeed, she speaks Italian very fluently, and, as far as I can judge, without any accent. French she speaks with an accent, but it is not the Italian one. What a queer age is this age of ours ! I verily believe that the whole world, except our two selves, is mad.

There is plenty of excitement here about the elections. M. de Persigny is like a coachman holding in his horses and at the same time belabouring them unmercifully. His letter on the candidature of Thiers has had a bad effect among the upper classes, but I am assured that it has acted in quite an opposite direction among the small shopkeepers, who form the main body of the electors.

Our friend of the Faubourg Saint Honoré has set out to work for the election of his son, and missed a terrible breakfast at Ragelle's. He went off in better spirits than when you saw him. Nobody

doubts that after the elections there will be an important alteration in the Ministry, and, at present, appearances are in favour of the political colour affected by our friend being heightened. As the matter in reality depends on the will of one whose ideas are never known, the utmost uncertainty prevails except as regards the alteration in the Ministry.

Much, in my opinion too much, attention is still paid to Popish affairs. Fortunately, at present, and I hope it will last, all diplomatic action is taken in concert with England and Austria. The Crimean war must have injured Russia more severely than anybody imagined, or she would have put an end before now to a revolt which, even allowing for newspaper exaggeration, appears to be spreading and to become every day more embittered.

There is now in Paris a squadron of *Spahis* who occasionally accompany the Prince Imperial. In the midst of these black fellows in their fantastic uniform, he looks like one of the Princes of the "Arabian Nights" being carried off by magicians. He has recently been suffering from

cold, but is quite well now. I am told that he is beginning to work. His tutor, so they say, is an intelligent man, and not a clerical. It seems that he is not to have a governor. I was dreadfully afraid that a Bishop might be appointed. There was some talk of Marshal Vaillant, who also has his drawbacks, though not of that sort.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Remember me to the British Museum.

CXXVII.

Paris, June 1, 1863.

My Dear Panizzi,

We are in the very height of the electoral fever here. I do not know yet what the war will bring forth, but in all probability the anti-dynastic opposition will be very notably reinforced. Thiers, it is supposed, will be elected in Paris, thanks to Persigny's furious letters.

If the Government does make mistakes, the Opposition is just as bad. The "Reds" and the "Whites" join together without being in the least ashamed of themselves. The Duke de Broglie receives Carnot, the Minister of Public Instruc-

tion in 1848, who signed Madame Sand's *factums*. This rather alarms the shopkeepers, who remember how little pepper used to be bought in those days ; but the citizens of Paris have always a leaning towards Opposition. I hope our friend, Doctor Maure, will be elected in the Alpes-Maritimes, in spite of his prefect. M. Fould's son will be returned for Tarbes without any difficulty, and so will Edouard Fould for his Department, where his good dinners have won him the hearts of all the parish priests.

Much anxiety exists in connection with Polish affairs, to a greater extent than with those of Mexico, which, nevertheless, do not progress. But it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and Mexico will doubtless put a stop to Polish dreams. It would be impossible to tell more lies than the newspapers retail on the subject.

The questions of Mr. Gregory and the replies of Mr. Layard on the Eastern Question have been a source of amusement to me. Lord Palmerston will not give in, and, after England, there is not in his eyes a better governed country than Turkey.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I have not discovered anything fresh about the *incognita*, and I do not mean to run any risk of being watched. She promises me a visit to-day.

CXXVIII.

Paris, June 16, 1863.

My Dear Panizzi.

By this time you will have seen the result of the last elections, wherein the Opposition have gained rather remarkably. I am not very sure that the lesson will be taken to heart. The general outcry here is for a change of Ministry, or at all events for a considerable modification of the existing one. Although, according to the latest calculations, the Opposition only consists of five-and-twenty votes, it has enormous power in a country where everybody loves to criticise. It must be taken into account, otherwise too many advantages will be bestowed upon it. If the probable changes could be estimated by the general wish, and what would be most agreeable to the greatest number, the spendthrifts and courtiers would be turned out of the Cabinet and

replaced by men of business. But the master does not like new faces, and, I fear, is unwilling to admit that any men in particular are necessary. However, M. Billaut has been having frequent conversations with him for some time past, and appears to be giving him advice in this direction.

Our friend of the Faubourg Saint Honoré seems quieter and more contented. On the other hand, I know that M. Walewski, who at first assumed a triumphant air, is now rather downcast and uneasy. Nevertheless, nothing has been done as yet, and the present situation may last for a long time ; there is, apparently, no disposition to assemble the Chamber for the verification of powers. It will be convoked, so it seems, in November, which, in my opinion, is injudicious ; because, on the one hand, something might happen to render an immediate meeting necessary, in which case a fortnight would be lost over the verification of powers. On the other hand, after the manner in which the elections have been managed by the priests, we may look forward to more than one scandal, and, to my way of thinking, it would be better to mingle this with the excitement over the

elections than to let people calm down, only to rouse and excite them afresh later on. Machiavelli, who is still the prince of politicians, says somewhere or other, *Debbono farsi tutte le crudeltà in un tratto.* For *crudeltà*, which is out of date, substitute some more suitable word, and the principle remains the same.

M. Thiers announces his intention of being very moderate. The truth is, he is rather embarrassed by his surroundings. He cannot conceal from himself that he stands alone in the Chamber, and that the more or less "Red" following which rallies round him on certain occasions wishes him no good. He is divided between his very righteous indignation, caused by Persigny's circulars, and the anxiety with which the "Red" party inspires him. With another Ministry I think it would be possible to induce him to become, not the defender of the Government, but a friendly critic and useful on occasion.

Here is an amusing anecdote for you. Prevost-Paradol, of the *Débats*, bought an Arab horse from an officer of the *Spahis*. The first time he rode it he went to the Bois de Boulogne. The

Prince Imperial was passing with his escort of the regiment, and the horse at once joined them, taking M. Paradol, whether he liked it or not, as far as the court-yard of the Tuileries.

CXXIX.

Fontainebleau, June 25, 1863, Evening.

My Dear Panizzi,

You will have seen that we have constructed a Ministry. All is for the best, I think. The new-comers are, possibly, not sufficiently well-known; but the Cabinet gains a hundred per cent. in getting rid of some of its members. The last change may be said to do justice to the clever men, and, except for the fools and the stupid folk, it is a good thing.

We spend our time here gaily enough, and in very good company, almost as agreeable as at Biarritz, breeches excepted. There are no mountains of La Rune, but we take charming walks in the magnificent woods. There is a large pond in front of the Palace, which we dignify by the name of the Lake. There are all sorts of small boats—a Constantinople caïque

with a *caïkdji*, and a Venetian gondola quite in style with its gondolier. This gondolier broke silence the other evening, and, through the medium of M. Nigra, gave utterance to some rather pretty lines dedicated to Her Majesty. They ended thus—

Donna se acaro sull' placido
Tuo lago, a quando a quando
Teco verrà solando
Il muto Imperator,
Digli che in riva all' Adria
Povera, ignuda, esangue
Geme Venezia e langue
Ma vive—e aspetta ancor !

The only reply, I fear, would be, *Aspetti*. Nevertheless, Nigra is made much of here. There is another Italian, a fellow-countryman of yours, I believe, Count Sormani, a very good fellow, with a head on his shoulders. He comes from Modena, I think, and is as devoted to his lawful Dukes as you can be. Besides M. Billaut, who is a man of the world and very pleasant, he is the only official personage staying here—no great drawback.

We saw some queer figures cut during the Ministerial crisis. It is amusing enough to watch

a comedy from a private box, when you are neither an actor nor have any pretension to play a part in it. I have not met M. Fould since I left Paris, but I am told he is quite satisfied.

I have seen M. Thiers, and found him in a sensible frame of mind, and not nearly as angry as I thought he would have been. Frankly, he has no reason to be so, because he owes his election to the anger of M. de Persigny. He spoke highly of the Emperor, and appears determined upon withdrawing from the Opposition. I fancy he is looking out for an intermediate position. He would like to see a step forward taken, but he thinks that such a step would consolidate the dynasty. *Hic jacet lepus.* But, after all, it is a hopeful sign when a man like Thiers frankly accepts the Government of the Emperor, and wishes to improve it instead of upsetting it—a very rare *trait* among the Opposition in France. I have no doubt we shall see him here one of these days.

Polish affairs continue to give rise to much anxiety. I do not look upon the game that is being played in England as very loyal. It

savours too much of the chestnuts being pulled out of the fire by the cat's paws. All the fuss made in Parliament about the excesses of the Russians might have been made at St. Petersburg with quite as much reason at the time of the Sepoy revolt in India. Nobody said a word when Captain Hodgson killed, with his own hand, the two sons of the Great Mogul, who had outraged some Englishwomen (the Indians do not stand upon ceremony); but fire and fury are poured on the heads of the Russians because they hanged those officers who left their regiments to join the insurgents. At Puebla we shot all the Frenchmen we captured, and quite right too.

CXXX.

Paris, Sunday, July 12, 1863.

My Dear Panizzi,

I was to have dined with his Majesty yesterday, and I thought I might have handed him your letter; but, just as I was starting for Saint-Cloud, one of the grooms arrived with the news that the dinner was put off, in consequence

of the Duke de X. having had an attack, of what nature I know not, which had reduced him to a state of unconsciousness. There are two Pagan divinities towards whom he had too great a leaning, who might be held responsible! We are put off until to-morrow, should the accident not terminate fatally. I shall send to enquire how he is in the afternoon. If he should be worse, or die *salute a noi*, I will send your letter, which seems to me to be excellent.

I have no definite plans as regards the future. Nevertheless, I think you will see me appear about the 20th of this month. As you know, I do not care very much for society, and I am coming to London to see *you*. As for dinners, yours please me far more than those given by the aristocrats of the West End. You have the example of the Duc de X. to show you that young people of our age should be content with a beef-steak.

News of the taking of Mexico has just arrived. If it were the end of the whole business it would be a very good thing, but another order of difficulties is beginning now. Up to the present time Cæsar and M. Fould are the only

persons I know who think that this country will reap any benefit from the affair.

News from Russia is awaited with much impatience, and a certain degree of anxiety. Most people incline to the opinion that Gortchakoff's reply will be extremely polite, and that he will even accept Austria's proposals, if not ours, which seem to coincide with those of England. But the Poles will not have anything to say to them, any more than they had to the armistice so timidly suggested by Lord Russell. In that case, what will follow? Give Russia *carte-blanche?* If the Poles had not been encouraged, the insurrection would, in all probability, have been over by this time. There is a good deal of curiosity still as to the mode in which the National Government will be dealt with; it bears a strong resemblance to the government of the free judges, or the inquisition of the State of Venice. I fancy Lord Russell will find them out easily enough, seeing that he has the great pontiff, Hertzen, under his finger and thumb.

I have just seen a letter from Thiers, who has had a wonderful reception at the hands of the

aristocracy of Vienna. The Emperor consulted him upon politics, and he modestly replied that he could not but admire M. de Schmerling. He appears, moreover, very much struck with the Liberal movement in Austria, and the resigned manner in which the great folks accept it. He seems to have made up his mind to display no factious opposition here, and even to separate himself, after a very open fashion, from his "Red" Parisian colleagues. But *entre dicho y hecho, hay gran trecho.*

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi, but not for long, I hope.

CXXXI.

Paris, July 16, 1863.

My Dear Panizzi,

The poor Duc de X. is paying dear for his tardy amusements. It seems that, after having dined and swallowed a fair amount of brandy, he went to an *al fresco* ball, whence he returned to sup, with two fair companions, at the *Maison Dorée.* On coming out, he fell down on

the pavement half-paralysed, and, I am told, has not yet regained consciousness.

I dined the day before yesterday with Madame Fould, who gave me the news from Vichy. Her husband is, apparently, in great favour with his Majesty. People, as a rule, are content with the new Ministry. The Minister of Public Instruction has commenced his career with some decidedly anti-Jesuit measures, which have produced a very good effect.

I am not pleased with Lord Russell's note, nor with his speech on Poland. The note is very commonplace in style, especially if you compare it with those written by Drouyn de Lhuys and M. de Rechberg. A vast amount of artless simplicity is displayed in connection with the armistice, for a portion of which, I am bound to confess, we are responsible. An armistice is asked for; but how can you have an armistice without definite frontiers? And what means will you adopt to define a frontier in a country where the insurgents certainly do not possess a single town—possibly not even a village; where there is not a single league of territory in their occupation, but where every

forest has its band of from one to two hundred men? A pretty reply, indeed, in preparation for Prince Gortchakoff! Add to this the assurance given to Parliament that war will not be declared against Russia, even though she should give a negative reply to the six proposals. In my opinion, never was anything more imprudent, and, at the same time, more timid, signed by a Minister of Foreign Affairs. What a clear proof this is of the enormous power wielded by the Press, which makes the most sensible men guilty of such incredible folly.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I will write you shortly, and, I trust, shall then be able to name the day of my arrival.

CXXXII.

Paris, August 21, 1863.

My Dear Panizzi,

I arrived safely at my domicile yesterday, not without having sacrificed to Neptune, impelled thereto less by his anger than by the presence of a hundred and fifty old women who were dreadfully ill.

I have not been able to get to Saint Cloud to-day. I hope to go there to-morrow, and will write you at the beginning of next week.

It appears settled that we are to have a November Session, not only for the verification of powers, but for legislative purposes. The few people I have seen do not believe in war, and I am told that the enthusiasm in Poland is gradually cooling down.

The Archduke Maximilian has written the Emperor a letter of eight pages to thank him. He accepts, and his letter, so I am told, is wanting neither in eloquence nor gratitude. It is stated positively that our business in Mexico is going on favourably. A certain Colonel Dupin has been ordered to harrass the Mexican Juarista guerillas with the *Spahis d'Afrique* and some rival Mexican irregulars. He has begun well, just as everybody ought to deal with such riff-raff, by hanging or shooting every one he catches. The natives highly approve of this treatment, and are eager to be employed by us as spies. A few months' hunting, it is thought, will suffice to render the country quite safe. *Utinam.*

The Opposition in the Chamber here is expected to play the very devil and cause serious embarrassment. I hope to see Thiers one of these days.

The Emperor and the Prince Imperial are in camp at Châlons for the manœuvres.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I am out of spirits at having left you, and console myself by thinking that it is only for a short time.

CXXXIII.

Paris, August 23, 1863.

My Dear Panizzi,

I went to Saint Cloud yesterday, and found everybody in perfect health; I do not allude to the soldiers, great and small, in camp. The photographs were received with many thanks, and appeared to give great pleasure.

Somebody was going to write to you, but as the operation is one which is painful to that little hand, I am commissioned to spare it. I am commanded, therefore, to ask when you are coming. *She* leaves on the 31st of this month. Would you like to start with her? *Monsieur* does not return

to Paris until the 27th. He will leave it again on the 4th of September. Under any circumstances, your presence is relied upon, but you are free to fix your own day. Do not delay in replying. I am completely at your disposal. I merely make one observation, not objection. If we leave on the 31st, I do not see how we can reckon upon getting away before the end of the month. Decide as you please.

No war this year. That is evident. *Somebody* is decidedly Catholic. The son, however, gives me some hope. His tutor told him an old tale, the *dénouement* of which came to pass under Tiberius, and asked him if he did not think the Jews abominable wretches for having behaved so to Our Saviour. The little one replied, "But why, when He was omnipotent, did He let them do it?" I do not know what the tutor said. Find a good answer if you can.

Good-bye, but not for long. Reply to me, and decide for yourself without any mental reservations or standing upon ceremony. You have business to do; you both can and ought to put that first.

CXXXIV.

Biarritz, September 27, 1863.

My Dear Panizzi,

A line in haste, for I am off to mass. The Empress is suffering severely from a sore throat, caught, you know where, and aggravated by a boating excursion on the Nive. The Emperor also has a slight cold, and the Prince Imperial yesterday had several attacks of sickness. This morning he is very nearly all right again.

We have had a very pleasant trip from Tarbes to Pau and Biarritz. Your commissions have been executed faithfully, and with as little delay as possible.

Good-bye. I am charged with all sorts of complimentary and tender messages for you from both ladies and gentlemen, beginning with two august personages.*

* To this letter were added these few words in the handwriting of the Empress:

"I must tell you, my dear Mr. Panizzi, how sorry I am that you are no longer with us. I ask you to bear me always in kindly remembrance.

"Your political ally,
"EUGÉNIE."

CXXXV.

Biarritz, October 1, 1863.

My Dear Panizzi,

The colds with which I frightened you so have nearly disappeared, *ma questo è nulla.*

The devil, who presides over our affairs, has sent to our shores the Imperial yacht, *L'Aigle*, and has implanted in us the desire of making a voyage of circumnavigation around the Iberian Peninsula. We are, therefore, to take on board a quantity of *cocodès*, to proceed, first of all, to Lisbon to see how the Queen of Portugal is after her confinement, and then to visit Cadiz, Seville, Malaga, and Granada, returning by way of Marseilles.

The only thing against the trip, so far as Portugal is concerned, is the inopportuneness of the visit; but in Andalucia things assume a more serious aspect; any number of cousins; the Duc de Montpensier at San Lucar or Seville; the Spanish elections; a young person to marry, more or less strongly recommended to suitors by the surrounding *cocodès* and naval officers.

Cortina, a former Minister of Finance in Spain,

whom I met at Bayonne, told me that the arrival of her Majesty in Audalucia might give rise to very serious disturbances. Her reception, according to him, may be either good or bad, but, in any case, it will be after a scandalous and dangerous fashion. He fears that the *progresistas*, to whom everything is fish that comes to their net, may make the visit an excuse for some ovation or other which will be quite as embarrassing to the recipient of it as to the Spanish Government.

Last of all, but by no means least, the Press is free in Spain, and the arrival and the *cortège* combined may supply the journalists with a topic for their malice and insolence, which, you may rest assured, will receive underhand support from her Catholic Majesty and the Duc de Montpensier.

I find that I am in harmony with everybody else here in regretting this untoward project, but I am almost the only one to open my mouth. However, I have persuaded Mocquart to speak to the Emperor. As he quoted me, and the Emperor quoted me, I had a battle royal with the Empress on the spot.

You will not be surprised when I tell you that, though she was rather angry, she has never for a moment ceased to be as kind and attentive to me as is her wont. My attachment to her, and the actual risk of the proceeding, made me bold and frank, and I spoke out my mind very freely, occasionally, indeed, with more warmth than was warranted by respect. She argued the point fairly, but like a barrister with a bad case. Her main argument was that she was at liberty to do all that a private individual might do. I replied that she was not a private individual, that she had responsibilities, and must act up to them.

After a very animated discussion, which lasted half-an-hour, having said all I had to say, I concluded by telling her that as a great Sovereign she could not do anything which might compromise both her husband and her country, and that she ought to make up her mind that she was not free ; that a King enjoyed less freedom than anyone, and that it was precisely on that account that I had declined all the crowns which had been offered me. That made her laugh and call me a *bête*, but, nevertheless, I could see that my reason-

ing had made an impression upon her and had shaken her resolution.

However, as she will never give in, the trip is to come off. The departure was to have taken place this morning, but the sea is so rough that it is impossible to reach Passages, where *L'Aigle* is in readiness. My earnest wish is that the trip may be limited to spending a few days at Lisbon, and I am not without hope that it may be so. The sea, equinoctial gales, &c., &c., are all capable of effecting a change of plans.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of yourself and let me hear from you. Do not mention the trip to anybody, although, unfortunately, it will not be a secret for long.

CXXXVI.

Paris, October 8, 1863.

My Dear Panizzi,

I find that nobody here pays much attention to the Empress's trip, which is a great relief to my mind. She arrived at Lisbon in good health, and after a speedy voyage. She ought to be at Cadiz to-day. It is there, worse luck, that

the embarrassment will begin. She seems to have appeared in Portugal only to disappear again. The King had news of the arrival, but there was no public entry nor *fiocchi*.

On the other hand, she sent De Caux from Lisbon to Madrid with a letter for the Queen, so as to charm away her Catholic Majesty's ill-humour as far as possible.

I have been breakfasting with M. Fould, and found him jolly enough, and not nearly as angry as might naturally be expected in the case of a man snatched away from the ortolans of Tarbes to be plunged into politics and finance. He is much pleased with his master and believes in the continuance of peace, at all events so long as his allies do not care about war.

I have met here a Portuguese, who is well-off, bored, and has a taste for shooting. He went to Morocco with O'Donnell, and subsequently to Poland, whence he has returned after having been twice taken prisoner by the Russians, whom he praises up to the skies on account of their having confined themselves to sending him across the nearest frontier. He says that there is not a word

of truth in the Polish despatches, and that he spent his time in being beaten and taking to flight. He has no exalted opinion of either the patriotism or the resources of the country.

The saying of Lord Palmerston which you send me is good enough, but it is the saying of an old man who has no further hope, and who only asks to be allowed to die in peace. In my opinion it is not the language of the Prime Minister of a great country.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I wish you health and prosperity. The weather is worthy of London, though by no means too cold.

CXXXVII.

Cannes, October 20, 1863.

My Dear Panizzi,

I have been within an ace of a nasty experience of the system of economy practised by railway companies, who, so as not to delay their trains, run them over ways which are neither properly laid nor set. We had an accident between Avignon and Marseilles which might have proved serious. However, one van only was upset, the

one carrying the mails, and all the occupants were slightly bruised. The carriage in which I was came to a stop on the edge of a slope about thirty feet deep. I was in a *coupé* with a priest, and behind us were three Capucins. That explains the accident. One ought not to travel in such bad company.

I have had news of our friends on board *L'Aigle*, a line from Madame de Lourmel and a telegram from the *Comtesse de Pierrefonds* (*sic*), dated Cadiz, 18th, and worded thus—"I am leaving Cadiz in good health. Everything has gone on well." I leave you to explain the statement in a newspaper which says that she arrived at Valencia on the 17th, and had left for Madrid.

The death of Billaut is a serious blow to the success of the Session which is on the eve of commencing. He was undoubtedly the cleverest man, and the one most fitted to hold his own with advantage against even the most brilliant orators of the Opposition. He was not a statesman, but he was a wonderful tool in a statesman's hands. As far as I can see, Rouher alone can succeed, but not replace him.

I have good news of Thiers. He is still prudent and promises to continue so. Whether he will keep his word is in the womb of fate. Cousin, who was an excellent adviser, is coming here, but he will no longer be able to control him or make head against the sinister influence of a certain number of Orleanist ladies whose smiles our esteemed friend values too highly.

Good-bye, my dear friend. I hope you are well and are not regretting the sky of the Pyrenees over much. I am stifled with the heat. There is not a cloud in the sky. The sea is like a mirror.

CXXXVIII.

Cannes, October 27, 1863.

My Dear Panizzi,

The motives for the trip which pass current with you are simply ridiculous. There is a certain class of people who seem to think that one cannot even drink a glass of claret without some political motive. Moreover, the reception has been most favourable, and everything has passed off in the best possible way. In a short

time I shall be in possession of the details, and I will send them on to you if they are worth the trouble.

Cousin arrived yesterday from Paris with a very gloomy report of things in general. He believes, and I think he is right, that all the fine promises made by Thiers will fall to the ground. He has another ambition, and that of the loftiest. It is neither more nor less than to be chief of the Cabinet; he must be President or God knows what. In the meantime, he is commencing operations with what seems to me to be a piece of impertinence and a mistake. He does not intend to be present at the opening sitting. Newly elected Senators and Deputies are bound to put in an appearance to be sworn. Does he labour under the impression that an oath taken in the House and before the President is less binding than if he took it before his Majesty? He says that his action is taken with a view to standing well with the Opposition, so that when he preaches moderation his words may have more weight.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. The weather is still magnificent. Yesterday we were presented

with a large bunch of violets, the second bloom this year. We are eating peas, and if the heat continues we shall, in all probability, very soon be having next year's fruit.

CXXXIX.

Paris, November 9, 1863.

My Dear Panizzi,

The anecdote about Lord Palmerston has put me in a good humour for the last three days. It appears, from the lawyer's letter, that the injured party is unwilling to come to an arrangement, and that there will be a trial. How heartily poor Ellice would join us in a laugh if he were this side the Acheron. Lady Palmerston, who is a clever woman, can scarcely take the infidelity to heart, but the scandal, in these days, is more serious, and the Queen will look askance at her Prime Minister. In France a statesman would probably succumb before the flood of ridicule. I do not know how the affair will be looked upon in England. At all events, if a subscription is set on foot to erect a statue to Lord Palmerston, put

my name down after your own. I fear nothing of the kind will fall to our lot.

The speech of the Emperor seems to have given general satisfaction. It is very clever, and although the assembling of a European Congress may in practice be difficult of realization, it places the Sovereigns in a great quandary, and those who refuse will be in bad odour among their subjects. The speech of M. de Morny has had an equally good effect on account of its conciliatory and proper tone. On the whole, the Session, which looked like commencing under very unfavourable auspices, may very easily turn out better than was expected. I am going to see M. Fould and to hear his report, which, I am told, is reassuring.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Keep yourself in as good health and spirits as is possible. Remember me to our friends.

CXL.

Compiègne, November 18, 1863.

My Dear Panizzi,

I presented your homage to their Majesties, and particularly to the Empress on her

birthday, the 15th, of which you alone had no idea, pagan that you are!

Everything went off very well. I mean *exceptis excipiendis.* During the fireworks a woman, who wanted to have a better view of them, and ventured within the ropes, was killed outright by a rocket which struck her in the eye. We acted a somewhat weak charade, but, nevertheless, were well received and made everybody laugh.

Then, at dinner on the 15th, your friend, Prince Napoleon, courteous as ever, would not propose the health of the Empress. He was seated on her right, *pro consuetudine*, and the Emperor told him to propose a toast and make a speech. He made a face instead. The Empress, in her turn, said to him, "I am not particularly anxious for a speech. You are very eloquent, but your speeches occasionally alarm me." In reply to a second appeal from the Emperor, he said, "I am not accustomed to speak in public." Everybody rose without having any very clear idea as to what was going on in the centre of the table. At last his Majesty said, "You do not wish to propose the health of the Empress?" "If your

Majesty will excuse me, I would rather not." Prince Joachim then proposed the toast, and we left the table rather upset.

This freak was quite enough to have resulted in his being asked to go to the Palais-Royal to see if their Majesties were at home there; however, the *host* and *hostess* preserved their wonted composure, and the Empress even took his arm to the drawing-room. There the Prince stood isolated, everybody shunning him, whilst he assumed a sulky, ill-tempered air, which made him look very like Vitellius.

This morning there has been much journeying to and fro, the result of which appears to have been a reconciliation. I never saw any man so wanting in courtesy. As for me, I would not have put up with such a wanton insult, but you know the Emperor's long-suffering disposition; he looks upon him as a spoiled child, and takes no notice of his bad tempers. Seriously, I think it very sad that, at a time like this, the Bonapartes do not rally round the head of their family. The Prince who, I suppose, dreams sometimes of playing a part in politics, renders himself obnox-

ious by his ill-mannered behaviour. He flatters the "Reds" and imagines, perhaps, that if there were to be a revolution he would be spared. The history of the Duc d'Orléans might teach him what his fate would be in a Republic if such a thing were ever established in this country.

I am staying here for another week. To-day witnessed the arrival of the Germans, M. de Metternich and the Prussian Minister, the Comte de Goltz, both of them the reverse of amusing. Perhaps the death of the King of Denmark will deprive us of the charming toilets and waltzes of the ladies.

I think of being in Paris again for the middle of next week. I shall remain there until after the debate on the Address, and then I shall go to Cannes to await the end of the winter. Will you come and pay us a visit ?

CXLI.

Compiègne, November 22, 1863.

My Dear Panizzi,

We never have an idle moment here. Your servant is the manager of the Theatre,

author and actor. He carries out revolutions in Fine Arts, and wages war against the Institute. In his leisure moments he has researches to make in connection with Roman history. He is, however, at liberty to do what he pleases from 1 A.M. to 8 A.M. Happily, on Wednesday I shall be a free agent once more.

The reply of Austria has arrived; very friendly, agreeing in principle, but asking for information. M. de Goltz, who is here, has, I believe, brought a similar letter from the King of Prussia. In fine, I believe that there will be a goodly crop of protocols, but that a Congress will be assembled. I doubt its doing very much, but it will prevent a war, which is the great point.

CXLII.

Paris, December 7, 1863.

My Dear Panizzi,

Cæsar appears to have read Lord Russell's letter with a tolerably favourable eye. That England will become a second-rate Power is a foregone conclusion, at all events so long as she invariably backs out whenever she is called upon

to take action as a first-rate Power. It is her own business, and, from a certain point of view, I am willing to admit that she is right and we are wrong. But, on the other hand, do you approve of the excessive haste of her refusal, and the terms made use of by Lord Russell? We are not accustomed to politeness at his hands, but he might have taken the trouble to read the Emperor's letter. Whilst all the European Powers confine themselves to requesting that the points to be considered may be specified, he replies that it is impossible to come to any understanding, and that it is not worth while trying. Do not forget, either, that only very recently he complained of the bloated armaments of France, which compelled all Europe to imitate her, although the Emperor in his letter says that the question of a general disarmament is one which must be brought before the Congress. If all the Powers would set their faces against dealing with the matters which now agitate Europe, if they were willing to remain on the *uti possidetis* basis, and would be content to reproduce such articles of the Treaties of 1815 as have not been abrogated,

sanctioning them anew, the question of disarmament might be got over without difficulty. If each Power would enter into an engagement with the remainder to reduce its military establishment in accordance with its own proper necessities, would it not be a grand thing for all Europe ? To this question Lord Russell does not vouchsafe a reply.

The impression made here by his letter is as bad as it can be, but that will not distress him very much. Supposing, as is probable, that the Polish insurrection is put down next spring, and the Emperor Alexander exhibits some degree of humanity or political consideration towards his Polish subjects, there will certainly be a better feeling between France and Russia, the effects of which may some day be a source of anxiety to England, if, indeed, we are not in a state of absolute anarchy by the time the Eastern question breaks out.

The debate in the Chamber on the verification of powers has shown universal suffrage in its true colours. The Government was not justified in making use of the same means of corruption

and intimidation of which the Opposition stand convicted. Now that candidates have to curry favour with the rabble, they are compelled to employ disreputable agents, who are guilty of every imaginable baseness. It is a great pity that publicity has been given to all this. In England, where the electoral standard is much higher, the sponge is carefully passed over all such dirt as this.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of yourself. How is Lord Palmerston's case going on?

CXLIII.

Cannes, December 30, 1863.

My Dear Panizzi,

Since I have been here I have had no political news, except through Cousin, who has correspondents among the great Statesmen, and through M. Fould, who occasionally sends me a few lines.

The debate on the loan was more favourable than I expected. M. Thiers was so-so. Between ourselves, he seems to me to have neither learnt nor forgotten anything, like your friends the

Bourbons. He wanted to speak, and he spoke—about trifles. He treated the Chamber with an air of superiority, which was not relished, and the only result at which he arrived was to prove that he is not the leader of the Opposition, and that it has no confidence in him. He may, perhaps, have his revenge on the Mexican question, which is a far more favourable battle-field for the Opposition. I am at a loss to imagine how M. Rouher and M. Chaix d'Est-Ange will extricate themselves out of that mess.

There is bad news from Italy and Hungary. The "Red" party, which is, like the clerical party, peculiar to every country, and which acts throughout Europe in diabolical harmony, is stirring seriously, and promises a wholesale explosion for next spring. Have you seen Kossuth's proclamation? I am not at all sure that the Italian Government is strong enough to hinder the Volunteers and Garibaldi initiating some fresh folly. There is too much reason to fear that it will not be sufficiently prepared to oppose anything of that sort.

It is absolutely certain that the "Reds" and

the clericals, those two enemies of common sense and humanity, announce portentous events for the year which will begin the day after to-morrow. I do not believe in the success of either, but I do believe in a terrible mess, baleful for everybody, particularly ourselves.

Rumours of Ministerial resignations, that of Drouyn de Lhuys among others, have been current in Paris during the last few days. I do not attach much credence to them, although I am convinced that it would be a great thing to get rid of that speech-maker, who has not an idea of his own, and, even on the score of speeches, is far behind Prince Gortchakoff.

Lord Brougham is here, very weak and tottery, but as great a busy-body as ever, inquisitive to a degree, and rather a *gobemouche*. He has become very religious, which holds out some hope for you and me when we arrive at the age of eighty-five.

Before leaving Paris I consulted the cleverest doctor on asthma. He prescribed a course of treatment which I shall follow, and he promises me a complete cure if I only adhere to it rigidly. It consists of swallowing arsenic. I know that

sheep, horses and Tyrolese derive great benefit from it, but the main point is to find out whether my stomach is on a par with those of the quadrupeds and bipeds to whom arsenic is a boon. At all events, the experiment must be made.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Finish this year, and begin the next one well, and follow the philosophic principle, *recte agere et lætari.*

CXLIV.

Cannes, January 17, 1864.

My Dear Panizzi,

I have no news from Paris except through the newspapers. The turn which events are taking makes me very uneasy. On the one hand, attempts at assassination are recommencing; on the other, the debate on the Address is becoming more and more embittered every day. Thiers began well. Except as regards the conclusion of his first speech, which was either a *lapsus linguæ*, or, as I fear, a concession to his friends of the Opposition, he played his part well. His second speech, a flat contradiction of his political career from beginning to end, shows

that he is in tow of his new friends. The bitterness of speech and the insolence indulged in by Favre irritated the majority beyond endurance, and impelled them to a hasty line of conduct, which, as applied to a weak minority, is regretable, although it was well-nigh inevitable. But what are you to do with people who persist in abusing whatever liberty is extended to them? On the other hand, how can you refuse, as a foregone conclusion, concessions which are just in principle and almost promised by the Emperor? There is danger on every side.

The extreme Opposition is in the ascendant and is now disciplined. It is anxious, above all things, to glorify the defunct Republic. Thiers supports the candidature of M. Dufaure and Odilon Barrot in Paris. They bear illustrious names, but are not wholly irreconcilable enemies. The Opposition supports Carnot, who, under the Republic, was the author of those detestable circulars, which you, no doubt, remember, and Garnier-Pagès, one of the greatest fools of the same epoch. Renan was, at one time, in favour, but his opinions on the subject of Jesus Christ

gave rise to some alarm, for there are Republican Catholics, and even a goodly number of Republican priests. There is a natural affinity between all fools.

The Danish business now appears to be entering on a new phase. Austria and Prussia affect to be arranging it by themselves after their own peculiar fashion. The petty States in Germany will probably be unable to hinder them, but they will take their revenge in exciting the revolutionary spirit, which has plenty of inflammable elements throughout Prussia. In the midst of this excitement the Polish question has lost almost all its importance and popularity. The Opposition no longer makes it a stalking-horse. The insurrection is, however, nearly at an end everywhere.

I hear nothing now about the affair which took place at Tivoli between the Papal troops and our men. These soldiers of the Pope are Belgians and Frenchmen. General de Montebello is on as bad terms with Monsignor de Mérode as his predecessor was, but he is far less patient, and is, moreover, better backed up. It appears certain

that the four individuals who were arrested with bombs and poisoned daggers in their possession were waiting for a leader from London. They were watched in the hope that their leader might be arrested with them; but the Emperor insisted on taking his walk in the Bois de Boulogne. Seeing that he invariably goes there without an escort, the Prefect of Police dared not give such an opportunity to the men on whom he had his eye. I see that Mazzini denies having advised the step. It is possible to disown any bad cause; but if he did not advise, he, at all events, inspired.

CXLV.

Cannes, January 28, 1864.

My Dear Panizzi,

Your despair made me laugh. What possible understanding could there be between those four rascals and yourself? And who would be fool enough to hold you responsible, because, among twenty-four million men, there happen to be some knaves and some fools? I have seen Mazzini's denial. It is possible that he may not have had anything to do with this horrible business,

but, nevertheless, he must take his share of the responsibility, and these four bandits are his *more or less* immediate pupils. You have, I suppose, noticed that our "Reds" disown them very openly. I should not like to assert that they are quite sincere in this. It appears certain, however, that the four who were arrested were merely tools of a leader for whom they were waiting, and who, apparently, would have been captured if the Emperor had only consented to absent himself from the Bois de Boulogne for a few days. To have left the subordinates free to act would have been running too great a risk, for they might very easily have acted without their leader, and their consignment to prison was most judicious.

Is it true, as I am inclined to believe from the tone of the English newspapers, that John Bull is angry in earnest over the interference of the Germans in the Holstein question, that the Ministry is under threat of defeat, and that the Tories are coming in?

I have never been able to understand even the first principles of the question of the Duchies, and I do not fancy that there are many who know

anything about it. I hope we shall be better advised than we were in the Mexican business, and that we shall not mix ourselves up in it. I should be very sorry if we were caught by the bait of the Rhenish Provinces. We do not need them, and they do not want us. For all that, I am convinced that it would be the only means of solving the great problem of how to make the Germans agree among themselves.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I see that Bishop Colenso has been inhibited; religious people are fools all over the world.

CXLVI.

Cannes, February 4, 1864.

My Dear Panizzi,

There are no *calissons* at Cannes; but as the post was not instituted for nothing, I am going to write to Aix to get some, and I hope the case will be despatched the day after to-morrow at the latest.

You have heard of the success of M. Fould's loan. The subscription amounted to sixteen times

as much as he asked for. There is an idea that this eagerness to subscribe is alarming, because it may, and possibly will, instil a taste for investing large sums of money in any speculative enterprise.

However, up to the present time there are no signs of our mixing ourselves up in this diabolical Schleswig-Holstein business. On the contrary, it is generally believed that, by virtue of the respect for nationalities which we profess, we shall hold aloof. Indeed, if we were to fly to the rescue of the Danes, who interest me as much as they do you, we should succeed in effecting an instantaneous reconciliation between all the Germans, and should bring back the good old days of 1814 and 1815.

As far as Lord Russell was concerned, the difficulty was great. I do not see very clearly how he could have got out of the business *with elegance*, as Archambauld de Talleyraud said with reference to the Spanish war of 1809. Lord Russell assumed the Germans to be greater fools and more stupid than they really are. He allowed himself to be worsted by M. de Beust in the dip-

lomatic correspondence, and I imagine he has no desire to approach the *ultima ratio*.

For my part, I should be delighted if the Danes were to inflict a severe defeat on the allies; unfortunately, the Almighty is invariably on the side of the strong battalions. That the war, if there is to be one, should not be speedily finished appears to me to be impossible. The Germans, once masters of Schleswig, will halt, and all the fighting will be by protocols.

If, by any chance, England should succeed in effecting a coalition with Russia and France against Germany, the affair would assume such proportions that the devil himself would alone be able to cope with it. It would result in a thorough re-arrangement of the map of Europe. But, on the other hand, who would be the gainers by the war? The Russians and ourselves, for we should have some German pickings on our side of the Rhine, and Russia has also her pretentions in connection with the Sclav Provinces. Seeing that England—and she is right—does not make war, as we do, for ideas, and cannot undertake it single-handed on the Continent, I am constrained

to believe that she will confine herself to protesting; but how will Parliament regard the assumption and the threats of Lord Russell, who will end by compromising it, and giving the Germans *(naturæ dedecus)* the laugh at its expense? Lord Palmerston will need all his health, which you say is so good, to stand against the onslaughts of the Opposition.

If Thiers goes to London, it can only be with one object—to make his peace with the Orleans Princes. In my opinion, he will be guilty of a glaring error.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I will let you know when the *calissons* are despatched. Take care of yourself, and do not work yourself to death.

CXLVII.

Cannes, February 13, 1864.

My Dear Panizzi,

Your Danish proclivities must have received a severe shock by the capture of Dannewerke. I myself regret it sincerely, and I hoped it would not have come to pass so speedily. The

spectacle of the weak being oppressed by the strong is always a painful one, and it is impossible not to feel interested in a poor little nation assailed by those two brutes of Germans.

England or, rather, Lord Russell, seems to have solved the problem of how to be pelted by all the world. I do not think he was wrong in refusing to meddle in a quarrel in which he was only slightly interested, but there was no necessity for his insulting people whom he would not fight. Yet that is precisely what Lord Russell did. All that he has gained by so doing has been to lay himself open to some exceedingly insolent and ambiguous rejoinders on the part of M. de Bismarck, and, *proh pudor*, flat contradiction at the hands of the Minister of Saxony. In addition to all this, the Danes accuse England of having deceived them. If I am not very much mistaken, the day will soon come when England will be compelled to make strenuous efforts to regain her position as a first-rate Power, which Lord Russell, by his mixture of feebleness and insolence, has caused her to forfeit.

I hear nothing now of the rumoured trip of

Thiers to England. To make overtures of reconciliation with Claremont, or to appear to do so, at this juncture would be about the most stupid step he could possibly take.

Things do not seem to me to be going on badly in Italy, and the "Reds" sustained a reverse in the last elections, which should show them that they are not wanted any longer.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of yourself, and observe the Lenten season in all strictness.

CXLVIII.

Cannes, February 29, 1864.

My Dear Panizzi,

The Prussian Minister is a regular humourist, and surely never have such diplomatic notes, couched in a similar style, been exchanged. There is no doubt in my mind that your friends, the Danes, are abandoned by the whole world. They will defend themselves valiantly, and will slaughter a goodly number of Prussians before they surrender Schleswig; but surrender it they will.

Lord Russell appears to me to have done everything as clumsily as he possibly could, but there was only one way of getting out of the mess, and that way was too dangerous—it was war. It is asserted, however, that at this moment there is a renewal of friendship between the English Cabinet and our own with the idea of energetic intervention. I do not believe in it. We have too many worries at home just now to lay ourselves out for any more, and my Paris letters lead me to believe that the Emperor is by no means disposed to take any part in the business. In my opinion, the English Ministers have shown great weakness, and if I am to believe the few Tories I meet here, they run a risk of being in a minority. But what will or can their successors do? Lord Russell was wrong in riding the high horse to begin with, because, as a matter of fact, I do not believe it would be to the interest of England to make war for the purpose of letting Denmark retain Schleswig. The most unfavourable result of the whole affair would be a sincere alliance between Austria and Prussia, and a mutual guarantee with regard

to their non-German possessions, the Duchy of Posen and Venetia.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of your health and yourself.

CXLIX.

Paris, March 19, 1864.

My Dear Panizzi,

I reached Paris the day before yesterday in a tolerable state of preservation. I found your letter awaiting me, and employ my first leisure moment in replying to it.

On my arrival I found a rather severe engagement on the eve of taking place in the Senate between the clerical and philosophic parties. The new Cardinal of Rouen, who was for a long time *procureur*, demanded protection for our holy religion. He displayed great skill in troubling the brains of the Senators, and instilling into them a wholesome dread of the two great monsters of these days, the devil and the *salons*. The old Generals are especially timid on the score of the *grim gentleman below* and the dowagers at whose

houses they play whist. Renan's book has irritated the priests to such a degree, that they will not rest until they have burnt the author. In the meantime, they have helped him to a golden harvest, for there is no better way of causing a book to be read than to forbid its perusal. We were victorious to-day, but not without considerable difficulty.

This morning I had a visit from one of his Majesty's butlers, the identical one whose favour you won, I know not by what means, and who always poured you out two glasses of tawny port instead of one. He came to tell me that he had not yet bottled, at Saint-Cloud, the cask from Portugal, because in that case the duty would be so heavy, but that he would send me the cask, and his *alter ego* to fine and bottle it.

I am sorry to hear your account of Lord Palmerston's health. I have a certain amount of affection for him. His manner is so charming, that he pleases one, even in his spiteful moments, whereas Lord Russell has the knack of being invariably unpleasant. Ask any Government in Europe what odour he is in.

It seems to me that the Danes are on the eve of being swallowed up, and that, when they are completely overwhelmed, some means will be found of helping them. Unfortunately, I do not consider them as heroical as I could wish. A man who is disinterested enough in the question tells me that the Austrians alone have fought well, the Prussians pretty well, and the Danes like conscripts.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I hope the rheumatism you complain of has disappeared before the first rays of the sun.

CL.

Paris, March 24, 1864.

My Dear Panizzi,

The fifth volume of the *Correspondance de Napoléon* is in print, but has not yet appeared. You know, I suppose, that I am no longer a member of the Committee. I was asked *sub rosâ* whether I would join the second Committee, presided over by the Prince. I declined with thanks. It was disagreeable enough with the Marshal; it could not fail to be worse with a Prince. Besides,

it is probable that the work done by the second Committee will be to a certain extent under suspicion, and I am not anxious to partake of the responsibility.

In the Senate and elsewhere everybody is becoming more and more priest-like. You would scarcely credit the murmuring which greeted M. Delangle when he had the audacity to say that Renan had spoken of Jesus Christ in no disrespectful manner.

This evening there is a rumour that Düppel and the Island of Alsen have been taken, and the Danish army destroyed. I do not quite believe it, but it is only a question of time. M. de Metternich states publicly that Austria only took part in the affair because it was necessary to prevent the petty Princes of the Confederation joining together, and committing some imprudence or other when once they had collected an army.

As far as I can judge, there is in England a somewhat strong feeling of irritation against the leaning of the Queen towards the Prussians. Is it true that a certain number of Members of Parliament abstained from voting in the Stansfield

division the other day, lest the Cabinet should be defeated?

A funny anecdote is current about the Prussian Minister, who excused himself from drinking the health of the King of Denmark, on the ground that he had been taking medicine the same morning!

I dined yesterday with the Duchesse de Bassano. We had green peas from Algeria, and very bad they were.

I am very much afraid of some fresh folly on the part of Garibaldi. A magnificent ovation is said to be in preparation for him in England. Is there no sensible newspaper to give his disordered brain its due?

I dare not make any plans for the spring. I am in but a sorry state of health, and I do not know how I shall be in a month's time; but, if I am not too ill, I will pay you a visit when dinners are not too plentiful.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Remember me to our friends.

CLI.

Paris, April 1, 1864.

My Dear Panizzi,

The Archduke is, apparently, hesitating at the last moment. Some say the Archduchess is the cause; others put it down to our Holy Father the Pope, who is reported to be anything but well pleased with General Bazaine. The General is by no means as pliable as was his predecessor, Marshal Forey, and for that reason he has been excommunicated by the Archbishop of Mexico, whose advice he declined to follow.

You will have all your work cut out, I think, to prevent Garibaldi making a fool of himself. That, to him, is as natural as that an apple tree should bear apples. Neither do I imagine that the Ministry will look upon his visit now as the pleasantest thing in the world.

Nobody here believes that Danish affairs can be settled before M. de Bismark has achieved the military success he seeks, and by means of which he hopes to throw dust in the eyes of the Chamber of Deputies. Meanwhile, the slaughter in Jutland and around Düppel continues. I never knew

so wretched and scandalous a war, and I am told that neither on the one side nor the other is the heroism anything to boast of.

I have never heard any mention made of a probable change of Ministers here. Means could easily be found to replace three or four, but the master does not like new faces. He is wrong, and, as times go, he will have to put up with some. Weariness is the great thing to be avoided in France, and there are plenty of wearisome men in the Cabinet.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of yourself, and do not fare too sumptuously. I am condemned to a hermit's diet, and the sight of other people eating heartily annoys me.

CLII.

Paris, April 13, 1864.

My Dear Panizzi,

How do you account for the enthusiasm displayed by the English towards Garibaldi? Is it, as is the impression here, by way of compensation for the Stansfield affair, and to show that, if there is no love lost upon assassins,

blusterers are in high favour? The French papers assert that Garibaldi's great object was to see Mazzini and embrace him. If the statement is false, as I believe it to be, it would be as well to contradict it, in the interests of France, England and Italy. *Intelligenti panca.*

We are lost in conjecture about the visit of Lord Clarendon. By the way, I am to meet him to-morrow at dinner at Lord Cowley's. Rumour has it that he has come to cement a fresh and close alliance. I do not quite believe that. I am inclined to think that, at the London Conference, we shall support the opinion of the English Commissioners, but with a certain reserve. We, as you know, have one foot in revolution, and we always look at things from a theoretical point of view, whereas you (and, as I think, very wisely) regard the point at issue practically, and as affecting your own personal interests.

The fear of a war seems to be vanishing by degrees. A good effect has been produced by the vacillation of the Archduke having come to an end, but we are not in a healthy state in the interior. You know what Frenchmen become

when they are not governed. Well, we are not governed in the interior. The Prefects receive no instructions for their guidance. Some go over to the priests, under the impression that by so doing they are currying favour in high places; others lean towards ultra-Liberalism, because they fancy the future is in its hands. The majority are passive, for the sake of being on good terms with England. In the meantime, Socialism is making rapid strides, and the lower orders, who no longer remember 1848, side with the Opposition, and are helping to saw off the branch on which they themselves are sitting. This is all very sad, and is a presage of evil days in store for us.

A long time ago, to dissuade you from what I thought a too youthful resolution of yours, I told you that, except in England, nobody could rely on retaining what he possessed.

For some time past, I have been beset by the idea of poverty in my old age. It is not that I want very much, but one must be able to live. Ask Mr. Heath, or somebody else versed in financial matters, what is the best way of sinking

money, and what rate of annuity would be given to a youth of sixty. I am not telling you who the youth is, and do not you tell him. We will talk it over.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I still suffer from my oppression.

CLIII.

Paris, April 20, 1864.

My Dear Panizzi,

A thousand thanks for the document you sent me, but I am too stupid to understand it thoroughly. It is a subject which we must talk over. The youth of sixty desires me to thank you *toto corde*, but he hopes a better world will receive him before the dreaded crash takes place. In time of famine you would be one of those whom he could confidently ask for a morsel of corned beef.

For the time being, there appears to be a good understanding between the Governments of France and England, which is a source of satisfaction to me. The *Moniteur* has a paragraph stating that our Cabinet has not made any remon-

strance with reference to Garibaldi. So much the better. Lord Clarendon has been regularly petted here, and, generally, has created a favourable impression.

If you have had any hand in inducing Garibaldi to go back to Caprera and pay a visit to M. d'Azeglio, you have acted for the best. After the aristocracy, he would have fallen into the clutches of the democrats, and, having no longer anybody to watch over him and coach him up, he would have said *delle grosse*. It is a great pity that he saw Mazzini and Stansfield, whose affair is worse than was supposed. But, among revolutionary people, there is a bond of union which brings rascals and honest fools together. That does prevent people here being surprised to see Lord Palmerston asking to dinner a man who did his best to bring about a European war, who enticed soldiers from their allegiance, and took up arms against his Government. Garibaldi did him an ill-turn when he thanked him for the line of conduct pursued by the English fleet at the time of the invasion of Sicily. I do not look upon that as very much in Lord Palmerston's favour in con-

nection with European diplomacy. But you are insular, and the Prussians, despite their heroism, will not pick a quarrel with you out of that.

I hoped that the Danes would have held out longer. The capture of Düppel will give the King of Prussia and M. de Bismark extraordinary preponderance, and there is no knowing to what lengths they may go. The Emperor of Austria has displayed more modesty. He put his veto on the Danish guns having a triumphal entry into Vienna, and had them placed unceremoniously in a corner of his stables.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. We are having magnificent weather here, but I am no better. We are threatened with a very lengthy Session. I fear it will last throughout next month. Thiers and his friends are preparing to destroy the budget by their eloquence.

CLIV.

Paris, April 24, 1864.

My Dear Panizzi,

I thought we enjoyed the privilege of being greater fools than other nations, but this

year the English have the better of us. To give Mr. Stansfield, who is Mazzini's friend, the cold shoulder, and to feast Garibaldi, who calls Mazzini his master, *e sempre bene.* The visit of the Prince of Wales would probably have astonished Mr. Pitt, and even Mr. Fox, in no small degree. Mr. Gladstone's speech in the Commons appeared to me to belong to that class of comedy which is not put on the stage of any good theatre. All this is, to my mind, very deplorable.

What compensation has the English aristocracy obtained for all the trouble it has taken to prevent Garibaldi compromising himself with the Radicals? He has declared himself to be the pupil of Mazzini, he has thanked Lord Palmerston for having allowed him to disembark in Sicily, and he has received a flag with the inscription, "Rome and Venice," to say nothing about money. Do you think he could have possibly got more out of the Radicals?

In what spirit will the foreign Ministers take all this? It seems absolutely certain to me that all the Governments of Europe look upon England

as the abettor of the Revolution, and when she, on behalf of Denmark, demands compliance with existing treaties, and, on behalf of Poland, with the Conventions of 1815, who is there but will laugh in her face?

I have seen a letter from an individual who sees the Queen frequently, and who describes her as being furious. She is credited with saying that she never thought it possible that she should be ashamed of being Queen of England, but that she is so now.

CLV.

Paris, May 1, 1865.

My Dear Panizzi,

You are indulgent as regards Garibaldi. True it is that he has never opened his lips about the Emperor, but he has promised France a Republic; he is recognised as a pupil of Mazzini, and, lastly, he has fraternized with Ledru-Rollin. Now, Ledru-Rollin was not sent into exile after the *Coup d'État* of the 2nd of December. He conspired under the Republic, and by the Republic he was condemned.

You say that Garibaldi has neither been condemned nor even prosecuted. That is very true, but it only goes to prove one thing, the weakness of the Italian Government. That does not in any way diminish the culpability of the author of the expedition which terminated in Aspromonte. I do not look upon that as Garibaldi's last word; he appears to me to be a man who would fain die *coi scarpi*, as they say in Corsica, and I am sadly afraid that he will before long have his wish.

The effect produced in Europe by your ovation has not been happy, and you will find the Germans working for, and, perhaps, succeeding in bringing about a fresh coalition, the effects of which will be felt by Italy. A friend of mine, who has just arrived from Vienna, says that they have all lost their heads there over their great victory of sixteen thousand men against fifteen thousand. I expect their enthusiasm will land them in some folly or other.

Things here are not going on very well, the interior being without any government; prefects, who are either compromised or incapable, are kept in office, and the Clericals, Carlists, and even the

"Reds" are allowed to preach their doctrines unmolested. There is no system. There should either be an energetic resistance, or tangible concessions should be made, but, as it is, all is procrastination and inactivity.

The letters of Napoleon to Josephine, which we saw some years ago, in the society of a very pretty woman, have been sold to Feuillet de Conches for 3,000 francs; we were asked 8,000. I do not think the price exorbitant, taking into consideration the present price of autographs.

CLVI.

Paris, May 16, 1864.

My Dear Panizzi,

The Session has come to a better end than I anticipated. M. Rouher has taken courage and has made noteworthy progress. Thiers has lost much of his *prestige*. He is still conspicuous for artistic and fluent oratory, but he has no political ideas, though, at heart, he is prejudiced in a mean, paltry sort of way. He spoke against the Mexican expedition, and wound up by proposing to treat with Juarez, who is a shocking

devil. He abused the budget, which he pronounced extravagant, and spoke for three hours and a half upon it. But he does not think that enough money is spent on the army or the navy; he approved of the increase in salaries, but concluded by saying the expenses of the Prefecture of Marseilles are too great; finally, he made a mistake of seven millions. The new Deputies make fun of him, and he does not seem to be really pleased with himself.

We are told that immediately after the Session closes there will be some changes in the Ministry. The Minister of Interior will be changed—that appears certain—but which party will get the upper hand in the Cabinet? That is precisely what nobody, perhaps not even the great master-hand himself, knows at present.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I am told that you are perfectly well, and I am rejoiced to hear it.

CLVII.

Paris, May 27, 1864.

My Dear Panizzi,

Our Session is drawing to a close, and it is thought that we shall be set at liberty on Wednesday next. On this score, then, there is no difficulty, but, as touching my lungs, the difficulties are many and serious. I am still like a fish out of water, and I am not over-bold about making a start. Add to this, the risk of an invitation to Fontainebleau, although it seems to me that I am rather in disgrace. Next week, in any case, I shall make up what it pleases me to call my mind, and if I can pay you a visit, I will write and tell Mr. Poole to make me some clothes worthy of your society.

The Faubourg Saint-Germain is in a paroxysm of rage about the title of Duc de Montmorency having been bestowed on the Duc de Périgord. He is the son of the Duc de Valençay (son of Madame de Dino-Talleyrand) and Mademoiselle de Montmorency, his first wife. But there are collateral Montmorency, Luxembourg, Laval, &c., branches, who protest and bellow like so many

bulls. As far as my opinion goes, I think that whoever likes Montmorency cherries has a right to an extinct Dukedom.

This evening there is a rumour of two more revivals, a Duc de X. and a Duc de Z., both extinct; the first a very old title, and the latter belonging to the first Empire. All these new Peers are young men who are conspicuous neither for intelligence nor virtue, but there is something in the atmosphere of Courts which attracts fools, and ensures them a favourable reception.

I am rather uneasy about the health of the Comtesse de Montijo. She will not come to France this year, and I may very possibly pay her a short visit at Madrid. What do you say to a trip in that direction? But we must not go there before the end of September for fear we should melt by the way. I will take you to the Escurial, where we shall see a quantity of manuscripts and curious old books. We can travel nearly all the way from Bayonne by rail; there is, however, still a gap of a few hours, but that is not much.

CLVIII.

Paris, June 3, 1864.

My Dear Panizzi,

I am charged by Madame de Montijo —who persists in calling you Panucci—to offer you board and lodging during your visit to Madrid. She says that on the 1st October the line between Bayonne and Madrid will be completed.

The Prince Imperial has been suffering from something resembling measles. He is, according to accounts I have just received, getting on well now. I do not believe that he has had the measles, but one of those eruptions common to childhood.

The Pope, I am assured, is in a very dangerous state. He does his best to conceal his illness, and his efforts will result in his disappearance altogether from the scene. They do not give him six months to live. His legs are swollen and in a constant state of suppuration, which, at seventy-seven years of age, is not a very hopeful sign. Will a worse Pope be found? I doubt it.

The general idea here appears to be that the

Danish question is not ripe for settlement. The amusing part of the business is that the vote of the provinces in litigation has made numerous proselytes in Germany, where France and the Emperor are now rather popular. I wish somebody would introduce this method of making the governed vote upon the governing into Austria. We should see some curious sights in that case. As a matter of fact, the Revolution is making gigantic strides everywhere. Your island of fogs is the only place which is not menaced by it.

The revolt of the Arab tribes is nearly at an end. They made the mistake of rising in arms before the harvest, and now they are obliged to eat their flocks and herds to prevent them dying of hunger. The news from Mexico is also rather favourable. I hear of the formation in Austria of an efficient *corps* of volunteers for the new Emperor.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi, but not, I hope, for long. Do not forget to lay my homage at the feet of your fair ladies.

CLIX.

Paris, June 7, 1864.

My Dear Panizzi,

M. Frémy, whom you know, arrived yesterday, commissioned by the Empress to tell me that she wishes me to go to Fontainebleau on the 13th of this month. I begged him to tell her Majesty that in my present state I am in no way likely to be an ornament to her Court, that, moreover, I am expected in London, and that all my arrangements for the journey are made. To-day I called on Frémy, who informed me, on behalf of her Majesty, that I have nothing to do in London, that the climate will do me no good, and that she counts on me for the 13th.

As you can well understand, my making any further rejoinder is out of the question. So here I am, booked for a week at least at Fontainebleau. If you should still be in London I shall go in search of you when I leave their Majesties. I need not tell you how I chafe at the delay, but how can I decline to go?

I am quite determined to make my excuses if, as is her wont, her Majesty wishes me to prolong

my stay. By that time I shall have given proof of my good-will and shall have a right to resist. At present that is impossible. At this moment you have the better part of me, I mean my coat and trousers, under your roof. In case you have a friend who would be fool enough to take charge of the aforesaid coat (only the coat and waistcoat) for the purpose of bringing them to me, and if that friend should leave London before the 12th of this month, I should be enabled to present a better appearance before my august hosts. However, do not put yourself out of the way about it. My coat, No. 2, is still presentable, and, to all appearances, there will be others more ancient than it. Consequently, it is quite understood that you will pay Mr. Poole, that you will give me credit, that you will answer to me for my trousers before God and man, and, finally, that if a feasible and unforeseen opportunity presents itself, you will send me the coat and waistcoat before the 12th of June. In all probability I shall be in London for my birthday, the 25th of this month.

Whilst on this subject I must tell you that the railway from Bayonne to Madrid will be opened,

not on the 1st October, as I was told, but on the 15th of July.

To go to Madrid on the 15th of July, unless one is incombustible, is a serious affair. We should, I know, be at Carabanchel, where there is a certain amount of air, but the drawback is that we should see nothing, neither bulls, opera, nor manuscripts. Everybody is away for the holidays there. It would, in my opinion, be better to start towards the middle of September or the beginning of October. The weather at Madrid in November is very fine, but you must never go out without a top-coat, to be carried on your arm during the day, and on your back as soon as the sun sets.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I told you that I had discovered some really sublime port wine in my cellar. Dr. Maure has made considerable inroads upon it, but there still remains a bottle or two for your lordship.

CLX.

Fontainebleau, June 13, 1864.

My Dear Panizzi,

The first thing the Empress said to me when she saw me was to inquire after you; then she wanted to know if you would like to come here. I answered for the pleasure you would experience, but I said I was not sure whether you were free at this particular period; all which I have not lost a moment in communicating to you.

Reply as you will, provided your letter can be shown. There are here Nigra, Sormani, and an Italian *attaché*, whose name I do not know, the Princesse Murat, two Princesses, daughters of the Prince de Canino, Madame de Rayneval, Madame de Lourmel, Madame Przedzewska and five or six others remarkably pretty. Next week it will be the turn of the Germans, I believe.

Last week the Emperor fell into the sheet of water after dinner, the accident being due to the boat overturning with him. There was not a soul on the water. Cool as ever, he dived to get clear of the boat and quietly swam to the bank.

I leave you to put on my trousers, and I hope you have paid Poole for the others.

CLXI.

Fontainebleau, June 22, 1864.

My Dear Panizzi,

I am still in a state of the greatest uncertainty as to what I shall, or, in reality, can do. As is their wont, their Majesties have not given us any definite information, but we are told that we are to be kept here until Saturday evening. Were it not for two serious considerations I should reclaim my liberty to-morrow.

The first is that the Emperor has asked me to do some work for him which I have not yet finished, and which I am anxious to let him have before I leave. As you will no doubt have divined, it is the revision of some proofs which I cannot bring away with me.

The second consideration is that I am still suffering. I am so uneasy that I am not sure whether I should have courage to make a start.

The life we lead here is dreadfully fatiguing, although I avoid walking, retire early to my

chamber, and drink nothing but water. I cough at night and every night, instead of sleeping. There are many things, which you shall hear in due course, to trouble and worry me still. However, I shall do my best. You shall hear from me before Saturday. If I can possibly reach London on that day I shall start, but it is very doubtful, as my doctor advises me to remain shut up in my house in Paris for three or four days without attempting to talk or move until this cough, which tires me out, shall have disappeared. Nevertheless, come what may, I hope to be at the British Museum before the end of the month.

I duly executed your commission to the Prince Imperial, who enjoined me to tell you that he has not forgotten you, and hopes to see you again soon. I am likewise entrusted with no end of kind messages for you from two ladies of your acquaintance in whose society you made the celebrated La Rune campaign.

The election to the *Conseils Généraux* have resulted favourably enough ; a certain number of Orleanists, however, have been elected.

I have had a long talk with *somebody* on the

subject of the clergy. You would have been pleased with it, but, unfortunately, saying and doing are two different things.

The weather is improving, though the nights are still very cold, besides which Fontainebleau is very damp.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. You shall hear from me soon.

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